S... ...

WITH

...gor and More Defiant Blood

THAN EVER!

THE

...RS & MECHANICS'

STORE,

Under the Proprietorship of

...ger Bros.

...ng Sept. 24, 1884, at 5 P. M.,

...E. corner of First and Taylor Sts.

...The stock will consist of a

...ete Assortment

of

Merchandise,

...a Fresh Stock from Front to Rear.

...e Clothing

...the Latest Patterns,

Dry Goods,

...Newest Designs,

...Groceries

...possessing their Original Aroma,

...all will the old rule of

Price to All

Strictly Enforced.

...eby notify the public that ...which have made the old ...and Mechanics' Store fa... ...ts dealing upon strict prin... ...honesty and integrity, will ...ed by our present clerks, ...g been instructed in them ...observance strictly enjoined.

..., as heretofore, deal with ...ers in an open and above... ...nner mark our goods in ...es and take no less.

...IORE ANON.

...t Bargains.

...Bros. Upright, but little used— $490

do do $440

do do $390

..., new $300

...gly Low Prices on others of our

...W PIANOS,

Ranging from $235.

...ns from $65.

...with patent heads, from $4

VIOLINS

...and BOW ... Model, $5.

...usical Merchandise at Greatly Reduced Prices.

...S. ... Parlor and Concert Banjos, ...

INSTRUMENTS.

...ands and Drum Corps a Specialty.

...and Largest Music House on the Coast.

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...orrison St., Portland.

...Gift Distribution!

...uable Presents 5 be Given Away!

...pleased to offer to the visitors of the ... the following VALUABLE and USE... ...in order to do so in a most impartial ... a ticket to every purchaser in ...

...10c ... worth of goods 1 ticket. ... dollars' worth of goods, 2 tickets. ... 3 ... 4 ... 5

...on hand a large and complete stock of

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...welry, etc., etc.,

...all at the LOWEST LIVING PRICES

...ces on Exhibition at the Fair.

...Japanese Silk Emb'd Dressing Gown. ...Japanese Tea Set, 15 pieces. ...ere Cabinet, 10 compartments. ...Wood Perfumed Fan. ...ese Silk Shoulder Shawl.

...to Secure a Chance.

...urchasing at our store will receive a ...et will be exchanged at our booth in ...mbered ticket, half of which will be ...wing box and half given to the holder. ...October, one day before closing, the ...drawn out by some one designated by ...ent, those five tickets to be winners of ...as follows: 1st number 1st prize, 2d ...

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...Street, bet. Second and Third. ...promptly filled.

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The Sunday Oregonian.

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IS IT FAR?

"Is it far where our loved ones go,
When they leave us here below?
Do they wander through distant space
To their home in that wondrous place,
To that land whose radiant light
Shines down from one central height?

Do they leave us through weary years
With no care for the sorrow or tears,
With no heed for the bitter pain,
Crushing the heart and crazing the brain?
Have they banished the old-time love
From the midst of their joys above?"

In the sadness and in the gloom,
In the silence of the darkened room,
My soul bent low to listen, and I heard
The gentle message and the loving word
That bade all woe and grief to cease,
And crowned this life with perfect peace.

Heaven is not far, but close at hand,
And dwellers here, by God's command,
Join hands to work with those below,
And walk beside where'er they go,
Yielding strength that they have found
To needing loved ones, still earth-bound.

Let our spirits struggle to the height,
And reach through matter to the larger light,
A stronger purpose and a stronger will
Touch our weakness with a conscious thrill,
And we feel there is no bridge between
The world below and the world unseen.
—*Ella Dare.*

THE CHAMBER OF PEACE.

On that volume penned in prison
For the faith of Christ arisen,
On that web of golden fancies
Spun in holy Bunyan's trances,
Long I mused a Sabbath even,
Weary with the march toward heaven.

Even as Christian, one benighted,
Sloth-betrayed and sore affrighted
For the roaring of the lion,
Darkling trod the path to Zion,
But for him, though long belated,
Still the wide-swung portals waited.

Still the gracious, white-robed maiden
Welcomed in the heavy-laden,
And in slumber-haunted chamber,
Facing orient skies of amber,
From his grief he found release,
For that chamber's name was Peace.

Lord of Pilgrims, be entreated
Still to succor souls defeated!
Wash our stains more white than wool
In thy Palace Beautiful,
That our tears a while may cease,
Resting in thy perfect peace.
—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The future," trusts the Power alone
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny;
God knows why!
—*Edward Bulwer Lytton.*

ARCTIC WOOING.

Oh, come with me to the Arctic seas
Where the blizzards and icebergs grow,
And daily coquette with the polar breeze
In the land of the Esquimaux;
We will fish for seal and the great white bears,
In their caves on the frozen shore;
We will spread our net for the frigid hares,
Of the walrus that snorts and roars.

When the rest of creation swoons with heat,
All pleasant and chipper we'll be—
'Twould be hard to find a summer retreat
As cool as the Arctic sea.
We will ramble along some snowy glade
With never a sultry sigh,
Or loll at ease in the grateful shade
Of an iceberg four miles high.

So come with me to the Arctic pole—
To the land of the walrus and bear,
Where the glaciers wave and blizzards roll,
And victuals are frequently rare.
You are plump and fat—with such a mate
In my iceberg home I'd dwell,
In the pleasing hope I could baffle fate,
By eating you on [illegible].
—*Chicago News.*

HOPELESSLY INSANE.

"Say, Johnny, stop, and show me to a tavern or an inn
Where I can get a brandy-smash, or else a whisky skin;
And, if you steer me rightly, I've a quarter for you, bub."
'Twas a granger from Kentucky to a schoolboy in the Hub.
"I can scarcely grasp your meaning, for the speech is crude and vile.
Have you caught this language from Spencer? Do you ever read Carlyle?
And do you talk the doctrine of metempsychosis? good?"
Asked the little boy from Boston of the sufferer from the blood.

Here that horny-handed Bourbon straight upon the pavement dropped,
And had fifty-four convulsions in succession ere he stopped,
And when some three weeks after he arrived at home again,
In the country of the Blue Grass, he was hopelessly insane.
—*New York Star.*

A LATE ROSE.

I sent a little maiden
To look for me a rose,
The sweetest and the fairest
That in the garden grows—
A blush rose proud and tender,
Upon its stem so slender,
Swaying in dreamy splendor
Where yellow sunshine glows.

Back came the little maiden
With drooping, downcast head
And slow, reluctant footsteps,
And this to me she said:
"I find no sweet blush roses
In all the garden-closes,
There are no summer roses,
It must be they are dead."

Then bent I to the maiden
And touched her shining hair:
Dear heart! In all the gardens
Was nothing half so fair!
"Nay," said I, "let the roses
Die in the garden-closes,
Whenever fate disposes,
All this rose may wear!"
—*Julia C. R. Dorr.*

BURNING OLD LOVE-LETTERS.

I.

I take them with reverent fingers,
These tokens of passions now dead;
The lines full of tenderest yearning
Through which your love seemed to be burning,
Can these be the which first I read?

II.

I know love is now stranger to us,
Our paths in the world ne'er will meet,
And yet as I burn these old letters
I wish once again for the fetters
You broke, though I thought them so sweet.

III.

And now nothing's left to remind me
Of the day when our love was so true;
But still as I gaze through wet lashes
At the fire where smoulder the ashes,
I sigh for the past—and for you.
—*Boston Transcript.*

WHO WILL CARE FOR THE BABY?

Says Joe to Sam in fierce debate
Upon the woman question:
"You've answered well all other points,
Now here's my last suggestion:
When woman goes to cast her vote—
Some miles away it may be—
Who then, I ask, will stay at home
To rock and tend the baby?"
Quoth Sam: "I own you've made my case
A little breezy;
And yet I'll pass this question by
As something easy;
But as the matter seems to be
On the same as its axis,
Just get the one who rocked it when
She went to pay her taxes."

TRESPASSES.

It came to pass in these days that we had storms and showers, and that men went about muttering to themselves that it never rains but it pours. And that young men who had taken their overcoats to their uncle's in May last went caught napping, although the nap was all worn off their overcoats. The rain of Wednesday night was a genuine Oregon welcome to the Columbia's passengers, who arrived just in time to get thoroughly soused. It was a salvo of moisture, and showed that Oregon was still true to her ancient traditions. And if people who came up here in June or July thought our city had such beautiful surroundings, what would they say now when the forests have "their banners bright with every martial hue?" Next comes winter in its appropriate order, and we begin to realize it by the piles of pine maple and pole oak which we see stacked upon the sidewalk. Speaking of fuel, I see that some philanthropist has come in here to sell Puget Sound coal at $7 per ton, which is really a fair paying price for it and yet I have my doubts about whether it will go as far as Australian coal at $9 per ton. That remains to be tested. About two years ago the supply of Australian coal ran short and the gas-house folks had none of it. I had to go out and pay $11 for it to a retail dealer instead of $9 as the great monopoly (so-called) were accustomed to charge me for it when they had any for sale. In all the Coos Bay towns they retail coal for $4 50 per ton, and there would certainly be money in bringing it hither for $2 50 per ton freight. But it is not equal to Puget Sound coal, either for steam-generation or family use.

The trade in the Cœur d'Alene country is about done up for the season, and it would not surprise me to hear of considerable suffering there during the coming winter. Yet my faith is strong in those mines whenever they get capital to work them properly. There will be plenty of money for every ditch company that can be established there for the next fifteen years; and if co-operative tunnels are dug, so as to enable four or five claims to be worked through the same tunnel, there will be fair returns for nearly every claim in that whole region. But Cœur d'Alene has already been proven to be something more than a poor man's country. Its auriferous gravel ledges lie too deep and are covered up with too dense a surface of non-paying earth to enable men of moderate means to work them at a paying profit. Gold is there, but it requires a heavy outlay to reach it; and that is why the nomadic prospectors of the olden time have returned to Portland disgusted with the new El Dorado. Money will come in from some place to open out these mines. If Oregon does not send it, Montana will, and she will deservedly reap the reward of her enterprise. We should have a United States assay office established here to melt and refine all the gold and silver found in the state, some of which now goes to Boise and some to San Francisco, while that which is dug at Cœur d'Alene goes to Helena for refinery. Could we have an assay office here we could catch all the trade that now goes to Helena, and have just that much more money in circulation in our midst. Captain Sanburn brought down $20,000 worth of dust and had to send it to San Francisco; and Ainsworth & Co. are obliged to do the same thing with theirs.

Now just see what good a mining bureau would do here, if properly managed. I do not mean a stock exchange to revive the thieveries and larcenies perpetrated in San Francisco by brokers who, entrenched by such special privileges as never were granted to any other class since the first day that the Good Lord began to make little apples, went into the stock board to make one dollar for their clients and five for themselves. But mining men come here occasionally from other parts of the world, knowing nothing of our country, and there is no one to get them off on the right foot foremost. One man might be a coal expert—surely he would have no business in Cœur d'Alene. The next man would want to know something about silver ledges—where would be the use of sending him to Seattle? Therefore, I say we need a bureau of mining intelligence and could well afford to establish one for the diffusal of information concerning the mining resources of the northwest. My own belief is that the best silver ledges in America are to-day lying idle within six miles of Spokane Falls. If I had enough money laid up to live on for the next two years, so that I could afford to skirmish around, I would risk a year's work in prospecting that same region. Not for one moment would I claim that these ledges are equal to those of the Mount Davidson slope anywhere from 1861 to 1877, but they will pay well whenever honestly and economically worked. God forbid that there should ever be another piece of mining property managed like the Comstock.

The other day I went into a commission store on Front street, to find six or seven men engaged in boxing up pears for shipment to Dakota, Minnesota and other lands within the blizzard belt. The pears were wrapped in clean white papers and laid in boxes, about forty pounds to the box. The first lot I saw was marked for a house in Fargo, and consisted of sixty odd boxes. I asked the proprietor a few questions:

"How do you find this traffic—does it pay you a fair profit?"

"Well, I suppose you think we have taken hold of this more for what is in the future than in the present and that we handle a good deal of stuff for a very small profit. You never were worse mistaken. Instead of being a slow and sure business, it is an up-and-down traffic, making a good deal one day and losing considerable the next."

"How do you account for such fluctuations as these?" I asked.

"It is the result of supply and demand," he answered, and if you notice it, there are fluctuations in pork, flour and all the great staples which men must eat daily if they would live. How much more then are fruits liable to be affected by the caprice of the public."

"Do any southern Oregon fruits find their way into this market?" asked the reporter.

"Scarcely any," replied the merchant, "though all you newspaper men predicted that large shipments would follow close upon completion of the railroad into Rogue river valley. The fact is, the people of that section want more for their fruit, right at Ashland and Jacksonville, than it would sell for here."

"They complain that the rate of freight by railroad is so high that they cannot compete with California fruit brought hither by the steamers. Is that true?" asked the reporter.

"Not exactly. The freight by steamer is six dollars and that by rail is eight; but the loss on ocean shipments is never less than 15 per cent., even when the vessel makes schedule time. By rail there would be no loss at all, so that the southern Oregon grapes would be after all the cheaper to the consignee. The trouble is that those people out there have always had two big mining towns for a market—Jacksonville and Yreka—and they want mining prices for what they produce. They do not seem to look upon this market as a place which would enable them to work off their surplus stuff at a moderate profit."

"And when do you look for a change in the face of affairs? Certainly two-fifths of a cent per pound is no exorbitant freight and the railroad that hauls produce 298 miles at that rate cannot expect any profit on that sort of traffic."

"No," said the merchant, "there is no profit in it but it would help to pay a good deal of the road's expenses. Those people out here raise fine hogs and put up as good bacon as ever you ate in your life. They have nicely improved farms, too, but they have been too long used to the high prices incidental to mining communities. They will eventually sell out to a more thrifty class, who will be able to ship produce to Portland at the O. & C. R. R. rates, and make money at that."

I went down into the Willamette iron works the other day to take a look at the engines just finished for Capt. Scott's new boat for the Astoria route, and in my belief there has never been as good a job of work done in any Pacific coast foundry as that pair of 22-inch cylinders with eight feet stroke of piston. When William B. Cross was up here two years ago he remarked to me, "Your Oregon foundries do some very neat work sir."

"Not better than what is done in your San Francisco shops," was my answer.

"Don't be too sure about that," retorted Mr. Cross. "Our San Francisco shops are laboring under the evils of too much competition, and turn out a good deal of work in a crude and poorly finished state. Your Portland shops have to do good work to keep it from going to San Francisco, and therefore they finish a great deal cleaner. This is especially true of all castings, which the San Francisco shops often send out in a very rough shape."

Mr. Cross has been considered the leading high-pressure engineer of California for the last thirty years, and coming from such a source our local foundries ought to be proud of it.

If the story that comes back here from Annapolis is true, the naval academy at that place is a very good institution to close up. The practice of "hazing" new arrivals at that place is still in vogue, and no attempt has been made to stop it. The two national lieutenant factories—West Point and Annapolis—have been no great credit to the country for some time past. It has got to such a pass that unless a congressman appoints the son of an army officer to West Point or of a naval officer to Annapolis, his appointee is almost certain to be rejected. The effort seems to be at present to create a hereditary aristocracy in the army and navy of America by appointing none but the sons of army and navy officers to cadetships. That is contrary to the letter and spirit of American institutions. For my own part, I would like to see all appropriations cut off from these institutions for the next four years. We have more lieutenants ready than the country has any use for, and if West Point and Annapolis could be closed up till 1888 they might be reopened on a better, and more practical basis.

There can be no doubt whatever that Fred Strang left here in good health, and that he passed a good examination—enough so to admit him as a cadet. There can be no doubt also of his death and burial. He died from strangulated hernia produced by a violent shock. Now the question arises, how did he get that shock, and was it not produced by "hazing" on the part of his older fellow-pupils? This is a matter for Senator Dolph and Congressman George to attend to on their return to the national capital; and I hope they will demand a thorough investigation. The truth is that the naval academy is a national farce, merely a training shop for nautical dudes, not one in five graduating with any good, applicable knowledge of every-day navigation. The day of such sailors as old John Rogers and Jimmy Watson has long since gone by. The chief work of the modern naval officer is attending ladies to lunch parties at the naval stations like Mare Island and Brooklyn, and getting drunk with politicians like Chandler, whose brandy wrecked the Tallapoosa. We have ten officers for every vacancy. We have not three ships in the entire navy that are fit for a two years' cruise, and why not give the lieutenant factory a rest?

The eve of a presidential election always has been ever since I was old enough to observe it, marked by great financial depressions. In the past eight months the shrinkage in all staples has ranged from 17 per cent. for raw cotton up to 54 per cent for steel rails. In September, 1882, steel rails were worth $58 per ton, but now they can be bought for $26 50 which is low enough to enable the Oregon and California road to lay new track, and it is very badly needed between here and Eugene. Best eleven-quarter blankets have fallen from $4 50 to $3 50 per pair, and that is the next lowest decline to cotton. The second highest decline was in flour, which fell off from $8 75 per barrel to $4 60, which is a shrinkage of 47 per cent. Nails have fallen from $3 35 to $2 at the factory, which is about 40 per cent. decline. All this on the eve of a presidential election and just so it has been every fourth year since I can recollect. So far as Oregon was concerned, 1880 was an exception, because Villard was here with his millions of eastern capital, spending money right and left for a few things that were needed and a great many that were premature, by at least twenty years.

In December, 1872, I was in San Francisco, just after the death of poor old Horace Greeley, and a deader town I never remember to have seen. Ralston came on the train at Belmont one day as I was coming up from San Jose, and said: "There is barely enough money in this state to move the crop, and its very lucky it's a short one." In reply to my question as to what were the chief causes of a financial depression, he answered: "Chiefly the presidential election. Big moneyed men are always scared to death for six months before it takes place, and it takes them all the next six months to find out that they are more frightened than hurt. You will see," he continued, "that in less than two years California will be more prosperous than ever. Six months an end of this depression and then the country will move ahead once more." If the dead banker's prophecy is as good now as it was then we shall only have to wait six months more to realize good times again. Not a wild and senseless "boom" like that which prevailed here two years ago, but a healthy and sensible tone of business, such as pervaded the community before Villard came here and set the moss-backers crazy. Everything betokens a better state of affairs for the working classes. Rents are dropping down to what people can afford to pay, and there is a proportionate decrease in all the necessaries of life. GRIZZLY.

Bill Tweed's Daughter.

Philadelphia Press.

I was naturally very much interested in Howard's brilliant sketch in last Sunday's *Press* of poor Bill Tweed and his family. I saw much of the old boss' daughter this summer. She is married, and is not only a happy wife, but the devoted mother of one of the brightest boys I ever saw, a boy of about 14. I shall not give her name, for her notable marriage fifteen years ago, so quickly do events pass out of our minds, is already forgotten. Nobody remembers the name of the gentleman she married, but we cannot forget the wonderful wedding. Tweed was in the very glory of his reign, and his only daughter was the pride of his heart; so, when she married, the presents were equal to those a princess receives. Her shoes were buckled with great solitaire diamonds. Her necklace was composed of priceless stones. Her hair was radiant in precious gems. Her wrists and fingers were covered with diamonds of great value. Even her dress shone in glittering splendor. It was said at the time that her marriage gifts amounted to over $100,000. To-day she shuns society; she makes no friends; she avoids the eye of curiosity. She seems to feel the degradation of her father, though, poor woman, she had no more to do with it than you or I, dear reader. She gives nobody a chance to avoid her, for she avoids everybody. It is next to impossible to make her acquaintance. She dresses luxuriantly, for her husband is rich and does a prosperous and lucrative business in New Orleans. She wears diamonds, too, but I doubt that she wears those given her by the great contractors of New York at the time of her marriage. She is an invalid and suffers much. Her husband devotes his whole time to her and is still a lover.

Blaine's Money Making.

H. J. Ramsdell in the Philadelphia Press.

During the past summer I met the publisher of Mr. Blaine's book, "Twenty Years of Congress." He told me that he had put to press the fourth edition of 50,000. Since our conversation I have been thinking about the charges of Mr. Blaine's money making. According to the publisher, 200,000 of Mr. Blaine's book have been sold. His book means two volumes and 200,000 copies therefore means 200,000 books. Let us say that Mr. Blaine gets 50 cents a volume royalty (not a high estimate); then he receives $200,000 for less than two years' work. And yet the poor little gizzard-eaten democrats say that he is corrupt because he makes money outside of his salary. Bah! It is disgusting.

VARIOUS SPORTS.

The regular monthly meeting of the Oneontas was held last Monday night, the commodore in the chair. The club has twenty-three charter members, and has bought two canoes for the general use of the club, aside from what will be built here for the use of members. Captains J. C. Ainsworth, Geo. H. Flanders and J. A. Brown were elected honorary members. Though the season is virtually at an end, the sport will be kept up from time to time during the few clear days in the winter until the April showers begin to abate; and then we shall see the Dots, St. Pauls, Shadows and Stella Maris gliding hither and thither along our beautiful and placid river. There is no doubt but the membership will run up to forty before the season fairly opens. Tom Handley of Hillsboro, who loves a week of stirring adventure "by flood and field" as well as any other man in Oregon, has identified himself with the club and planned out a trip which may be adopted as the summer encampment of the association. He proposes to take the canoes by rail to Forest Grove or Hillsboro, where they can be hauled by wagon to the head waters of the Nehalem and thence down the river to its mouth, a distance of about 100 miles by a swift current which will guarantee an average of forty miles per day if desired. The wild waters of the Nehalem flow through a mountainous country, broken here and there with pretty little prairies and diversified with the most romantic scenery. There is no end of trout and grouse, and plenty of deer and bear, with an occasional elk or two. Mr. Handley thinks the voyage can be easily made in nine days, lying off in camp every other day to enjoy the hunting and fishing along the route. From the mouth of the Nehalem to Garibaldi, on Tillamook bay, there is an excellent wagon road by which the boats can be hauled ten miles by wagon and shipped home by steamer.

The question is whether all the club will want to take this trip, as not over a dozen of them have any swift-water experience. It will be new water to every man in the club except Mr. Handley, and not without its dangers. The bewitching story of the voyage down the Chehalis in Washington territory has had its charm for the new votaries of the sport, and many of them will desire to try that stream before attempting any other. Of course, the four founders of the club who made the pioneer trip down that stream last July will not care to repeat it the very next year; but the other members may desire it, and so it might be advisable, instead of taking out the entire club for a single annual encampment, to plan three excursions, one in July, another in August and a third in September. The July trip would have the best fishing and the September trip the best shooting, beyond all doubt. The commodore could command one of these trips, the vice commodore another, and the third be placed in charge of the senior captain. In the east the canoe clubs are composed mostly of young men of wealth who have no particular claim on their time; but here the membership is almost entirely composed of young men who are working for moderate salaries and who might not be able to get away, all at once, to attend an encampment designated for a given time. These could, of course, take little impromptu trips during the heated term by taking their canoes by rail to Olequa, on the Cowlitz, paddling down to Monticello and then coming home under canvas, as the wind at that season is always up stream. Or they could go out to Hallett's crossing on the West Side road and have a pleasant trip down the Tualatin and homeward by Oregon City. For a six days' trip they could go to Corvallis, and if they had eight days to spare they could carry their canoes to Eugene City before launching. Indeed, there is no lack of pleasant and exciting voyages.

Gerald Roberson received two canoes from the east during the fore part of the week, and has placed them on exhibition in the pavilion during the Mechanics' Fair. One of these is a Racine rowing "Shadow," similar to the one he sold at Hoquiam, and the other is a canvas hunting boat different in style and equipment from anything yet seen here. Paul F. Mohr's "Jabberwock," by long odds the most costly and the best equipped canoe on the coast, will also be shown there to give those who are not familiar with this delightful sport some definite idea of the lightness and strength of these tiny little boats. There is no sport so economical as canoeing, for the expense of club membership is but a dollar per month after the first year; and the cost of a canoe which can be made to last ten years, with good handling, is not much greater than that of a Cayuse horse that would eat $20 worth of forage per month, and buck stiff-kneed in seven different languages. How much pleasure there will be in a morning's paddle around Ross island, winding up with a hearty breakfast; and how delightful it will be in the glowing June twilight to paddle down to St. John's and come home before the summer breeze. Moreover, the young ladies are becoming interested in the proposition; and the probability is that by the opening of the season we shall see each member's canoe given up for the use of some lady during the hours devoted to business, when the member himself is hard at work. No young lady who has once paddled in a canoe with a chair-rest for her back, besides being able to see where she is going without turning around, will ever care to row a boat again. The club can feel justly proud of having introduced a sport which gives clerks and mechanics a delightful rest from labor, at a comparatively trifling cost.

The Baltimore races begin next week, and that closes up the season. Jerome park closes up on Saturday, and the Oregon horse, Jim Renwick, has got on his pins once more and won a three-quarter mile dash, beating Strathspey and Lucy Loud. The horse and his party have been under close surveillance ever since his defeat by Little Minch some weeks ago at Coney Island. Speaking last week of Miss Woodford's breaking down in the great Long Island stake of two-mile heats, reminds me of another fact—one that has gone amiss. Fred Gebhard's colt, St. Saviour, own brother to Eole, just before the latter famous horse was spirited away from Coney Island. He beat the old horse about a length in 1:39¼, so the touts say, and pulled off lame, when it was found that the middle tendon of his off fore leg was strained beyond all hope of recovery. He was a fine colt, but was run to death in the fore part of the season when wholly out of condition and having not the least chance of victory. Had he been kept in reserve after his victory in the Eatontown stakes, at Long Branch, in July, he probably would have won both the Dixie and Breckenridge stakes at Baltimore. Now the chances are that these two rich prizes will fall, as they did in 1881 and 1882, to horses of very inferior class, like Compensation and Carley B. The really good horses get run to death in the middle of the season, and the rich fall prizes are carried off by leather-flappers. There is no doubt of this since the increase of mid-summer events.

For a number of years the fastest trotting record for 2-year-olds has been that of Bonita, bred and owned by ex-Governor Leland Stanford of California, it being 2:18¾. It has recently been lowered a quarter of a second by Princess Elvira, by Cuyler, bred and owned by J. C. McFerran of Louisville, Ky. Her dam was full brother to Lady Thorne. McFerran is the man who purchased Nutwood from Dr. Knox of San Jose, California, about two years ago. Now that the great chestnut is gone, and his 6-year-old daughter, Manon, has become the great free-for-all horse of the season, they can all realize what they lost when they allowed Nutwood to go east. He should have been kept in California to serve as a successor to Electioneer. A son of Nutwood, sixteen months old, trotted at Louisville on the 25th ult., in the excellent time of 2:46, which is the fastest time yet made by yearlings east of the Rockies. We expect to see the Nutwoods, five years hence, trotting below 2:10. His breeding is too closely allied to that of Maud S to make us believe that he can be anything but a great sire of standard trotters. Baker & Harrigan, of Comstock, N. Y., are breeding from his full brother, Nutbourne, and have already a large lot of bloodlike and useful young road horses.

Some men are born under a lucky star, and of these General W. T. Withers is one. Several years ago he purchased Happy Medium, as a successor to Almont, who has since died at least five years too early. Up to the present year Happy Medium has had many trotters in the 2:30 list, but none below the charmed figure of 2:20. And right on the back of it off goes Maxey Cobb and trots it in 2:13¼, placing Happy Medium at the head of the list as the sire of the fastest stallion in America. It is likely to remain so for at least a year, as the season is too far advanced for Phallas to round to in time to beat it. We should like to see a stallion sweepstake of $2,000 each made up with $5000 added to trot in California in February and four entries to fill the stake, all California-bred stallions to be allowed to enter at $1000 play or pay and eastern-bred horses to go in at half-forfeit. This would probably let in Adair and Romero, and perhaps Albert W. and Anteeo. If Maxey Cobb, Phallas and Director would enter for such a race, that alone would draw a thousand visitors from the east to San Francisco. Perhaps some enterprising track-keeper will take hold of the matter and offer a prize of that sort for the three famous horses above named: and another of $3000, with $1000 entrance added, for Guy Wilkes, Adair, Romero, Vandertyn, Albert W., Anteeo and others that have no better record than 2:19. Both of these purses ought to fill and afford good sport during the winter months. Everybody knows that the San Francisco tracks are in better order in winter than in summer, as was long ago proven by the records of Princess at ten miles and Fillmore at five miles, both being done in the latter part of February.

The defeat of Hanlan by Beach in the great Australian rowing match is still the subject of much conversation in aquatic circles: and while the race was given to Beach on account of a "foul" on the part of Hanlan, yet it is by no means certain that the greatest of all Canadian oarsmen (and they are a race of boatmen, by the same token) can beat Beach even with no "foul" in the latter's favor. Beach is a man of great physique, has been a severe scholar in his art, and is in the very prime of health. Six years ago Hanlan was not only the best oarsman in America, but the fastest puller and the easiest worker ever seen in a shell. Since then he has been making too much money and has been totally unable to stand prosperity. He spent six weeks in California last winter during which time he took no exercise and kept up one continuous round of late suppers and champagne dinners. He then took a trip to Victoria to attend the Lee-Cotesworth match and indulged in a continuous round of social dissipation during his entire visit to the metropolis of British Columbia. And hence it was with no great surprise that I heard of his defeat by Beach. If Hanlan wishes to be considered the champion oarsman of the antipodes, as well as champion of American waters, he must return to his former frugal life. He must go back to the genuine Hanlan exercise and the old-time Hanlan diet, before he can become the Hanlan of six years ago. Beach is a man of severe discipline and excellent personal habits; and to his protracted self-denial and excellent training he owes his success over Hanlan. He is a man of iron physique and has probably been underrated from the very beginning.

The shooting season is well along and the profusion of ruffled grouse (pheasants) in our market has driven them down to the old price of fifty cents per pair, as they were fourteen years ago. At this price they are cheaper than beef, and should the ducks come into market this week, the price of ruffled grouse will fall lower yet. Some of the wholesale poultry stores have prairie chickens (shot between The Dalles and Umatilla) at $2 50 per dozen, but they will never replace either the pheasant or mallard duck in the larder of the average Portlander. They make a passable pot-pie or stew, but fall below an average teal duck as a broiler and infinitely below the mallard for roasting. And here let us take occasion to say that in Oregon the November widgeon is second to no duck that flies during that month. After the freezing days of December have come, then the widgeon grows strong and fishy. The canvas-backs are not yet due, and will not probably be visible on the Willamette marshes until the year has to be written with the figure 5. Jack-snipe are quite thick, and I am told that several hunters bagged over a dozen each last Sunday on the Columbia bottoms. It will soon be time for me to go out to Wapato lake, with Sam Stott, for some of this kind of fruit. Deer must be very plenty, as I counted eleven carcasses of venison in various stages of dissection at the butchers' stalls on Thursday last. We have an abundance of game this year and at prices which men of moderate means can afford to pay. Brant sell at 50 cents, and hooker geese for 75; and that is just about as cheap as beef. Hope to go out for a crack at the mallards myself to-morrow. M.

MYTHICAL BETS.

Following up "World" Announcements and Finding No Men—A Stupid Trick.

New York Tribune.

Announcements are made every day or two by the New York *World* that persons whose names are given are anxious to wager anywhere from $1500 to $10,000 that the national democratic nominees will be elected. Several times responsible persons have visited the places named for the purpose of accepting these wagers. In every instance they have been told either that the person called on had wagered all that he wanted to risk or that no wager was authorized. In some cases the name given was a myth. The republicans who have undertaken to find these blusterers are of the opinion that a silly game of brag has been started, and that when men and money were ready the democratic shouters "took water."

Henry Meyer of Vicksburg, Miss., who is at the Hotel Albert, Eleventh street and University place, is anxious to bet that Blaine will carry this state and be elected. He says that he has answered many pretended offers of bets in favor of Cleveland printed in the New York *World*, *Herald*, *Sun*, and *Star*, and in all cases has found them to be mere "bluffs," which were not backed up.

The following appeared in the *World* last week:

Editor of the World: Will you oblige three old patrons of your paper by placing the annexed figures where they will be likely to catch the eye of our Blaine Butler, St. John and Lockwood friends:

One thousand dollars even Cleveland carries New York by 10,000 majority.

One thousand to $500 that he carries New York by 10,000 majority.

One thousand even that he carries Ohio.

Twenty-five hundred to $7500 he carries Iowa.

One thousand to $500 he carries New Jersey.

Five thousand to $2500 he will be elected.

This money, $11,500 in all, is now on deposit with George Rickert, No. 65 Bowery.

Very respectfully,

HENRY ORRINGE,

AUGUSTUS ROBBINS,

LOSS CURTIS.

P. S.—Bets will be arranged by Mr. George Rickert in small amounts and deposited with any responsible party or institution named by letters.

George Rickert was visited at No. 65 Bowery, and he was in anything but an amiable mood. He was asked: "Have you $11,500 here on deposit that you would like to bet?"

His eyes glared fiercely, and he looked longingly at a large carving knife on the table near by. "Eleven thousand devils!" he replied. "Good heavens! No! I am nearly crazy over this business. I just got back from Germany, but wish to heaven I had staid there. I have not had a moment's peace. Why, it's only a few seconds since a man with long hair and seedy clothes came rushing in here, and, walking up to the bar, shook four $500 bills under my nose. He cried in a loud tone: 'I'll bet $2000 against $1750 that Cleveland don't carry New York! Cover this, old man or shut up.' I set the bloodhound on him. I have got seventy-nine letters from all over the country, asking appointments to meet me. My life is nearly pestered out of me, and if this thing keeps up I'll fly back to Germany. This is a put-up job on me by an unknown person. I wish I knew who, and that I and my bloodhound could find him. There is not a word of truth in the statement."

Neither Orringe, Robbins nor Curtis could be found, but a friend of theirs said that they are all indignant over the matter, and that some designing person, trying to be smart, had forged their names to the communication sent to the *World*.

DRAMATIC.

After an interregnum of two weeks the New Market theater will be thrown open again to-morrow night, it being Mr. Geo. C. Miln's first bow to a Portland audience. Coming as he does on the back of Barrett's successful engagement, and opening in a character in which Barrett has pleased both the critics and the masses, Mr. Miln shows his willingness to be judged by the severest lines of artistic judgment. If ever Miln was amenable to the charge of sensationalism, in deserting the pulpit for the stage, the time for that charge has gone by. He is now in his third year as an actor, and it has been a year of unbroken success, as he crosses the continent with waves of approbation, far beyond what he has any right to expect, echoing in his rear. He is forgotten as the ecclesiast and known only as the actor. All the morbid curiosity that surrounded his first year before the footlights, the prying wish to see what kind of an actor a minister would make, has long since abated, and the actor stands alone on his merits.

Yet his progress is not so difficult to understand when you come to analyze it closely. He is an eloquent man, and therefore a gifted man, for eloquence is a gift and not a talent ripened by cultivation. He has taken to the stage just at a period when he can accomplish in three years what would any other time have taken him five. McCullough is hopelessly broken down in health, and will never play any lengthy engagements again. Booth has grown careless in his acting and slovenly in his dress; even his best friends admit that. Barrett has become rich, and having strong literary tastes, is liable to quit the stage and devote himself to book writing, which would bring him in just about as much as acting and give him a good deal more personal liberty. This would leave the stage to about four or five young actors, only two of whom have shown any desire to keep on climbing the ladder of fame—Miln and Fred Warde, the latter of whom appeared here about three months ago. Both these are young men, full of the fire of youth that makes great actors; and, moreover, they are actors who aim to act, and who do not trust to their make-up for the chief portion of their histrionic success. Therefore, admitting all that nature has done for Mr. Miln, and conceding all that he has done for himself, (for he has labored like a Trojan in the study of his art) it must be also acknowledged that his lines have fallen on very fortunate days.

There will always be room on the stage for the true Shakespearean scholar, no matter how popular other attractions may grow for the time being. Thirty years ago in San Francisco I saw an Italian opera troupe play to houses varying from $2500 to $3000 per night, while in another theater not six blocks away Edwin Booth and Laura Keene were barely playing to expenses. Everybody wanted "Ernani" and "Trovatore" and nobody had any use for "Hamlet" or "Richelieu." To-day the grand opera is tottering in America. The wierd and celestial compositions of Wagner are powerless to save it from the certain extinction that awaits it. The Metropolitan opera house, the Mecca of plutocracy, has never paid its way in New York and, ten years hence, it will be equally difficult to maintain grand opera in London. Negro minstrelsy has made fortunes for ten or a dozen men, but it will never again achieve what it has done. Opera bouffe also has held the boards for a while, but the power of all these attractions is ephemeral and can hold no permanent sway in the hearts of men. But the tragedies of Shakespeare will abide and endure, because they are the classics of English literature.

Well, Monday night will tell the story for Mr. Miln in Portland. He has created such favorable impressions elsewhere that we have no doubt of his success here. To ask for him that leniency of criticism which is usually bestowed upon amateurs, would be to belittle the great work of his ambitious life, to undo all that he has done for himself, and to render of no value the personal sacrifices that for a long time surrounded him during his transit from ecclesiast to tragedian. The man who asks any such favor in Mr. Miln's behalf is no friend of the ambitious young tragedian, who is, and always has been, ready and willing to stand upon his merits as an actor and covets no higher title. His career as an actor has no parallel on the American stage, no correlative in its long and brilliant history. Barrett, McCullough, Bangs, Thorne and other famous actors had the tuition of older men in the profession to reform their earlier errors of study and correct their misinterpretations of the master's and the text; but the ladder by which they rose was torn from Miln's grasp. His surroundings were such that no second place in the theater was open to him. He had to strike out for the first position, realizing that, as far as he was concerned, there was no second money in the race for which he was booked and started. The undertaking would have discouraged a man of less nerve, but he was fully equal to the occasion. His success has been fully commensurate with his ambition, and his career is but another example of genius tried and triumphant.

The breaking down of John McCullough at St. Louis is no surprise to most of his chosen circle of friends, and yet it cannot be otherwise than a matter of regret to every man who knew him: more especially to those who knew him in his palmy days as manager of the California theater, with Ralston's bank account to back the costly concern. The California was to do things a little different from what they were done elsewhere. Just look at how they played "Still Waters Run Deep," when Barrett was associated with McCullough in the management of the concern. McCullough was John Mildmay, Barrett the Captain Hawksley, Harry Edwards Mr. Potter, Sophie Edwin Mrs. Sternhold, and Annette Ince as Mrs. Mildmay. They spoiled San Francisco as a comedy town for many years to follow, indeed they did. They played every one of the elegant modern comedies except "Old Heads and Young Hearts," which Barrett, out of his love for Rufus Blake, swore should never be played in that theater unless the wonderful old fat man should be cast for Jesse Rural *in propria persona*. They gave the Robertson comedies, "Ours," "Caste" and "School," as they never were before or since played on this coast. McCullough and Barrett differed about expenditures in the management, Barrett contending that expense should not be spared in the production of Christmas pantomimes and spectacular dramas, and that, at other times, the house should be run economically. McCullough wanted to keep up the blaze and glory all the time, even during the summer time while the fashionables were at the watering places; and out of his grew the dissolution of partnership. Nevertheless, I know that a warm friendship survived it, and no man could have spoken of a friend's misfortune more kindly than Barrett spoke to me of McCullough's failing health at my house on the afternoon of the great Esmond fire, when he predicted almost exactly what has since come to pass.

McCullough's force as an actor was unquestionable, but it would never alone have made him the popularity he enjoyed in San Francisco from 1868 to 1877. His pleasant face and kindly manner on the street and in the walks of daily life gained for him an army of friends, who kindly remember him to this very hour. It would be impossible to compute the aggregate of money that he gave away in small sums, too often to undeserving recipients, and of which he never received back a dollar. He always was Ralston's right bower in entertaining eastern visitors at the "old club rooms" on Commercial street, which were originally the famous Whipple gambling house. Many and wide were the stories told of his intrigues with women, some of which were very often and defiant of public opinion; but I do not believe there is a ruined woman on the face of the earth to-day who can truthfully say, "It was a good girl till I saw John McCullough." He was a man who made money freely and spent it with a lavish hand, and that attracted to him a great many women who would never have noticed his stalwart figure and fine face had he been a poor man. He had his vices, like other men with money have had theirs; but his faults were those common to men of generous nature, and I do not think he is chargeable with having corrupted either man or woman who was not prepared to be corrupted.

The termination of his career as a manager in California, eight years ago, led to a starring tour through the United States, in which he gained universal commendation, especially in Roman characters. On several occasions, in the larger cities, he arranged his dates so as to meet Booth and Barrett coming from opposite directions, and converging with intent upon a Shakespearean revival. The chief attraction of these meetings was the performance of "Julius Cæsar," with Barrett as Cassius, Booth as Marc Antony, and himself as Brutus. Another time he would play Othello continuously, with Barrett and Booth alternating as Iago. In all these great performances he bore off his full share of the honors. He also gave a long run of "Coriolanus" in New York, with Fred. Warde as Aufidius and Frank Bangs as Agrippa, which was pronounced one of the greatest renditions of the play ever given in America. Had McCullough been hissed off the stage about once a year, or even met a rebuff once a month or so, he might to-day have been in full health and in every way equal to the emergencies that beset a great actor. But the prosperity was too universal and his friends, in their hospitality towards the great actor, did him an injury worse than his bitterest enemy (if he had any such) could have desired.

It is curious to contrast his case with that of Clara Morris, who was in San Francisco almost simultaneously with him, six years ago. Spartacus was lusty and grand in his proportions, while Alixe was reported as dying from nervous prostration. Had any man then asked the question which of the two would be compelled to abandon the stage through wrecked health in 1884, no one would have named the stalwart gladiator. But he is gone beyond all hope of return, and the weary-faced woman remains. Shall I tell you why such is the case? Because good nursing and a lovely domestic life have have snatched Clara Morris from the verge of the grave; while poor John McCullough, having no domestic life and going always from the theater to some sort of convivial entertainment, has wrecked his splendid constitution and brought on softening of the brain. Into the living death that awaits him he carries the profound sympathy of a few unselfish friends, who believed that worse men than he have lived and few kinder ones have preceded him in the long march his feet must tread alone.

Our plucky and enterprising friends at the little Tivoli theater will produce Balfe's opera of "Satanella" during the coming week, and will close the house on either Tuesday or Wednesday to enable the stage carpenters to set up the new scenery which is being painted expressly for it. This will be the first time that this great piece has ever been played here, and we must commend the enterprise of the management in bringing it out. The scene is laid partly in Germany and partly in Africa. Count Rupert is betrothed to Princess Stella, who cares less for him than his possessions, and who surprises him in the act of kissing Lelia, whom he really loves. The princess breaks her engagement with Rupert, who retires to the Devil's Tower. There he summons the devil to him, who brings along a beautiful wife called Satanella to lure Rupert to his destruction. Satanella falls in love with the knight, but as Rupert loves Lelia she cannot wed him. Stella bribes the pirates to carry off Lelia and sell her in the slave market at Tunis. Satanella now offers the count the possession of Lelia in return for his soul, and he signs her a bond to that effect. Satanella procures the release of Lelia, who weds the count, and while their nuptials are being held Satanella is carried up to heaven.

Nine new scenes have been painted for the production of this piece, any one of which would do credit in execution to a theater of twice the Tivoli's capacity. Among them we may mention the "Black Grotto," the "Magic Table," the "Mysterious Palanquin," and the "Coast Near Tunis," and the apotheosis in which "Satanella is Borne up to Heaven." The score of the opera, as written by Balfe, will be given at the Tivoli, under Navoni's direction. The company has had it under rehearsal now for nearly five weeks, and the scene painter began his work on this play early in September. Mr. Edwin Stevens has made this the great feature of his magnificent career, and thinks it ought to run over a fortnight, as it was never before given in Portland. There has never been any piece mounted in a style equal to this at any minor theater on the coast, and I am badly mistaken if some of the very first people do not go to see it more than once before its withdrawal. The new management will make a success of the Tivoli if industry and patience are of any avail.

Burton Stanley and Gus Pixley are at the Elite, and are making no end of fun for the admirers of African eccentricities. Byrnes, the caricaturist, is also there, and his comicalities nightly call forth a volley of applause. M.

FASHION'S FOLLIES.

Velveteen is worn more than ever this autumn.

Velvet ribbon backed with satin or ottoman is largely used in autumn millinery.

Exquisitely shaded autumn leaves and flowers in velvet or chenille trim the latest bonnets and hats from Paris designs.

Red and navy blue appear to be a favorite color combination, and many fabrics are shown with red raised figures on the navy blue ground.

All jerseys are now cut with more seams than when first introduced, and form a regular basque, with side forms in the back and postilion pleats.

A great many mantles and visites, redingotes, and long wraps will be worn. Indeed, the indications are that any handsome cloak left over from last winter may be stylishly worn for this.

Braiding promises to be much used, not only in straight rows, in wide Hercules braid as a border, or in flat braid in the orthodox tailor fashion, but also in elaborate patterns of arabesque or vine.

The Tam O'Shanter is a popular shape for cloth hats for children, and is trimmed in Scotch style with a brooch and feather or rosette. Five-eighths of a yard of single wide material is the quantity usually required for one of these hats or caps.

The newmarket, so popular last winter, will continue in vogue as a fatigue wrap, to be worn for shopping, traveling, and all but full-dress occasions. It is almost universally becoming, and is so convenient that it has obtained a firm hold upon public favor.

Brunettes of clear complexion can wear the dull venetian red shades, or the bright coquelicot, while for the delicate tints of the blonde these shades are made changeable with blue in the sweet-pea colors now in vogue, or else the red velvet or cloth is merely a background for many close rows of blue soutache, or of the braids in which bronze, dull gilt or silver appear.

One of the new fancies is called the soutache skirt, and consists of any cloth lower skirt covered as far as it is visible below the drapery by lengthwise rows of mohair braid sewed on one edge to throw it in high relief, placed near together, though not quite touching, and giving glimpses of the foundation skirt beneath.

At this moment there are two leading types of dress skirt: the one plain on the front and sides, with all the fullness thrown back; the other the full skirt, pleated or gathered all around, the greater fullness, of course, at the back. These totally different fashions are equally popular, and depend entirely on the figure of the wearer, the material employed and the style desired.

Political Necessity.

Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Colonel Yerger, of Austin avenue, recently hired a colored girl named Matilda Snowball, but she was only in the house a few days when she was caught stealing money. "You're a nice one," said Mrs. Yerger, indignantly; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You hardly get into the house before you begin to steal money." "I know hit ain't right ter begin so soon," was the reply. "I was gwine ter wait a week or so before I tuck sumfin', but de gemman who am payin' me 'tentions am runnin' fur office on de reform ticket, an' he says he has to hab money fur de campaign 'spenses no matter whar hit comes from."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 1884

SOME NEW BOOKS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. Edited by Marie Hansen-Taylor and Horace E. Scudder. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price, $4. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

This biography of Bayard Taylor including a compilation of such of his private and social letters as are proper matter for publication, is written and edited by Marie Hansen Taylor, the beautiful, amiable and accomplished German woman who in her sweet girlhood became his wife. Horace E. Scudder, who appears as her colaborator, is a gentleman of some note in contemporaneous literature. [illegible] His character was [illegible] [illegible] in his letters [illegible] in single exception to this comprehensive statement. In 1856 he wrote a [illegible] advocate of General Fremont, for whom as a fellow traveler he had great sympathy, as a candidate for the presidency. The indignant anti-Fremont democratic press invented and circulated a story to the effect that Humboldt, the venerable philosopher then still living, had said at some time that "Herr Taylor had traveled more and seen less than any man that he ever knew." This Humboldt promptly denied, and expressed great admiration and esteem for the young American author and traveler. Neither the party newspapers of the day nor literary critics of the time, nor the small talk of his times has preserved any other ill natured passage relating to Mr. Taylor's successful and brilliant career.

Bayard Taylor was born in Kennett Square, Chester county, Pa., January 11, 1825. His father was a farmer. His education was a good one and tolerably complete for the times and the part of the country in which he lived, considering that his school days closed when he was 17 years old. He was then apprenticed to a printer in West Chester, and learned the trade thoroughly. Some poetry written in the following years was published in the newspapers and in Graham's Magazine, the leading popular literary periodical of the day. Through the appearance of some of his verses in this publication he formed the acquaintance of the late Rufus Wilmot Griswold, its editor at that time, and also the literary editor of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. The young writer highly appreciated the acquaintance and patronage of Mr. Griswold, and it fed his ambition and prompted him to further literary effort.

Rufus Wilmot Griswold, as stated in the work before us, was a literary magnate at this period, extending from 1840, or perhaps a few years earlier, over a term of ten or twelve years. Especially from 1840 to 1850 Graham's Magazine was a literary power in the land. Edgar Allan Poe wrote for it, criticising which were sharp, brilliant and [illegible] and he contributed generally to its pages. Mr. Griswold acted as a sort of literary godfather and tutor to all the young poets and poetesses in the country. He encouraged and [illegible] them with kindly letters to aspirants for literary fame [illegible] they might attain. He [illegible] respect. He was not a profound man himself; in fact he was rather superficial, but he had elegant tastes, culture, and good nature. He was an ex-clergyman, who found miscellaneous literature a more attractive field than the pulpit. He was greatly admired by young lady writers, and it was a matter of literary and personal gossip at the time that one of the Cary sisters had lavished upon him the devotion of her poetical and earnest heart, which he is said to have returned with a passion as deep as any of which his shallow nature was capable. In later years this unfortunate connection brought abundant sorrow to the lives of both and to the poetess and beauty it was a blight which ended only with her life. Mr. Griswold was the compiler of books of extracts from the poets and prose writers of America, which were extremely popular thirty-odd years ago, and for some time afterward, and which are yet valuable for reference and for quotations from the early American writers.

At the age of 20 years Taylor procured a release from his apprenticeship and with a supply of money which was limited enough, set out with two companions of about the same age—Frank Taylor, his cousin, and Barclay Pennock, a townsman—for a tour of Europe on foot, which they actually accomplished in the next two years. During his absence he wrote charming descriptive letters to several journals. European letters were then a much greater rarity than they have been in later times and on his return at the age of 22 years, he found himself already celebrated. He collected his letters and diaries in book form and it proved a popular and profitable venture. From this time his fortune as an author was made.

In 1846 Taylor commenced the publication of a newspaper at West Chester, Pa. This proved an unsuccessful enterprise and he removed to New York city where Horace Greeley gave him employment on the New York Tribune. In 1849 he traveled in California, returning home by way of Mexico and on his return in 1850 published his letters in a volume called "El Dorado, or, Adventures in the Path of Empire," which was also highly popular. In this year he married while on her deathbed Mary Agnew, a companion at school and the object of his devoted affections through out his early career. She became an invalid on arriving at the age of womanhood, and, as her prospects of life became uncertain, he clung still closer to her love. She lived but a few days after the ceremony was performed.

Following the death of his wife, whom he sincerely lamented, Taylor started on a tour of travel to Egypt and Asia Minor and the following year accompanied Commodore Perry's expeditions to Japan and China, volumes of correspondence descriptive of those parts of the world following his return from each journey. In 1856 he started on a tour of Germany, Denmark and Lapland. At Gotha he formed the acquaintance of Marie Hansen, daughter of Hansen the eminent astronomer, and in due time she became his second wife, and she was indeed a companion and a helpmate through all the remaining years of his useful and honorable life. His marriage thus formed ties between him and Germany which he often revisited and he presented much of its best literature in translations to the American reading public.

The succession of works in poetry and prose which Mr. Taylor published mark him as one of the most industrious of American authors. In 1862 he was appointed secretary of legation to Russia [illegible]

[illegible]

The two volumes [illegible] printed on thick white paper, edges uncut and is artistically slip-shod in its appearance.

A WONDER BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With illustrations by F. A. Church. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price, $2 50. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co.

This elegant book is a foretaste of what we are to have in the way of holiday books, and it revives in a pleasant manner the name and memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is a quarto of 150 pages elegantly printed and bound, and illustrated in a peculiar and weird style of the wood engraver's art. The original work was produced by Mr. Hawthorne in 1851. It consists of a series of grotesque versions of classical legends adapted to the understanding of young readers. It is a job book written for a bookseller after he had become famous as an author, but better in style and matter than ordinary works having a similar origin.

Hawthorne was born in 1804 and died in 1864. He was a graduate of Bowdoin college in the class with Henry W. Longfellow. President Pierce graduated at the same institution in the class ahead of him. In his youth he was a writer of singular tales, and in 1828 published in Boston a novel called "Fanshawe," which, however, never put forward claims. His acknowledged fictions are among the most remarkable works of the kind in English literature. His style possesses a rare ethereal purity, and his capacity for conveying a meaning higher or deeper than the apparent significance of the language which he employed was a peculiar mark of his genius, and one which his language with a power which coarser forms of expression can not possess. His novels are of thrilling interest for the imaginary scenes and events which they describe, but they have also a physical insight and tendency in their channels of thought which are an intellectual gift of an extremely high order. They are among the choicest American classics and their popularity is equal to that enjoyed by the productions of any author living.

Forty to fifty years ago a vast body of American scholars and writers were democrats: Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, George Bancroft, Nathaniel Hawthorne and many writers of less note were prominent and active members of the democratic party. Under Martin Van Buren's administration, George Bancroft was collector of the port of Boston, and appointed Hawthorne to a position in the custom house, which he held till the Whig administration of Harrison succeeded in 1841. In 1846 Hawthorne was appointed by President Polk collector of the port of Salem, holding the office till he was turned out by Taylor in 1849. In 1852 he wrote a charming biography of Franklin Pierce, the democratic candidate for president, and, after Pierce's inauguration, he was appointed consul to Liverpool, then the most lucrative office in the gift of the president. He held this post till 1857, when he resigned it, doubtless under an intimation from Buchanan, who had become president, that the office was wanted for some politician and campaign striker.

A writer, describing Hawthorne's appearance in his lifetime, says that he was tall and strongly built with a massive head, black hair, and deep dark eyes. His face was mobile and full of expression. He was modest and shy. His emotions were easily excited, and he possessed all the exquisite sensibilities and acute perceptions of genius. His wife, Sophia Peabody Hawthorne, was a writer of considerable taste and doubtless possessed distinct power in art.

Julian Hawthorne is a son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and is a prolific author of fiction. His work, however, are no indication that genius is hereditary, and are exceedingly commonplace in their ability and interest.

THE NATIVE RELIGIONS OF MEXICO AND PERU. By Albert Reville, D. D. Translated by Philip H. Wicksteed, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

This is a series of six lectures in the course of the Hibbert trustees, and reads like an appendix to Prescott's memorable volumes, "The Conquest of Mexico" and "The Conquest of Peru." The author is an undoubted man of science and a natural antiquarian. His researches reflect the highest credit on his patience and his conscientious fidelity to the truth. As a contribution to the science of religion so well started in its important career by Max Muller, these lectures will take a high position, while even to the ordinary historian and to the mere antiquarian they will prove deeply interesting.

There is in them a fine flow of philosophic comments and generalizations. Footnotes give reference to authorities which would be out of place in the text of the lectures. Among these, complimentary acknowledgment is made to H. H. Bancroft's "Native Races." The descriptive part of the lectures is familiar to those who have studied that fine work. But this of necessity is greatly condensed. The chief value of this book lies in the acute vision which sometimes unites and sometimes divides similar religious rites in different nations. His general conclusion is that the Mexican and Peruvian cults were absolutely autochthonous, notwithstanding the suggestive similitudes to other religions which they contain.

COUNTRY COUSINS. Short Studies in the Natural History of the United States. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, and W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

Mr. Ingersoll is a great favorite as a writer with our boys and girls. The substance of the greater part of this book has been printed heretofore in various periodicals, but the articles have all been carefully revised, and to some of them extensive additions have been made. The chapters are twenty-one in number, and the matter is distributed under attractive titles. The book is faultlessly written and beautifully illustrated.

QUEER STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

Mr. Eggleston's work is always good. In this volume he has collected a score of the little tales written in the past years for St. Nicholas and other juvenile publications. He calls them "queer stories," because, while not entirely realistic in their setting, they appeal to the fancy, which is so marked a trait of the minds of boys and girls. Some of the stories have heretofore appeared in book form, the plates of which were destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871, but this, we are told, is "the first fair and square issue in book form that these stories have had." They are in Mr. Eggleston's most delightful style, and will be read with pleasure by young people, for whom they were especially written.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. James Payn's "Literary Recollections," which first appeared in the Cornhill Magazine, have been issued in book form by Harper & Brothers. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new book, "The Story of Viteau," has just been published by the Scribners. It is a printed and absorbing tale, and tells of the knightly adventures of two fine lads who lived in France sixty years ago—Raymond and Louis Viteau. Mr. R. B. Birch supplements Mr. Stockton's text by many vigorous illustrations. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co.

The Messrs. Appleton have revived an old and discontinued publishing method, which in England a score of years ago was constantly resorted to. They will issue, in fortnightly parts, a new novel entitled "Allen Dare and Robert le Diable," by Admiral Porter. This plan, which recalls the days when Thackeray's and Dickens' novels were appearing in this way, has been [illegible] the length of the work [illegible] illustrated by Alfred Fredericks.

[illegible] original stories in the new volume of "Stories by American Authors"—"In Partnership," by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner, [illegible] letters, telegrams, advertisements, [illegible] The Documents in the Case," appeared in Scribner's for September 1879. Seven other [illegible] Published by Scribner's, and sold by W. B. Ayer & Co.

The final volumes of Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle," dealing as they do with Carlyle in London, are naturally by far the most interesting of this remarkable biography. It is not only that Carlyle then really began his life among men, but that this second half of the story covers all his greatest work. There are passages in these volumes more absorbing in their personal interest than any even in the description of his first forty years of struggle, many of the most important are revelations of the man in the midst of the work by which we know him best. Many readers will remember the glimpses given in the "Reminiscences" of the terrible trial brought upon him by the burning of the "French Revolution" manuscript. In the forthcoming volume the story is told, chiefly in his own words, of the rewriting of the book.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added to the Library Association of Portland during the week:

The Story of Ida Pfeiffer and her Travels in Many Lands. Illustrated.

The Hunter Cats of Connorloa.

Romantic Tale of the Franco-German War and of the Siege of Paris. By Annie Lucas.

The Wilds of Africa. Pictures que Sketches of Nature and Natural History in Northern and Central Africa. By William H. G. Kingston.

The North Star and the Southern Cross: being the Personal Experiences, Impressions and Observations of Margaret Weitemeyer in two years journey round the world. Fourth American edition, 2 vols.

The Mendelssohn Family—1729-1847, from letters and journals. By Sebastian Hensel, with eight portraits from drawings by Wilhelm Hensel. Translated from the second revised edition by Carl Klingemann, and an American collaborator, with a notice by George Grove. 2 vols.

Some Account of My Life and Writings. An Autobiography. By the late Sir Archibald Alison. Edited by his daughter-in-law, Lady A. 2 vols.

A Little Tour in France. By Henry James.

[illegible]

The Armourer's Prentices. By Charlotte M. Yonge.

Contemporary Socialism. By John Rae, M. A.

[illegible]

Captain Phil: A Boy's Experience in the Western Army during the War of the Rebellion. By M. M. Thomas.

Ralph, the Drummer Boy: A Story of the Days of Washington. By Louis Rousselet. Translated by W. J. Gordon. Illustrated.

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN BONES.

Shipped from the Southwest with Wild Beasts to be Made into Fertilizers.

Philadelphia Times.

Vessel loads of bones have become nothing novel in these stirring money making times, but such a load of bones as the tanfl schooner John J. Trout, of New Haven, finished landing yesterday at one of the large fertilizing establishments on the other side of the river, is very uncommon. It was particularly interesting on account of the fact that the load represented such a great variety of animals and had so many complete skeletons, but a special interest of a rather loathsome and horrible sort grew out of the circumstance that among the skeletons of the animals were many of that most interesting of animals—man. From all accounts it seems certain that the enterprise of the phosphate men has opened up in this country what has not yet been discovered and put a stop to, into a Golgotha—the commercial traffic in human bones.

In the 522 tons of bones which the New Haven schooner brought from Galveston, Texas, it is estimated that there were at least half a million animals represented. The wild animals furnished the greater share, including, as indicated by the bones, that the collection was mostly made on the borders of plains and prairies of that state. There were carcasses of buffalo by the hundred, elks, with their huge antlers, and sometimes the head which were taken off; gray wolves, the bones of deer of all sizes, mules, horses, cows, goats, sheep, panthers, various small animals, alligators from the bayous and even the skeletons of snakes. All of these creatures had ranged the prairies and swamps of Texas and left but their fragments in the habitations which had held them. Their bones were white from long exposure to the sun. Some had evidently perished in prairie fires and their skeletons were partly charred. More had no doubt perished from hunger, want of water and similar causes, and some had been shot. Some of the tame animals had simply been slaughtered and were dismembered in the butcher's skillful fashion.

But any one sharp studying these vestiges of varying animal life from the plains and groves and jungles with zoological intent, could have taken some notes in anthropology too. The men on board the schooner say the human skeletons were numerous and the boilers and grinders at the bone mill laughed and said there were always some of them, but that didn't matter. Some of the human skeletons were in fact skull and all but most of them were broken during the loading and unloading. There were few skeletons that were recognized as women. Captain McLure had some compunction about taking the human bones on board, but he was under contract and orders and had no option. His wife, who lives on board, was made nervous all the way across by imaginative terrors attending these skeletons rattling around the hold, with panthers and snakes and wild creatures. Portions of one skull and other parts of skeletons were shattered as if by bullets, and no doubt there were on board and are now being made into bonedust evidences of manslaughter, murder and desperate deeds of border ruffianism. "How did the skeletons get there?" said Captain McLure. "As easy as anything in the world. Besides those killed, 100,000 cattle a year die from natural causes on the plains of Texas. Human Life is held cheap, and travelers think nothing of finding dead men with bullets through them along the way. A state of society prevails that hangs a horse thief and lets the murderer go free. Murders are regular occurrences, and there is nothing surprising about the white skeletons of human creatures being scraped up and shipped for compost with those of wild animals."

Curiosities of Clevelandism.

New York Sun.

There is not a particle of originality about Grover Cleveland, but he has been the unconscious cause of some rather startling notions in politics and morals.

By nominating him the democratic party committed itself to the strange idea that a candidate should be acceptable, not to his own party, but to the other side. In the politics of the moon the application of such an idea might be attended with great success, but in the politics of the United States the experiment is hazardous. But it is curious that the attempt should have been made at all.

Another singular notion which must have been entertained at Chicago, or Cleveland's nomination would have been impossible, is that a man who has succeeded in disorganizing the democracy of his own state is a suitable person to unite the democracy of the nation.

Another curiosity of Clevelandism, if that name may be given to the strange combination of intellectual weakness with moral laxness which they now seek to make honorable, is the notion that the president of the United States is a sort of amanuensis who signs his name to bills which he is incompetent to criticise or understand, and whose usefulness depends entirely upon the number of hours he can sit at a desk.

But the greatest curiosity of Clevelandism is in the matter, not of morals, but of politics. According to the new theory of ethics, confession without penitence for the offense, or reparation of it, not only purges the offender wholly of his guilt, but makes it right to bestow upon confessed guilt the highest earthly honors. If this surprising theory is carried out there is no important sin but lying, and most of the Decalogue is impertinent and scandalous, matter which ought to be repealed. "Tell the truth," says this new code of ethics, "but not till your hidden sin has found you out. Then put on a brazen face, point with pride to the fact that you told the truth when you had to tell it, and your indulgent fellow citizens will make you and vote for you."

But this sort of immorality is rather a monstrosity than a curiosity. It may be amusing to see many things a proper man upon stage, but who can see with it indignation a prominent public [illegible]

Very Odd Indeed.

"I have had such a funny experience," said Mrs. Ferns as she sat down to the tea table with her husband.

"What was it, my dear?"

"I was out shopping and I found my black velvet. As I was walking through the temple where I met an elderly gentleman in a very fine looking coat. He [illegible] all over from head to foot, and then he stopped and touched his hat politely and said—"

"Well, my dear, I will tell you how [illegible] the dress cost [illegible] whatever?"

"Why, did he?"

"I laughed at the gentle and told him I didn't remember exactly, that the velvet was [illegible], but I had forgotten about the making."

"Thank you," said he, "it's the handsomest dress I have seen for many a day. I mean to get one like it for my daughter," and he raised his hat and passed on. Wasn't that too droll for anything?"

THE TAKING OF TIPS.

White Native Americans Seldom Guilty of the Degrading Practice.

Our People Refuse to Enter Occupations Where Dignity May Be Thus Destroyed.

Nineteenth Century for October.

One of the chapter headings of Professor Sumner's keen and cruel little book about social classes is this: "That a Free Man is a Sovereign, and that a Sovereign Cannot Take Tips." It is greatly to be wished that some benevolent person would cause this to be printed in plain letters, neatly framed, and conspicuously hung up in every hotel office and dining room, in every sleeping car, in every minister's study, in every legislative chamber and in both of the houses of congress. How much deterioration of character is produced by the custom of bestowing and receiving gratuities can not be easily computed. If the facts could be shown, it would appear to be a fruitful source of moral degradation, and the first step in many a career of shame. The habit of taking tips of expecting such gifts and unearned concessions, "looking for little favors" of one kind or another engenders a despicable state of mind, and strips a man of all manliness. He is simply a mendicant, he differs from the tramp in the street only in the method of his appeal. The beggar is brother to the thief, and the taker of tips is not far from the footpath that leads to beggary. No man can accept his self respect who seeks often these favors, and when self-respect is gone the foundations of character are undermined.

Prof. Sumner's treatment of the question is true to the truth respecting this matter. It is humiliating that enough [illegible] perceive the conscience of a generation of Americans is in a sense [illegible] sovereign. He has many [illegible] wants to be [illegible] him. He wants to put his fellows as their servants are equal. [illegible] The chief [illegible] claim respect his [illegible] becomes dependent and they cannot respect his equality if he [illegible] favors. Herein is the [illegible] taker of tips abdicates his sovereignty. By proclaiming himself no longer independent. He acknowledges that he is inferior to the man whose gratuities he expects and solicits.

It is a curious and instructive fact that white native Americans of the working classes are not greatly addicted to the acceptance of gratuities. Something in the genius of American institutions has hitherto kept our poor people from falling into this degradation. The American has been taught that he is as worthy, and the facts thus far of Prof. Sumner's doctrine from this principle. The takers of tips in this country are largely negroes and persons of foreign birth. The employments in which tips are regularly accepted, as those of servants in hotels and restaurants, porters and stewards on ships and sleeping cars, bootblacks, [illegible] monopolized by foreigners and negroes. The white native American has his faults and his vices, but he is often extremely disgraceful a person, but he is not often found clamoring for backsheesh.

It is not strange that the native of a country in which distinctions of rank are firmly established should be addicted to such practices. He has been taught that he is inferior to many of those around him. There is no reason why he should not take that which is granted about him. These graduates of [illegible] which is reared among them justify the giving and the receiving of gratuities. [illegible]

SO LONG FOR ANY SUCH RELATIONS in a democracy, and the introduction of these practices among us is therefore demoralizing. He that [illegible] acknowledges himself to belong to an inferior class, and there is no foundation for any such distinction except only difference between himself and the man from whom he takes the tips. If this other has a little more money, [illegible] himself.

To whom many of those who bestow these gratuities are well pleased to do so for this very reason. The ceremony reminds them of the fact that they belong to a superior class. When a man takes a gift from our hand it is a confession that there is a gulf between us, and we are superior beings. He knows full well that we would not accept a gift from his hands. The proclamation and acknowledgment of his superiority pleases the vanity of the tip-payer. On the other hand there can be no doubt that many persons follow this practice chiefly from the fact that they are unwilling to allow any man to make the object of such concerning himself that is involved in the taking of tips. The evolution of this tribute here and there is sufficiently annoying, but it is a very small matter after all, the dropping down into virtual mendicancy of a large class of their fellow citizens is a great matter in that social injury they desire to have no part.

So far as the colored people are concerned, their willingness to accept gratuities is a natural fruit of generations of slavery. The pity is that having got their liberty, they should be so willing to wear the badge of servitude and inferiority. Those who have grown up among the colored people at the south say that many of them are disinclined to make definite agreements for personal services. They prefer to establish a sort of dependency upon those whom they serve and to take their compensation in the form of occasional gifts. The evolution of economical society, according to Sir Henry Maine's often-quoted generalization is from status to contract, many of the southern negroes are disposed to stick to status and eschew contract. Some of the gentler virtues are developed under this regimen, but it is not good, on the whole, for those who depend nor for those on whom they depend. It is better to accept the fact of independence with all that it implies. If the colored people will not take what always goes with liberty, they may not keep their liberty, or, if they do, it will not be worth much to them. Sorry sovereigns will they be if they consent to be distinguished as the takers of tips.

There seems, just now, to be a strong disposition on the part of certain ambitious leaders of the negroes to claim a larger share than they have had in the political life of the nation. How much foundation there is for this claim it might be difficult to say; on the lips of some who urge the claim it sounds like a cry for a more liberal distribution of political backsheesh. But this much is clear, the welfare of the colored people will be most effectually promoted by inspiring them with a disposition to ask for no favors, and to take none by which their self respect will be lowered or their independence compromised. Those are their true friends and their safest leaders who strenuously urge them to free themselves at once from all the implications and incidents of servitude.

TO REFUSE TO ENTER OCCUPATIONS in which their livelihood is made to depend upon gratuities, to sell their labor by fair bargaining, to live on what they honestly earn, and expect nothing more. When this spirit prevails among the colored people their social and political rights will be perfectly secure.

We have assumed that the gratuities received by porters, stewards, waiters and others in public houses and public conveyances are unearned extras, since these employes are, or ought to be, paid for rendering the services for which the tips are taken. But this assumption would not in all cases be well founded. That these employes ought to be well paid by their employers is true, but many of them are not. Some of our leading palace car companies, for example, though a rich corporation, is said to pay its porters only $15 a month. This is scarcely enough to keep them from starving, and the company expects that their compensation will be made up from the gifts of passengers. But the porters are not allowed to ask the passengers for gratuities. If gifts thus solicited are reported to the company the amount is subtracted from the porters' wages. Thus this rich company has organized mendicancy into its system, it makes a portion of its employes subsist on money which they may not take as earnings, but must take as gratuity. It is a thoroughly demoralizing system, and the company ought to be ashamed of it. The men should be paid fair wages for their work, and the system of gratuities should be suppressed. The same remarks will apply to many other great corporations, and to nearly all the keepers of hotels and restaurants. The protection of the traveling public against these petty exactions is often urged, but that is of secondary consequence. The great reason for destroying this evil is the need of preserving from degradation the men on whom these gratuities are bestowed.

We need not add that the considerations here suggested are applicable not only to sleeping car porters and hotel waiters, but to many persons in higher stations. It is a melancholy fact that Senator Charles Sumner's rule, "must be accepted from interested persons of small favors and no gifts as well as no [illegible]."

The Liquor Decision in Iowa.

Chicago Tribune.

Judge Hayes, of the democratic bench of Iowa, has leaped into national reputation upon his discovery that under the prohibition statute of Iowa the man who buys, the man who sells and the man who looks on and sees liquor bought or sold are all equally criminal offenses under the law, therefore, must first upon such proof as can be furnished by persons who have never bought nor sold liquor, or have dispensed with any other person to be present looking on while liquor was being bought or sold.

Should Cleveland be forced to withdraw from the democratic nomination we know of no person who would make a more apt and appropriate successor than Judge Hayes of Iowa. Next to the cause of general immorality, the liquor interest certainly has the claims.

THE ART OF WAR.

Remarkable Military Suggestions to Jeff Davis by John Phoenix.

When Franklin Pierce was president, Jeff Davis then secretary of war, issued a general invitation to the officers of the army who were skillful draughtsmen to send in suggestions for the new uniform which it had been decided to adopt. One such invitation was sent to each officer. Lieutenant Derby ("John Phoenix"), was ready with his ever ready ingenious artist. In reply he sent to the war department a design for a new uniform. The attachment consisted merely of a ring attached to the seat of the trowsers of each private soldier and officer was to carry instead of a sword, a long pole with a hook on the end like a shepherd's crook. The [illegible] and the ring enable officers to keep the privates from running away in battle. Fugitives could be easily caught by the hook and brought back. Stragglers could be kept in line. Moreover, the ring would be very useful in the cavalry service to fasten soldiers to the saddle to prevent them from falling off and in the artillery service the rings were to be used for draught purposes. The above remarks [illegible] illustrations representing officers pulling back cowardly recruits by the service, a long line of cavalry securely fastened to the [illegible] horses, and artillerymen harnessed to cannon, drawing them through a narrow defile or up an ascent, the cables attached to the posterior straps.

On another sheet of bristol board was an illustration, in gaudy colors, of "Derby's Rotary Mule Howitzer," accompanied by the following description: "Upon the back of a young and valiant mule strap a mountain howitzer, the muzzle pointing toward the tail. A similar piece of ordnance is fastened with its back, under the mule's belly, the muzzle aimed towards his forehead. Place the front. Then a [illegible] personal ardor as he is excited, when he takes it [illegible] the mule to stand and retreat by stuffing him with oats after each discharge with a tin sausage stuffer. When Indians or other legitimate game appear in view, the mule is, by a crank, moved on the mill. He is backed to the front. It doesn't make any difference which way the mule faces (and here is where the patent comes in), one gun is always pointing toward the front. At the command "Fire!" the top howitzer is discharged. The recoil throws the mule on his back, bringing the second gun into position. This is discharged, which suddenly throws the mule on his feet again, when the gunners swab out the mule's throat with hay and reload."

The accompanying illustration (in brown, red, blue and gold, and still on file in the war department) represents the rotary mule in seven different attitudes, looking contented and happy all the time.

This was felt to be outrageous audacity on the part of a subaltern. The clerks in the war department laughed at the fun, but bitterly and immediately, but head of all were looked serious. Jefferson Davis, the head of the department was terribly indignant, and he resolved to defend his wounded dignity. Charges and specifications were drawn up against Lieutenant Derby and the officers were actually named for his court-martial when William L. Marcy, secretary of state, a man of more sense and self-poise, said to the irate secretary: "Now see here, General Davis, don't do it. This Derby has, no doubt, a superfluous development of humor. But he is shrewd and loving and really a fine draughtsman. He has valuable qualities. You can court-martial him but you will only make him ridiculous. [illegible] on account of it. Better file the suggestion of the book and let him and the lively ready mule, and say nothing." And it did.

PARIS'S WAGE FARMS.

Success of a Very Interesting French Experiment.

Correspondence New Orleans Picayune.

The city fathers and taxpayers of New Orleans may, perhaps, be interested in certain experiments which are being made near Paris, on the plains of Gennevilliers, having for their object the double purpose of purifying the water of the sewers and fertilizing the soil with the impurities drawn from that water. The theory is a simple one. If you take a cubic yard of ordinary earth and place it in a box provided with an escape pipe, then pour on top of the earth two or three buckets of the foulest sewer water that you can find, you will presently see the same water flowing out as pure and limpid as though from a spring. The reason is that a process of oxydation has taken place in the permeable soil, the azote contained in the foul water is transformed into azotate, a perfectly harmless element and of wonderful fertilizing power, and this is the same experiment that is now being repeated, but on a large scale, at Gennevilliers. Nine thousand cubic yards of water are daily taken from the sewer main which empties into the river at Asnieres and pumped through a pipe across the river to the plains of Gennevilliers, where, by means of twenty-eight miles of shallow trenches, it is spread over 1,325 acres of surface in about the proportion of twenty five to thirty cubic yards to the acre. The water as it flows through the trenches is rapidly absorbed, the spaces between the trenches are planted, and when the crops are gathered the trenches, which are only a few inches deep are refilled and the places occupied one season by the trenches are planted the next year. At the foot of the plain the whole drainage of the 1300 acres is collected into a single stream that flows into the river as pure and limpid as any water you ever saw. The fertilizing effect of the water is easily seen. Gennevilliers, for the plain, which was before this experiment commenced, a barren desert was one on which nothing would consent to grow, is now one of the richest market gardens and fruit nurseries in the environs. Here you will see spread out in season seas of artichokes, beets carrots, green peas and cabbages, and which formerly rented for 40 francs the hectare, now commands 350 francs and some portions as high as 450 francs. The experiments commenced in 1869, and so successful have they proved that arrangements are now being made to apply them to all the barren tracts in the neighborhood of Paris, including 30,000 acres in the neighborhood of St. Germain, which the state has presented to the city, and a plan is being devised by which the whole of the sewerage matter which flows into the Seine at Asnieres, poisoning the river for a distance of forty miles below the city, shall be utilized. One advantage of the scheme seems to be that everything would then be allowed to go into the sewers and the cesspools, which are constant centers of disease and contagion, could be suppressed, a reform which would free us from the sight of the immense circular tanks that generally manage to pass under our windows just as we are about to sit down to table. The principal objection seems to be that the sewers have not sufficient grade to carry off the sewerage rapidly, but this defect can be obviated by increasing the volume of water forced through them. The quantity of water now passing through the sewers is 475 000 a day, which, if everything is allowed to go into the sewers will have to drawn so to speak, 225 cubic yards of solid matter. Of course there are objections on the part of the inhabitants in the environs of the places selected for this new system of irrigation, and those out at Gennevilliers attempted to prevent the city from making the experiment. They commenced a suit for that purpose, but before it was decided they were so astonished and delighted with the transformation that was going on under their very eyes, that they not only abandoned the suit but got the city to sign an engagement to continue the irrigation for a period of twelve years.

Illustrations in Astronomy.

Detroit News.

A professor, to illustrate the immense distance to the sun, said: "If a child's arm was long enough to touch the sun, and its finger were burned, the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before he knew that his fingers were burned." The child would be willing to wait that without doubt, especially in consideration of possessing a reach like that. But then such a length of arm as that is [illegible] advantage ever [illegible] child. If [illegible] cents of travel would be all that him [illegible] length of the town in a handful of [illegible] would no reach his mouth until he was [illegible] [illegible] likely enough [illegible] his [illegible]

He Victimized Himself.

Chicago [illegible]

A [illegible] the other day and when the [illegible] man called on with a [illegible] os Mumm, [illegible] her lips and remarked that [illegible] "too lovely for anything." [illegible] ished in [illegible] thought he [illegible] cash in [illegible] then when he came to settle [illegible] he let himself [illegible] follows: "This comes of traveling in Iowa. They call beer mum over there, and I forgot myself. I'll make this $3 out of some [illegible] betting on [illegible]"

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct 8.

Among the many good resolutions which I brought from Portland several months ago was one at least that was wholly unselfish. I determined that if it be among things possible I would direct to Portland something better in the dramatic line than the wandering minstrel and "barn-storming" shows which commonly held the boards at New Market theater. With the ready sagacity which always enables us to detect the mote in a neighbor's eye I had seen the faults of our amusement manager and I resolved that the whole battery of suggestion, plea and threat backed up by that potent quality, the power of the press should be devoted to correction of his errors. "Why," said we all in Portland, "does not Manager Stechhan engage some of the excellent dramatic companies which visit San Francisco to come also to Portland? Are we not an appreciative people when anything really good comes our way? Did we not crowd the theater to see Emily Melville and Miss Scott-Siddons and Lawrence Barrett and 'Hazel Kirke'?" This style of talk had become familiar to me, in fact, I had uttered it myself. There seemed no good reason why Portland should always feed on husks while San Francisco enjoyed frequent seasons of artistic drama. Shortly after my arrival here Mr. Stechhan came down on business to my good purpose. I said: "Why don't you engage the Jefferson company for a season at Portland?" "I have tried," he answered, "but they won't go." "Well, suppose you try again," said I, "and this time I will go with you and lend a persuasive oar." We went. I led off with discourse upon the taste and appreciation of our people, then talked about the scenic attractions of the trip and (may heaven forgive me) upon the delights of the sea voyage. "Yes, the pleasures of ocean travel," replied Miss Lewis, "are different but we will pass that. Scenery is a good thing, too, but its attractions have about the same influence upon a traveling company as has the tour as upon a hardware merchant in [illegible] out the route for a drummer. Taste and appreciation are excellent things but they lack a tangible legal tender quality. In short, my dear young man, they don't pay bills. Now you tell me that I could play my company in Portland two weeks to good business, and by good business you mean three thousand dollars per week of six evening performances and one matinee—that is, six thousand dollars for a season of two weeks. This estimate, of course, is based upon the presumption that we would be a great success. Well, we should probably succeed, but, my young friend, when you are older you may learn that it is not safe to reckon on success till you have received it—in other words, to count your chickens till they are safely out of the shells. Now do you take your pencil and do a little mathematics while I talk. It costs one thousand dollars a week to maintain my company, which is one of the most expensive on the road, and counting three days to go and three to return, a two weeks season at Portland would mean three weeks absence from the city. Now put down $3,000 as a start—just half of my prospective six thousand, based on my prospective success. Now, the steamer fares for twenty people to Portland and return would cost, provided the steamship company gave us a little reduction on its regular rates, $800—put that down. For the use of the theater, with ushers, lights provided, say nothing of fuel, for I understand your theater is never warm except in August, I should have to pay at the very least $600—put that down. Advertising would cost $200 more—don't forget to put it down. Hotel bills for twenty people for two weeks would aggregate $600 more—and more than that, but you might just as well put it low. Agents fees, carriage hire and the half hundred of incidentals which cost money, but can't be estimated except in the bulk would count up about $300 more—you just as well put it down so as to make the list complete. Now add them up—aha, you're clever at figures, just $5,500. Now I should like to visit Portland and look at Mount Hood and all that, but I don't care to put up several thousand dollars already earned for the chance of making a bare three hundred in two weeks' hard work—and not even with the delights of an ocean trip taken into the reckoning. I couldn't go; couldn't possibly think of going unless assured one thousand dollars a week above all expenses for each week of my absence from the city. If you know of anybody who wants to take the risk at those terms, I'll talk business to him. I am much obliged, indeed, I am grateful to you for your interest in the matter and I'm glad to hear that your people know a good thing when they see it; but, my dear young man, appreciation is one thing and business is quite another. You're very kind to come to see me but—good day."

I recall one other conversation only one, when I failed to do my honest half, but I don't remember ever before of getting so much light on a proposition in so short a time. To have insisted upon a mountain's moving to suit my convenience would have been quite as reasonable as to have urged Miss Lewis further. "You see how 'tis yourself," said Stechhan, when we reached the street. "It isn't so easy as it looked, is it?" But I reflected that it was a tame spirit that submitted at the first defeat, and suggested that we call upon the manager of the Emma Abbott Opera company and see what could be done with him. Again we went. "Why, gentlemen you can't be in earnest, you really can't be," said his operatic highness. "Go to Portland, Oregon, way up in the wilderness, where the sun never shines? Why, it's really too absurd for anything. My company you must know is one of the most expensive on the road, and we couldn't think of losing so much time to do so little. Besides, I doubt if one of our people could sing a note after exposure to the damp Oregon climate. However, if you will guarantee us a $2000 audience each night for a ten night season, we'll take the matter under consideration. Accept my thanks for your interest in the matter. I am obliged to you, indeed I am, really, but—good day." I will not weary my readers with the details of the half dozen other calls which I took to subdue my hopes, but they were all of a sort, and I learned that a Portland manager is very much in the situation of the fellow who could call spirits from the vasty deep—he can call, of course, but calling doesn't always fetch the spirits.

These reminiscences of a hope now some months asleep were suggested by a new effort with the same laudable purpose and, unfortunately, ending in like sad failure. An excellent company from Wallack's theater, New York, is now playing in the Baldwin, under the management of the gentleman who brought the Hazel Kirke company to Portland three years ago. Here, thought I, is an opportunity at last. This man knows about Portland, its dramatic appreciation, its scenic attractions and all that. I called on him. "Oh, yes," said he, "I remember THE OREGONIAN very well, and I remember you, too, Mr. Lewinson, and am glad to see you. Our visit to Portland five years ago was delightful, and many thanks are due to you, Mr. Merry, that it was so. I remember—my memory, sir, is the one thing that I can depend upon—that our season was a great dramatic success and that your people showed the highest appreciation. I hope Mr. [illegible] but I shall be able to visit Portland again soon, but not this trip—not now. The fact is my company is a little too heavy for the country. Just between you and me, I've got one of the most expensive companies on the road, and I couldn't think of going north with a desired $2,000 each on a season of one week. Hazel Kirke was a great success—indeed, a great success, and, would you believe it, we cleared on the [illegible] [illegible] Holman [illegible] I remember quite well [illegible] [illegible] forget the splendid [illegible]

Seriously, it is next to impossible to get the first class of dramatic companies to go north. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the cost of the ocean trip and the time which it consumes are serious obstacles, and besides all this, the unseen of a northern trip has for many actors and managers all the terrors of a terra incognita. Leading actors in my [illegible] absolutely refuse to go where travel to [illegible] with [illegible]

with dramatic people at once the credit of a reputation of critical [illegible] practical effect of this is to make it difficult to secure attractions. Where [illegible] are capable of judging critically [illegible] merit, and particularly where they [illegible] selves upon nice taste, there is always [illegible] failure. Managers are quite as likely [illegible] that Kate Cavendish failed in Portland [illegible] Miss Dargon succeeded, just as marine [illegible] all about the loss of the "Great Republic" [illegible] the Columbia bar, and pay no heed to the [illegible] that vessels have been crossing in and safely for years.

The prevailing system of "combinations" [illegible] another disadvantage. Formerly a [illegible] star like Lawrence Barrett or Rose Eytinge [illegible] cled alone and found at the various [illegible] stock companies capable of all ordinary [illegible] tries. Now there are no stock companies [illegible] each star carries his own support through the country with him. Thus the charges of [illegible] ing for a crowd of people are added to the ordinary expense of salaries, etc. Managers are [illegible] ginning to see that they have been worsted [illegible] the benefit of the transportation companies [illegible] the past five years, and there are hopes that the old stationary stock company will again become the rule. Not till then [illegible] will Portland be well served [illegible] really.

News of John McCullough's misfortune has been received here with sincere regret. [illegible] remembered as the first really fine actor [illegible] identified himself with this city and [illegible] a much warmer feeling than mere [illegible] France is expressed in the many kind words [illegible] of him on every hand. The sympathy [illegible] poth for this genial man of genius [illegible] strikingly with the ill-concealed pleasure [illegible] the news of Jim Keene's failure a few [illegible] ago aroused. California has no feeling [illegible] terness for the man who raked up fortunes and went off to enrich other places with [illegible] I believe that D. O. Mills downfall would [illegible] fact satisfaction here. McCullough's [illegible] ure, on the other hand, was not looked [illegible] desertion but as the going forth of a bright [illegible] whose beams were to be forever a credit [illegible] Pacific coast, where his career began, [illegible] cesses elsewhere have only won him [illegible] and firmer friendship in San Francisco [illegible] always been felt that his fame was part [illegible] Francisco's local pride. After all, there is [illegible] thing that people love better than money.

A Carnival of Lying Cant.

New York Tribune.

It is a campaign of principles and [illegible] republican side. On the democratic side [illegible] campaign of lying. The democrats [illegible] discreditable tactics because they have [illegible] the habit of conducting campaigns in [illegible] They have not yet got above the level of [illegible] walks where they scribbled 32 four [illegible] The independents, who have rushed [illegible] fatal embrace, are rendered desperate by [illegible] tainty of defeat now staring them in [illegible] As they have not established their [illegible] against Mr. Blaine, they are compelled [illegible] fabricate charges out of the whole cloth, [illegible] get up a carnival of cant, hypocrisy [illegible] and falsity. They ransack his business [illegible] for new slanders. No lie is too big [illegible] for them to repeat. Having failed to convince [illegible] American people that Mr. Blaine was [illegible] [illegible] legislator, they are striving [illegible] him to be a fool who tells falsehoods [illegible] when nothing whatever [illegible] The Hocking valley story [illegible] and the preposterous story [illegible] has lately shown how desperate [illegible] scandal mongers have become. Meanwhile [illegible] republican campaign for principles [illegible] moving on to final triumph, and the [illegible] liars and slanderers who are now [illegible] the dust will soon be buried deep under [illegible]

Northern Pacific Rumors.

New York Special to Chicago Times.

Some Philadelphians ventured [illegible] a few days ago to form a bob-tail pool [illegible] ern Pacific stocks, and succeeded in [illegible] common from 11 to 21 and the preferred [illegible] to 4[illegible]. But the effort proved abortive, [illegible] corporation like the Northern Pacific [illegible] is ideally show an immense decrease [illegible] during the forthcoming year, and [illegible] is figured up to $14,000,000 [illegible] had been sold to build the stock on [illegible] the company dispute these figures [illegible] [illegible] it to $9,000,000, which [illegible] enough for a road which has [illegible] money all the time for its completion [illegible] carrying grain at ruinous rates, which [illegible] this year a much smaller demand [illegible] than was anticipated, and which [illegible] enter a season of snow blockades [illegible] quently, of immense expenses for [illegible] road in running order. Investors [illegible] ters know that running roads like [illegible] Pacific, the Canadian Pacific or the [illegible] very much like running a sea [illegible] have only four months in the year [illegible] and cannot make a cent unless you [illegible] to charge exorbitant prices.

"Do Unto Others," Etc.

Washington Republican.

An old colored man and an [illegible] ored woman walked down to the [illegible] long bridge, and to the astonishment [illegible] fishermen who saw the performance [illegible] and began ducking each other. [illegible] were thoroughly wet they offered a [illegible] and walked ashore. To a gentleman [illegible] quired the meaning of this strange [illegible] the old man said: "Ye see, we [illegible] Jestways we believe in the bible, [illegible] church, because dere's more [illegible] church dan out. But we reads de bible [illegible] conclude to baptize ourselves as [illegible] John."

Culture in the Quaker City.

Philadelphia Press.

They were coming out of the [illegible] the day session of the Science [illegible] the Chestnut Hill girl said to the West [illegible] street girl: "You should have heard [illegible] Sophomorey's dissertation on the [illegible] tour of the Amphibian Bicuspid. [illegible] sweet for anything."

"It is too bad I didn't hear it," [illegible] West Walnut street girl. "I [illegible] Boulder's 'Notes on the Evidences of [illegible] Erosion in the Collateral Branches of [illegible] lachian System' and it wasn't a bit [illegible] I understood everything he said."

The Trick of a Man with Easy [illegible]

Nashville Banner.

A Davidson county farmer planted [illegible] in watermelons. By the time his [illegible] ripe the market had dropped to [illegible] Adjoining his melon patch is a beautiful [illegible] He gave a picnic and allowed [illegible] brought on the premises. A large [illegible] ered under the friendly shade of the [illegible] day was hot and the people [illegible] water was in sight. In the midst of [illegible] zing state of affairs the farmer [illegible] ons in on the grounds and they went [illegible] cakes at high prices.

The Correct Version.

"My dear," said the king of Denmark [illegible] spouse, the mother of Hamlet, "[illegible] give it away, but I poured molten [illegible] brother's ear while he was sleeping [illegible] chard and that's the kind of [illegible] stung him?"

"You don't say so?" said the queen. [illegible] "I have said so, so please don't [illegible] so. Yes, I poured a bullet mold [illegible] ear. It was a capital joke. Do you [illegible] his last words were when he went [illegible] I do not."

"They were: 'I didn't know I was [illegible]'"

The Old Be Alligator.

Monticello Constitution.

Mr. M. T. Moore has killed the [illegible] the gators that infest [illegible] He informs us that one night [illegible] kill an alligator that measured [illegible] in length, was 33 inches around [illegible] inches around the neck, and [illegible] around the body. It weighed about [illegible] It was killed near the mouth of [illegible] river. Mr. Moore says he has occasionally [illegible] glimpse of the monster 'gator for [illegible] and is of the opinion that it was [illegible]

The Boy to be Agriculture.

Springfield Republican.

A Vermont farmer's boy has bought [illegible] bicycle and wishes he hadn't. [illegible] utilized the thing by making it [illegible] power for his winnowing mill, [illegible] [illegible] This he does by [illegible] removing the tire from the [illegible] connecting it by an endless rope [illegible] natural machines then making his [illegible] [illegible] the propelling.

A Boston Paraphrase.

Rochester Post Express.

[illegible] —No, my paternal [illegible] am one of [illegible] which I [illegible] has [illegible] [illegible] time where your [illegible] without incurring the cognizance [illegible] hypothecate on his part and [illegible] protoplasm." "A what?" [illegible] "What is the name of Webster, [illegible] will glance at Worcester you [illegible] same [illegible]"

FOR HER SWEET SAKE.

[illegible]

It was with [illegible] and strange feeling [illegible] joyless that Grace said this. Previously Reginald had been to her like a brother. Now [illegible] he was so much dearer, and yet she had lost all feeling of ease with him. Then too, this rush of emotion which filled her heart was distressing as well as delightful. In that one moment when Reginald's

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...rama ic people at once the credit ... of a reputation of critical taste ... al effect of this is to make it the ... lt to secure attractions. Where ... upable of judging critically of ... and particularly where they value ... upon nice taste, there is always danger ... Managers are quite as likely to ... ate Cavendish failed in Portland as ... argon succeeded, just as mariners ... ut the loss of the "Great Republic" ... lumbia bar, and pay no heed to the ... essels have been crossing in and ... for years.

... prevailing system of "combinations" ... r disadvantage. Formerly a dramatic ... e Lawrence Barrett or Rose Eytinge ... one and found at the various theaters ... companies capable of all ordinary ... Now there are no stock companies ... tar carries his own support about ... y with him. Thus the charges of ... a crowd of people are added to the ... xpense of salaries, etc. Managers ... g to see that they have been working ... nefit of the transportation companies ... st five years, and there are indications ... e old stationary stock company ... ain become the rule. Not till this ... e will Portland be well served ...

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A. R.

A Carnival of Lying Cant

New York Tribune.

... campaign of principles and men on ... can side. On the democratic side it's ... gn of lying. The democrats adopt ... itable tactics because they have ... it of conducting campaigns in this way ... ave not yet got above the level of the ... when they scribbled "24 four years ago" ... dependents, who have rushed into ... mbrace, are rendered desperate by the ... of defeat now staring them in the ... have not established their original ... Mr Blaine they are compelled to ... charges out of the whole cloth. ... ue carnival of cant, hypocrisy ... ity. They ransack his business ... r new slanders. No ... is too foolish ... to repeat. Having failed to convince ... people that Mr. Blaine was a corrupt ... al legislator, they are striving to ... be a fool who tells "fish foods for the ... it when nothing will serve ... The Hocking valley story is a ... and the preposterous story which ... as denied shows how demented ... mongers have become. Meanwhile ... can campaign for principles and ... g on to final triumph and the ... nd slanderers who are now growing ... t will soon be buried deep under ...

Northern Pacific Business.

New York special to the Tribune.

... e Philadelphians ventured about a year ... ago to form a bob-tail pool in the Northern ... cific stocks, and succeeded in putting ... from 19 to 21 ... preferred ...

... ut the effort proved abortive. ... ad like the Northern Pacific ... show an immense decrease in ... uring the forthcoming year, and a ... ure up to $14,000,000 is certainly ... asis to bull the stock on. ... company dispute these figures, ... to $9,000,000, which is ... enough for a road which has to ... all the time for its completion, ... ng grain at ruinous rates, which will ... a much smaller demand for ... was anticipated, and which is ... a season of snow blockades, and ... ly, of immense expenses for keeping ... running order. Investors and ... now that running roads like the ... e, the Canadian Pacific or the ... uch like running a seaside hotel ... only four months in the year to ... annot make a cent unless you get a ... rge exorbitant prices.

"Do Unto Others" Etc.

Washington Republican.

... old colored man and an equally old ... woman walked down to the river ... bridge, and to the astonishment of ... men who saw the performance ... began ducking each other. ... thoroughly wet they offered a ... alked ashore. To a gentleman ... the meaning of this strange ... ld man said: "Ye see, we's Christians ... ys we believe in the bible, but ... h, because dere's more sin ... dan out. But we reads de bible ... ide to baptize ourselves as subscribed ..."

Culture in the Quaker City.

Philadelphia Press.

... were coming out of the Academy ... session of the Science Association ... estnut Hill girl said to the West ... girl: "You should have heard Professor ... oney's dissertation on the 'Relative ... of the Amphibian Bicuspid.' It was just ... for anything."

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The Trick of a Man with Easy ...

Nashville ...

... avidson county farmer planted four ... termelons. By the time his melons ... he market had dropped to ruinous ... ning his melon patch is a beautiful ... ve a picnic and allowed no water ... it on the premises. A large crowd ... nder the friendly shade of the trees ... ns hot and the people thirsted ... was in sight. In the midst of this ... tate of affairs the farmer rushed ... on the grounds and they went off ... at high prices.

The Correct Version.

... dear," said the king of Denmark ... the mother of Hamlet, "you ... away, but I poured molten lead ... r's ear while he was sleeping ... and that's the kind of ... him."

... ou don't say so?" said the queen. ... have said so, so please don't say ... es, I poured a bullet mold full ... It was a capital joke. Do you know ... st words were when he went off?" ... not ... ey were: 'I didn't know I was loaded.'"

The Oil He Alligator.

... Constitution.

... M. T. Moore has killed the daddy of ... ators that iusticate in our gulf ... forms us that one night last ... an alligator that measured 12 feet ... rth, was 31 inches around the ... around the neck, and 4 feet ... the body. It weighed about 500 ... killed near the mouth of the ... Mr. Moore says he has occasionally ... se of the monster gator for nineteen ... the ... union that it was 1900 ...

The Bicycle in Agriculture.

... ermont farmer's boy has bought ... and wishes he hadn't. His father ... the thing by making it furnish ... for his winnowing mill, corn sheller ... This he does by suspending ... le, running the tire from the ... an endless rope with ... machines, then making his son ... pedaling.

A Boston Paraphrase.

... my paternal ... one of the deep ... , where your father ...

... the ... of Webster, is ... at Worcester you will ...

A JUNE DAY IN AUTUMN.

I know the summer has gone by,
But summer's gauze fills the sky,
And summer's breath, a sigh,
And ... the ...
A ... a ... note
Upsoars softly from the throat
Of some wild bird.

Oh ... day —to which belong
The ... and brooks ... song;
The ... are ... sweet delights
Wit autumn's wealth of garner'd sheaves
And autumn's glow of fretted leaves
Or distant heights.

If back to life's ... autumn ...
Like this come ever when the ...
Of ... summer ... through the haze
... sheaves of ... have been ...
To tell ... stored houses ...
I do not see ... men should mourn
That they grow old.

—...

FOR HER SWEET SAKE.

A group of three—Ronald Sylvester and his two sisters, Blanche and Grace—were seated in the room which did three fold duty as parlor, library and dining-room in the tiny house which had been willed to them by their grandfather. Added to the bequest was a sum of money invested in the funds, the interest of which, with strict economy, would feed and clothe the three.

The remainder of the old gentleman's property went to Reginald, the child of his son Jasper, and was to accumulate until he became of age, with the exception of what was necessary for him to ... for living expenses.

When he was to reach his majority he was to enter into possession of ... heritage, provided he should conform to ... all the instructions contained in a sealed note, which was not to be opened until then.

If however he refused to obey his grand father's wish the money was left to other and indirect heirs, with the exception of an amount equal to that set apart for his cousins Ronald, Blanche and Grace Sylvester.

The brothers Jasper and Richard Sylvester had died several years before the demise of their father, and the four children named in the will were respectively 12, 10, 8 and 6 years of age at the time of their grandfather's death.

Consequently they were not old enough to realize the injustice which had been done to three of them already and which might eventually be meted out to the one apparently favored by his grandfather above the other. For until the seal ... not ... should be opened who could tell how willingly its spirit could be carried out by the young heir?

Ronald Sylvester had a decidedly literary turn and undoubtedly would have a brilliant career at college, but the only chance for it lay in his own exertions later on; but nothing daunted by his poverty, he studied industriously to prepare himself.

Reginald was at The Oaks the time our story opens, and was expected at the cottage momentarily. He had reached home the night before.

Ronald was busy with an abstruse problem, and some Greek and Latin exercises were piled up on the table, turning it for the time being into a most literary looking depository.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Grace, who had been keeping watch at the window. "I really believe he has grown a whole head taller since he was home last."

"We have all changed. So it would be a wonder if Regie stood still," answered Blanche demurely.

"Do you think I have grown much taller, Blanche?"

"You will never be anything but petite, Gracie."

"Now, Blanche, darling, don't tell me that I am to be little ... you want me to ... all the rest of the d..."

"What's that about pouting, Gracie?" asked a voice at the open door with something so cheery in its tones that the ... brightened as flowers might at the breath of the spring breeze in from the land of perpetual summer.

"Blanche was telling me ... ... Regie," said Grace, ... ward and putting out both her hands to welcome her cousin. "... she said I ... going to be an insignificant little atom instead of growing up tall and ... like herself."

"How do you do, Regie?" said Blanche, advancing in her turn to greet him. "I am glad to see you. If you ... to ... I said anything ... words would ... ... may be petite."

"That was a rare compliment, Grace. If you should ... ... one should ... ... fellow ..."

... Ronald ... "Look here," and he pointed to ... evidences of his hours of study.

"Now Ronald, let us girls have Regie a little while before you pin him down to teach you. Then, without giving Ronald time to gainsay her, Grace said coaxingly, "Come out into the garden and see ... roses ... with bright glare ... which her ... could no more ... ... of steel hold back from ... ."

"I'll be back soon, Ronald," he said, and followed Grace.

"Poor boy," he said to her as soon as they were out of hearing distance. "I ought to have had my chance, he would have had better use of it."

"Now, Regie, you shan't interest yourself. You are just splendid, and we all of us think so."

"I'll prove what I think when I am of age. Ronald shall have every advantage money can give him ... should have had it by right as much as I. It all came from our grandfather."

"Have you ever wondered what ... in the sealed letter grandpa left?"

"Yes, but I don't worry. I don't ... ... imagine ... anything ... serious ..."

"What if he had some ... ... you to marry ..."

Reginald ... the idea, but he was prompt in his answer. "Unless it should be the girl I love, I would lose a fortune rather than ... such a ..."

Grace turned ... ... brown lights ... of manner ...

"The girl you ... ... that you loved ... ... you to go ... ... with ... ..."

And there ... overflow of the blue ... had, but the moment before, been so bright and merry.

Reginald finally ... Grace ... expression in his eyes that would have ... truth had she but looked ... But she ... with her head ... so that he could only ... ... of perfect ... ... quiver of her lip.

Grace ... ... under ... ...

Grace shivered. ... thought which had been present to her mind ... her ... ... life ... of a golden ... ... as though its wintry ...

She raised her eyes to Reginald ... for an instant the ... ... at each other.

Then Reginald put his arms about her and drew her to him and kissed her.

"You are to be my wife, Gracie, that is if you will consent to marry me. Did you think I could ever love anyone else? I thought you knew me better. Naughty little girl, you were jealous. But I take such an encouraging sign that if you will confess it freely, I'll forgive you."

"What is jealousy?" asked Grace, smiling through her tears. "I only know that I felt as though my heart had turned, all at once, into something that hurt me. But what will Ronald say?" We must go in.

It was with a new and strange feeling of content that Grace saw this. Previously Regie had seemed to her like a brother. Now he was so much nearer, and yet she had lost all feeling of ease with him. Then, too, this rush of emotion which filled her heart was distressing as well as delightful.

In that one moment when Reginald's kisses had burned upon her lips she had changed from a careless, happy-hearted girl into a deep-thinking, loving woman. But she must have time to become accustomed to regarding Regie in the light of a lover. Thus it was that she became restless in his society and would fain have flown away from him into solitude where she could commune with her own heart.

Although Reginald comprehended but dimly the state of her mind he followed her obediently into the house where Ronald was waiting to monopolize him and he resigned himself patiently to the task of coaching the ardent student.

After seeing him safely launched ... the Grace disappeared and did not become visible again until tea time, and then he was so unusually quiet that Blanche looked at her several times with a constantly increasing anxiety which culminated at last in threatening to send her for the doctor.

Reginald was about to speak, but an entreating look from Grace checked him and later on she whispered to him as she went with him to the gate:

"Keep what has passed a secret, Regie, until you know the contents of that dread ... letter. I would never consent to stand in the way of your future happiness."

"And, to win or not to win you, my darling, will either be the making or the marring of my life.

We are so young, Regie. People will talk harshly of me if they hear of a projected marriage between us. Promise to keep it a secret for a while."

"I will promise anything to please you, Grace. But remember one thing. I will never give you up."

* * * * * * *

"Grace, look at this!"

There was an excited cadence in Blanche's voice which caused Grace to open her eyes surprisedly.

Blanche pointed to a notice in the newspaper that she had been reading. It ran thus:

WANTED—The children of one Janet Grahame who came to this country some twenty-five years ago and married an American gentleman whose name is unknown to the writer of this advertisement. If they will communicate with Messrs. Dall & Ward, No. —, Nassau street, they will learn of something to their advantage.

"It was our mother's maiden name, Gracie. Do you suppose she is the one meant in the notice?"

"Would anyone else be likely to have just that name?"

"I think not. At any rate I shall sit down at once and write to that address. It can't do any harm."

"Hadn't you better ask Ronald to do it?"

"No, Grace. I think it will be best not to take any one into our confidence. Then if we are doing a silly thing there will be no one to laugh at us. Wait until the answer comes before we say a word about it to Ronald."

Grace acquiesced as she usually did to what ... Blanche proposed.

Her own lack of confidence in her sister about her love affair caused her to be even more pliant to Blanche's advice than was her custom.

The answer came in due time saying that the heirs of another Janet Grahame had ... replied, but whichever party should have convincing proof as to being the children of the Janet Grahame mentioned, would have the sole right to a large property both in lands and money. The note concluded by requesting the party addressed to inform ... by return mail what family of Grahame he belonged to, English or Scotch, or whether she had any proofs.

Much to Blanche's delight she could answer the last question in the affirmative, and also could refer to a huge Bible her mother had brought with her from England.

She made a copy of the former and enclosed it in her letter of reply.

Then the ... awaited further development ... a state of restless anxiety which would have attracted Ronald's attention had he not been so engrossed in his studies.

But she was well repaid for her trouble when she learned that the result of her correspondence was to declare that her mother was the Janet Grahame to whom ... had ... an inheritance which would make them independently wealthy.

It was joyful news to the trio, and Ronald was eager to have it at once communicated to their cousin Regie.

But to his surprise, and also to that of Blanche, Grace requested that it should be kept a secret until after Reginald should attain his majority. After considerable opposition Grace carried her point although it was much to Ronald's vexation of spirit.

"What will Regie think of it?" he asked impatiently. "He will think me a mean cad to keep it from him for an hour."

"I will make it right with him," answered Grace.

"You speak like one having authority, Grace," said Ronald giving her a keen glance which discomfited her for an instant. But she rallied quickly.

"I shall tell him we intended ... to surprise ... ... such a pleasant ... ... for him."

The important time had at last arrived, ... was to decide whether ... ... or ...

... were assembled together ... listen to the man of law who was to read the contents of the sealed note upon which so much depended.

It ran thus:

"I, Jasper Sylvester, being in good health ... of sound mind, declare this my ... ... my will ... be ... that ... my grandson Reginald Sylvester ... only on ... condition that he shall seek out the daughter ... of my early friend and benefactor, ... Macleod of Sunny Brae, Scotland, ... and ... ... marriage that he ... ... wife. If he ... ... shall be ... ... to the young lady ... and

Signed

JASPER SYLVESTER."

... ... to his feet ... ... for me was not ... ...

... to fulfill the condition imposed upon me by my grandfather," he said. ... ... turned to Grace ... ... anything ... ...

"I am young and strong, Grace ... ... work for you. We don't care for riches ... long as we love each other, do we?"

... ...

"Can you say that, Grace?" asked Reginald, reproachfully and ... ... Blanche.

... ... But Grace looked ... happy ... ... beamed with mischief.

"And, Reginald," she continued, "... ... ... that you are marrying ... ..."

"What do you mean, Grace? Explain yourself, or I shall think we are all going to ... ..."

"No, Reginald, you are mistaken. Isn't it, Ronald?"

Reginald turned towards Ronald who seemed decidedly uncomfortable.

"Don't blame me for not telling you, Regie; it was Grace's fault. She wouldn't consent to it. She kept it as a surprise to counterbalance your expected good fortune."

"And it comes all the better, dear Reginald, now that you have resigned wealth for my sake that I can tell you that Ronald, Blanche and I are all as rich as you ought to be."

It was no longer Grace, the mischievous sprite, who spoke; it was the Grace he had so long loved and who loved him.

The man of law had been overlooked during this little scene. Now he came to the front.

"Let me advise you to refrain from either refusing or accepting the most extraordinary request contained in Mr. Sylvester's note. Let inquiry be first made with regard to the heir of the gentleman therein mentioned. The ... ... in the ... ... In that case there could be no disobedience on your part."

This speech delivered with due gravity was received with all the respect ... it deserved.

It would be easy for Reginald to ... ... as long as he has thus given proof of ... ... to his real sentiment.

Strange to say, it was found upon inquiry that Stirling MacLeod had left no direct heirs, his two sons having been killed in the battle of Balaklava.

So Reginald was not stripped of his inheritance after all.

But Grace has the proud pleasure of knowing that for her sweet sake he would willingly have made the sacrifice.

A Woman Farmer in Maine.

"Yes, my husband has been dead fifteen years," said an old lady to a correspondent of the Boston *Globe*, "and I have run the farm ever since myself and in fact I have had the whole care of it for twenty one years, for within a year of our marriage my husband had a stroke of paralysis that left one side entirely useless and it is over a score of years since we moved here."

It was an old lady of Kennebec county, Maine, who made the above statement to a *Globe* correspondent, and she seemed to see nothing remarkable about the fact that she entirely unaided, should be running a farm of sixty acres in spite of her three score years and ten.

"Do you do the whole work yourself?"

"Yes, almost all," she replied. "I never hire by the month, but in the busiest season I hire a man to help by the day in haying and such work."

"Do you take care of your stock yourself?"

"Oh, yes, but I have not as much stock as I had formerly, having sold many, including as fine a stock bull as they had in the county."

"Do you take the daily papers?"

"No, I can find all the lies I want in the ordinary story and religious papers without pestering my head with fresh ones made up every day."

"Are you not lonely in the winter?" asked the reporter. "I notice your house is off the main road and you must find it hard getting down to the village."

"Yes, you are right there," responded the old but energetic lady. "Sometimes I can't get out for five or six weeks unless my neighbors take the trouble to come and shovel me out. But I don't mind much and manage to get through all right. However, I don't see anything much about this, but there is a funny idea about you newspaper fellers, and people seem to take anything they see in print for gospel. For instance, I knew two neighbors who was always fighting about the way to cultivate a field and they both declared each other a fool. Finally one got his notions printed in a farming paper and the other feller saw the piece, and not knowing whose ideas they was he thought he had learned something and went home and followed the advice of the man he had called a fool just because he saw it in print. Don't you want to come to see the farm? It don't amount to anything though," she added.

The writer walked out to the door and the first thing that attracted his attention was a tombstone in front of the piazza. He was about to ask if it was erected in this certainly unusual spot at the particular request of some near and dear relative, when he noticed that a ring was passed through the top of the marble stone, and it served the purpose of an ordinary hitching post. Therefore he forebore lest he should touch on a forbidden topic and even the broad statements did not elicit any information on the subject of the sepulchral horse fastener. "Everything about the farm to use," ... "... I'm ... ... apple pie order just as one might ... the farm of an old farmer with able bodied sons to help him."

Why the Women of the Corners Demanded Prohibition

Mr. ... the ... keeper's wife paraded herself before the wives of her husband's patrons with a figured ... dress with hat with ... ... on ... ... skin ... and silk stockings. It is ... ... what effect it had onto the other women on the corner. Then these womens ... a crusade with Pollack and Joe Bigger joined in and the result was a meeting ... citizen which embraced a half dozen men and *every woman in the town*—ceptin Mrs. Bascom. Joe Bigler made an inflammatory speech to the women showing that if their husbands would let likker alone they could have silk dresses, and red stocking as well as Mrs. Bascom, that Mrs. Bascom was absorbing all the money in the corners and that so long as he persisted in taking the money ... their husband for sodcorn whisky, so long would they have to dress in calico and go without stocking, and they might consider themselves lucky if they could get ... to git them selves shoe. And they introduced ... ... the prohibition ... the ... ... of the corners.

Never Washes Her Face

... ... been washed with soap and water for six years, the writer ... ... and her eyes open ... ... in July.

"No, no, I never wash my face. Would ... have a ... ... looked as if I did. But ... don't know ... ... wouldn't ... ... for ... cleanliness itself. Tell you what I do. First I ... myself all over with a dry towel, then I take a sponge dipped in glycerine diluted with ... ... That soothes the skin and ... down the pore. After that I go over my face, ears and neck with a cloth wet with bayrum and I polish up the skin till it fairly glow with color. Now one of the difficult things: You see the skin ... up or grain just like a piece of ... or cloth, and of course if you rub the fur the wrong way so much ... of ... ... lost. So I get a piece of chamois and work the skin down till it is as smooth and healthy looking as you see it now. But let me tell you one thing, I think my fresh complexion is due a great deal to the care I take of my digestive organs as to anything else. I ... myself so that my system is operated with the regularity of clock work."

... ...

The Honey Crop

The honey crop in this neighborhood from all reports will be very large, though prices are very low, four and a half cents per pound being all that is offered in Los Angeles. The San Bernardino *Ind.* reports a fine crop up there, but hardly as good as in 1877 and says the prices are badly demoralized. The San Diego reports an immense yield. A Ventura estimate sets yield at two thousand tons. Although the present low prices will ... ... profit for the ... work, yet we believe better prices will be obtained by holding awhile. The ... at San Francisco is dull and our producers will look for a market abroad if they expect to realize a fair price for their product. The prices above quoted are for strained or extracted honey, while eight to nine cents is paid for honey comb.—*Santa Ana Standard.*

Immunity of Jews from Cholera

A noteworthy feature of the cholera epidemic in France is the fact that the Jews in Toulon and Marseilles, where its ravages have been most severe have scarcely been affected by the plague. This only agrees with the experience of the race, under similar circumstances in other epidemics, and the highest medical authority attribute the remarkable fact to the continuous obedience of Jews to the sanitary laws laid down by the Mosaic code thousands of years ago. Indeed an eminent English physician has declared that if these laws were observed by all classes, the zymotic death rate would not be an appreciable ... ... our mortality list.—*Brooklyn Union.*

LEPROSY.

Horrors of the Disease in India and China.

The following extract is taken from an article by A. Moss ... in the *Nineteenth Century* ... leprosy ... Were I to ... ... would follow ... ... torturing weapon of ... ... and ... and destroy its victim ... ... by ... member by member ... joint by joint ... ... leaving him ... ... the ... until the horrid ... of ... death until there is nothing ... human left of him. Eyes, voice, nose, toes, fingers ... ... one after the other ... ... deformed, and rot away until at the end of ten, fifteen, twenty years, it may be the wretched leper ... affected in every sense ... ... and ... to the sight, smell ... ... and touch of others, dies despised, ... the most abject of men."

Now leprosy is a disease that has existed from the earliest historic time ... ... Europe, Great Britain and Ireland. In England it is no longer met with. In Europe generally, except ... here and there, it is almost unknown. I ... ... then a wonderful thing not that a cure has not yet been discovered for leprosy, but that with men of science it is still an open question whether leprosy is communicable or incommunicable, contagious or hereditary, whether it is due to insufficient and bad food or bad climate and diet or all combined, to a lack of meat or absence of vegetable diet, to the use of salt fish or the want of salt. Such however is the case.

I should not, I think, lay myself open to contradiction were I to say that a great people for the most part view the question of leprosy together with the laws and regulations and treatment appertaining to it as a matter of purely antiquarian interest. Not a few, indeed, look upon it as a sort of Jewish or Scriptural, if I may say so, disease that vanished with the dawn of Christianity, that fell with the fall of the old law and the rise of the new. And so closely and absolutely is it associated with and limited to the old world impressions of the early bible lessons that the illusions made to it in such popular books of travel as Miss Bird's Six Months in the Sandwich Islands and Lady Brassey's Voyage in the Sunbeam, pass almost unnoticed.

Abhorred by every one, the leper in India is of ... ruthlessly driven by his own flesh and blood from house and home, literally ... ... by the roadside, while in some places government interference alone has put a stop to his being buried alive—the father burying the son, the son burying his father. And not only the leper himself but also his relatives and friends, lest in multiplying their kind they should transmit the disease to distant generations.

Though no law restrains him from intercourse with other people, caste steps in and take the place of law. The man of high caste, once a leper, from that moment is turned out of his caste, he may not sit in the same room or house with the sound and pure. His own kith and kin will not eat what he has touched, or drink or smoke with him. If his wife eats with him she is put out of caste. None will marry his daughters, even though there be no slightest sign of leprosy in them, and they can never be readmitted into it. There is no pity, and no hope for him. And when he dies abhorrence follows him to the grave: all religious ceremonies is withheld from him, and his body given up to the low caste of sweeper, and such like, ... subject to the greatest indignity the Hindoos can show their dead.

Lepers are met with in every stage of misery in India. They flock to the borders of the Ganges to ... their hopeless ... on holy ground. Pilgrims, they crowd to Pobree to make prayers and propitiatory offerings to the idol Lokenath, and then, ... of their cure, they continue to haunt the neighborhood and form fresh ... of ... ... vile and detestable as the ... ... corruption that pollute ... ... of them. ... Often herded by ... ... might they ... ... scattered along the day along the roadway ... ... the bazaars begging of the pitiful, and filling with horror the ... stranger. Special hospital ... ... provided for them, ... of people and it ... ... leper ... asylums for the leper ... ... counted on one's finger ... they ... ... a fourth ... ... the lazar houses ... ... I transfer the following sketch from Mrs. Scott Stevenson's vivid picture of Our Home in Cyprus. Mrs. Scott Stevenson had the courage to visit the leper farm of Nicosia, and ... ... what she saw.

"My husband requested that ... ... cases should be pointed out to us. We were brought to a doorway through which we peeped and were shown ... ... in a wooden ... ... woman who were attending on him ... ... the light. I could only take ... ... and no more. Not a feature ... ... and was discernible ... ... at regular interval of ... ... could ... tell ... being ... before ... We could only trust ... ... that his condition was more apalling ... ... than the actual sufferings ... himself. It was ... ... an idiot, but as he could ... ... small ... ... whether the brain ... ... So we could only hope that death ... ..."

The ... of leprosy in China, at the ... ... is said to be common. In Canton, ... according to the report of the ... College of Physicians there were 1011 ... ... asylum besides about 2000 ... ... to a gaining a ... ... rope-makers and peddlers. ... ... numerous at Macao and Shanghai. ... ... will be ... ... the Chinese ... ... lepers ... ... consequence of their isolation ... frequent. They believe the disease runs through four generations after which it becomes exhausted. Hence they never permit any marriages with the progeny of leprous parent. The lepers themselves usually ... only with those of their ... ... the fourth generation with ... ... self. The progeny of the fourth generation are considered free from taint and need no longer be secluded from society.—*Report ... Leper ... of the Royal College of Physicians.*

Artificial Somnambulism

When artificial somnambulism is complete consciousness is abolished except as it is revived by suggestions from the operator. Anesthesia is so complete that a large number of the gravest surgical operations have been performed under it. In fact artificial anesthesia was first induced in this manner before the use of ether or chloroform became known. No death is known from this anesthetic, something which cannot be said of any of the chemical hypnotic. The only objection to the employment of this in preference to chloroform and ether is the fact that only a limited number of persons can be thus influenced, and that a considerable time is necessary to put the subject under it.

The more confidence the operator has in his own ability, and the greater the belief of the patient in the alleged powers of the operator the more often and the sooner will these effects be brought about. With every repetition of the process the easier will the effects be induced. Some subjects are liable to go into the "condition" at will, by simply concentrating the attention on one spot ... for a ... few minutes.

The so-called ... ... speakers (when ... ...) are examples of self-induced ... ... somnambulism. The late Dr. ... ... of New York devoted a great deal of attention to this subject of ... ... I thought my ... ... impression ... ... would ... expectation ... ... sufficient to abolish the powers of a large number of the brain cells while ... ... of them ... ... unusually active, and that the phenomena of ... ... showed that the same influences work ... upon the lower animals ... upon men. In the somnambulistic condition the memory is sometimes almost incredibly exalted. ... ... sentences, whole pages of books heard or read but once, are sometimes repeated with the accuracy of the phonograph. The faculty of language may be greatly exalted—persons who have never ... any such tendency may speak in rhythm for hours or use the choicest words, who ... ordinary language is of the most commonplace order. Similar deviations from the ordinary methods of expression have been noted in persons under the influence of opium, alcohol and Indian hemp, as well as in mental derangement. They are ... no ... proof of anything supernatural. New combinations of ideas are formed, but ... ... nothing new has been added to the ... of human knowledge by these remarkable utterances. The Pythoness of Delphi and other wonderful oracles of the ... ... are probably rhyming somnambulists of the order who were under the ... control of cunning priest.

SOME WAR STORIES.

"Gath's" Interview.

Meeting General Granville Dodge, who at one time commanded the Army of the Tennessee in place of McPherson, I said: What kind of men did you use chiefly for your secret service purpose?

"I used Alabamians almost entirely. In north Alabama there was a strong Union ... and I organized not only whites ... ... from that state into regiments. ... ... my agents in Alabama nearly lost his life, having been court martialed for being a spy. He was a Union man and I employed him to check off the rebel forces going ... in ... He would take note of their numbers, condition, arms, guns and batteries and send it straight to me. They finally suspected him and court-martialed him and would have hanged him. ... sent 5000 of the secret service money in ... to the brother of Jefferson Davis to defend that man, and the defense ... him the relationship of this lawyer saved him. When they were removing him from one point to another he bribed his way off and came to me and I never let him go back to the south again."

Said I: "Did you ever meet Abraham Lincoln?"

"Yes. I first met Mr. Lincoln at Council Bluffs several years before the war. He had been ... in some railroad matter, and came ... to inform himself. He spoke to me ... ... and, I suppose in the ... ... with a lawyer's capacity to absorb another man's knowledge, he got from ... all he wanted. Years passed on and during the war I received a telegraph dispatch from General Grant telling me to go at once to Washington city and report to the President of the United States. I fought ... I had raised a negro regiment, ... of the first raised in the war for the purpose of guarding my trains. I thought ... might have disapproved of that ... I supposed I was going to Washington to be reprimanded or perhaps removed. When I got to the White House Mr. Lincoln turned to me and said: 'I met you ... ... when you were ... for the Pacific railroad.'

'Yes, Mr. President,' said I, 'I remember it, but I supposed you had forgotten it.'

'No,' said Lincoln. 'I have sent for you to ... that you could give me some advice ... important ... from your ... ... with ... ... all has ... for the Pacific railroad and the towns along the Missouri river, Kansas City and others, are all working hard to be made the initial point of that railroad. I want you to tell me which is the true initial point to begin the road from.'

I began and showed the President the ... line of the road and said: 'I have but little doubt that Council Bluffs is the true point to begin ... toward that place the railroad ... coming from the east.' Mr. Lincoln heard me through—heard my ... ... and said: 'Now I am satisfied. That is all I wanted to see you for.' He then had the railroad ... commence at Council Bluffs."

Said I: "Did you observe any difference between the western and the eastern troops?"

"Oh, yes. When I was at Petersburg there was ... fight and I was struck with the great number of stragglers. We had no such thing as that in the west. Our western men ... went to the war to fight and not to straggle. When I was in Grant's ... ... drafted men coming ... ... fugitive going to the rear. Desertion were ... that Grant had difficulty in that ... ... who went with him in the west can ... realize. When he came to the ... ... desired to bring with him a number of ... prominent officers. He wanted me to ... ... McPherson and ... ... go Sheridan. When he came to the east he found the ... ... of the eastern comrades of his ... western men were such that he could only ... ... Sheridan ... ... long time Grant had to wait until Sheridan became effective in the ... before he could ... ..."

What do you think of the confederates ... ... the war?

"They were one of the finest soldiers in the world and they had commanders in ... ... superior to ours. For ... ... Sherman ... ... After Sheridan was taken away from ... ... Sherman never ... ..."

The Bull Disliked Dudes.

The Chicopee Weems took a party to Lam Farm yesterday. Shortly after they landed ... were promenading on the bluff side. ... ... umbrella fringe with lace and lined with red. All of a sudden a young Durham bull which was being led with a rope by a farmer made a lunge for the couple. The farmer tried to hold him but couldn't. The sweet girl screamed and the dude shouted. The farmer could not tell what frightened the bull and he was dragged along at the end of the rope. The bull rushed at the girl and then at the dude. First he gave the girl and the red lined parasol a ... then the dude and his slim legs. It must have been the legs for the bull ... ... from the farmer and ran the dude up a cherry tree where he kept him until a crowd of deck hands got him on board.—*Baltimore American.*

To Prevent "Souring"

We had a girl once who had the knack of doing things well. She never covered up her loaves of bread closely the same day they were baked. When taken from the oven a linen bread-cloth was laid over them lightly and they were not put into the tin box with the lid down until next morning. She said that was the reason the last loaf eaten had sometimes a hint of tasting sour in the center of it.

We all know that closely covering up anything while it is warm will cause fermentation. Peas, beans, corn, meat, or vegetables often sour, and the wonder is what caused it. Let us all put this and that together, and learn from experience.—"*Pipsey Potts*" in *Arthur's Magazine.*

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SOME NEW BOOKS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF BAYARD TAYLOR. Edited by Marie Hansen-Taylor and Horace E. Scudder. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price, $4. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

This biography of Bayard Taylor, including a compilation of such of his private and social letters as are proper matter for publication, is written and edited by Marie Hansen-Taylor, the beautiful, amiable and accomplished German woman, who in her sweet girlhood became his wife. Horace E. Scudder, who appears as her collaborator, is a gentleman of some note in contemporaneous literature. The work is, of course, a tender tribute to Taylor's memory and a eulogy of his character. His character was one to which only a tender tribute is due. He was one of the most amiable of men and authors. He had only friendships; he had no enmities. He was one of whom all men spoke well, but it did not spoil him, and it was not in his case a woe, but a benediction. There is but a single exception to this comprehensive statement. In 1856 he was a warm and active advocate of General Fremont, for whom, as a fellow traveler, he had great sympathy—as a candidate for the presidency. The malignant and mendacious democratic press invented and circulated a story to the effect that Humboldt, the veteran philosopher, then still living, had said at some time that "Herr Taylor has traveled more and seen less than any man that he ever knew." This ill-natured epigram was traced to some retailer of literary and personal gossip who had traveled in Europe, but Humboldt emphatically denied the story and expressed great admiration and esteem for the young American author and traveler. Neither the party newspapers of the day, literary critics and rivals, nor the personal small talk of his times has preserved any other ill-natured passage relating to Mr. Taylor's successful and brilliant career.

Bayard Taylor was born in Kennett Square, Chester county, Pa., January 11, 1825. His father was a farmer. His education was a good one and tolerably complete for the times and the part of the country in which he lived, considering that his school-days closed when he was 17 years old. He was then apprenticed to a printer in West Chester, and learned the trade thoroughly. Some poetry written in the few following years was published in the newspapers and in *Graham's Magazine*, the leading popular literary periodical of the day. Through the appearance of some of his verses in this publication he formed the acquaintance of the late Rufus Wilmot Griswold, its editor at that time, and also the literary editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. The young writer highly appreciated the acquaintance and patronage of Mr. Griswold, and it fed his ambition and prompted him to further literary efforts.

Rufus Wilmot Griswold, as stated in the work before us, was a literary magnate at this period, extending from 1840, or perhaps a few years earlier, over a term of ten or twelve years. Especially from 1840 to 1850 *Graham's Magazine* was a literary power in the land. For a portion of the time Edgar A. Poe wrote its criticisms, which were sharp, brilliant and audacious, and he contributed generally to its pages. Mr. Griswold acted as a sort of literary godfather and dry-nurse to all the young poets and poetesses in the country. He encouraged modest merit, wrote kindly letters to aspirants for literary fame, drew them out, and pointed them to the best things which they might attain. He had remarkable tact in this respect. He was not a profound man himself; in fact he was rather superficial, but he had elegant tastes, industry and good nature. He was an ex-clergyman who found miscellaneous literature a more attractive field than the pulpit. He was greatly admired by young lady writers, and it was a matter of literary and personal gossip at the time that one of the Cary sisters had lavished upon him the devotion of her poetical and earnest heart, which he is said to have returned with a passion as deep as any of which his shallow nature was capable. In later years this unfortunate connection brought abundant sorrow to the lives of both, and to the poetess and beauty it was a blight which ended only with her life. Mr. Griswold was the compiler of books of extracts from the poets and prose writers of America, which were extremely popular thirty-odd years ago, and for some time afterward, and which are yet valuable for reference and for quotations from the early American writers.

At the age of 20 years Taylor procured a release from his apprenticeship, and with a supply of money which was limited enough, set out with two companions of about the same age—Frank Taylor, his cousin, and Barclay Pennock, a townsman—for a tour of Europe on foot, which they actually accomplished in the next two years. During his absence he wrote charming descriptive letters to several journals. European letters were then a much greater rarity than they have been in later times, and on his return, at the age of 22 years, he found himself already celebrated. He collected his letters and diaries in book form, and it proved a popular and profitable venture. From this time his fortune as an author was made.

In 1846 Taylor commenced the publication of a newspaper at West Chester, Pa. This proved an unsuccessful enterprise, and he removed to New York city, where Horace Greeley gave him employment on the New York *Tribune*. In 1849 he traveled in California, returning home by way of Mexico, and on his return in 1850 published his letters in a volume called "El Dorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire," which was also highly popular. In this year he married while on her death-bed Mary Agnew, a companion at school and the object of his devoted affections throughout his early career. She became an invalid on arriving at the age of womanhood, and, as her prospects of life became uncertain, he clung still closer to her love. She lived but a few days after the ceremony was performed.

Following the death of his wife, whom he sincerely lamented, Taylor started on a tour of travel to Egypt and Asia Minor, and the following year accompanied Commodore Perry's expeditions to Japan and China, volumes of correspondence descriptive of those parts of the world following his return from each journey. In 1856 he started on a tour of Germany, Denmark and Lapland. At Gotha he formed the acquaintance of Maria Hansen, daughter of Hansen the eminent astronomer, and in due time she became his second wife, and she was indeed a companion and a helpmate through all the remaining years of his useful and honorable life. His marriage thus formed ties between him and Germany, which he often revisited, and he presented much of its best literature in translations to the American reading public.

The succession of works in poetry and prose which Mr. Taylor published mark him as one of the most industrious of American authors. In 1861 he was appointed secretary of legation to Russia, accompanying General Simon Cameron as minister to that post. General Cameron remained but a few months and Mr. Taylor then became chargé d'affaires. He filled the duties of this post till 1862, when Cassius M. Clay was appointed to succeed General Cameron as minister. He then returned to the United States. He afterward pursued a busy literary career till 1877, when he was appointed by President Hayes minister to Germany. He died in Berlin while holding office, December 19, 1878.

Bayard Taylor was throughout his life one of the most popular lecturers on the American rostrum. His lectures were pleasant, interesting, descriptive discourses relating to his travels. His lecture tours were wearing on his health and vital powers, and no doubt shortened his days.

As a descriptive writer Mr. Taylor possesses peculiar strength and merit. His poetry is not of a high order, but is pleasant reading. His descriptive powers, which render his prose so entertaining, appear to a marked degree in his verse, and the visions which he opens of clouds and cloudless skies, of streams, of flowers, of trees, of birds, of all that nature presents which is beautiful and delightful, form a constant entertainment to the appreciative mind.

The two volumes of biography and correspondence are elegantly printed on thick white paper, and are bound in maroon cloth with gilt tops. They are handy and substantial books. The volume of poetry is a brochure in vellum printed on extra thick white paper, edges uncut and is artistically slip-shod in its appearance.

A WONDER BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With illustrations by F. A. Church. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price, $2 50. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co.

This elegant book is a foretaste of what we are to have in the way of holiday books, and it revives in a pleasant manner the name and memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is a quarto of 150 pages, elegantly printed and bound, and illustrated in a peculiar and weird style of the wood engraver's art. The original work was produced by Mr. Hawthorne in 1851. It consists of a series of grotesque versions of classical legends adapted to the understanding of young readers. It is a job book written for a bookseller after he had become famous as an author, but better in style and matter than ordinary works having a similar origin.

Hawthorne was born in 1804 and died in 1864. He was a graduate of Bowdoin college, in the class with Henry W. Longfellow. President Pierce graduated at the same institution in the class ahead of him. In his youth he was a writer of singular tales, and in 1828 published in Boston a novel called "Fanshawe," which, however, he never afterward claimed. His acknowledged fictions are among the most remarkable works of the kind in English literature. His style possesses an ethereal purity, and his capacity for conveying a meaning higher or deeper than the apparent significance of the language which he employed was a peculiar mark of his genius, and clothed his language with a power which coarser forms of expression cannot possess. His novels are of thrilling interest for the imaginary scenes and events which they describe, but they have also a physical insight and tendency in their channels of thought which are an intellectual gift of an extremely high order. They are among the choicest American classics, and their popularity is equal to that enjoyed by the productions of any modern writer.

Forty-five or fifty years ago a vast body of American scholars and writers were democrats. Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, George Bancroft, Nathaniel Hawthorne and many writers of less note were prominent and active members of the democratic party. Under Martin Van Buren's administration, George Bancroft was collector of the port of Boston, and appointed Hawthorne to a position in the custom house, which he held till the whig administration of Harrison succeeded in 1841. In 1846 Hawthorne was appointed by President Polk collector of the port of Salem, holding the office till he was turned out by Taylor in 1849. In 1852 he wrote a charming biography of Franklin Pierce, the democratic candidate for president, and, after Pierce's inauguration, he was appointed consul to Liverpool, then the most lucrative office in the gift of the president. He held this post till 1857, when he resigned it, doubtless under an intimation from Buchanan, who had become president, that the office was wanted for some politician and campaign striker.

A writer, describing Hawthorne's appearance in his lifetime, says that he was tall and strongly built, with a massive head, black hair, and deep, dark eyes; his face was mobile and full of expression; he was modest and shy; his emotions were easily excited, and he possessed all the exquisite sensibilities and acute perceptions of genius. His wife, Sophia Peabody Hawthorne, was a writer of considerable taste and ability, and possessed some power as an artist.

Julian Hawthorne is a son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and is a prolific author of fiction. His works, however, are no indication that genius is hereditary and are exceedingly commonplace in their ability and interest.

THE NATIVE RELIGIONS OF MEXICO AND PERU. By Albert Reville, D. D. Translated by Philip H. Wicksteed, M. A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

This is a series of six lectures in the course of the Hibbert trustees, and reads like an appendix to Prescott's immortal volumes, "The Conquest of Mexico" and "The Conquest of Peru." The author is an undoubted man of science and a natural antiquarian. His researches reflect the highest credit on his patience and his conscientious fidelity to the truth. As a contribution to the science of religion, so well started in its important career by Max Muller, these lectures will take a high position, while even to the ordinary historian and to the mere antiquarian they will prove deeply interesting.

There is in them a fine flow of philosophic comments and generalizations. Footnotes give reference to authorities which would be out of place in the text of the lectures. Among these, complimentary acknowledgement is made to H. H. Bancroft's "Native Races." The descriptive part of the lectures is familiar to those who have studied that fine work. But this of necessity is greatly condensed. The chief value of this book lies in the acute vision which sometimes unites and sometimes divides similar religious rites in different nations. His general conclusion is that the Mexican and Peruvian cults were absolutely autochthonous, notwithstanding the suggestive similitudes to other religions which they contain.

COUNTRY COUSINS: Short Studies in the Natural History of the United States. By Ernest Ingersoll. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, and W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

Mr. Ingersoll is a great favorite as a writer with our boys and girls. The substance of the greater part of this book has been printed heretofore in various periodicals, but the articles have all been carefully revised, and to some of them extensive additions have been made. The chapters are twenty-one in number, and the matter is distributed under attractive titles. The book is faultlessly written and beautifully illustrated.

QUEER STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Edward Eggleston, author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

Mr. Eggleston's work is always good. In this volume he has collected a score of the little tales written in the past years for *St. Nicholas* and other juvenile publications. He calls them "queer stories," because, while not entirely realistic in their setting, they appeal to the fancy, which is so marked a trait of the minds of boys and girls. Some of the stories have heretofore appeared in book form, the plates of which were destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871, but this, we are told, is "the first fair and square issue in book form that these stories have had." They are in Mr. Eggleston's most delightful style, and will be read with pleasure by young people, for whom they were especially written.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. James Payn's "Literary Recollections," which first appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, have been issued in book form by Harper & Brothers. For sale by W. B. Ayer & Co., Portland.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new book, "The Story of Viteau," has just been published by the Scribners. It is a spirited and absorbing tale, and tells of the knightly adventures of two fine lads who lived in France sixty years ago—Raymond and Louis Viteau. Mr. R. B. Birch supplements Mr. Stockton's text by many vigorous illustrations. Sold by W. B. Ayer & Co.

The Messrs. Appleton have revived an old and almost forgotten publishing method, which in England a score of years ago was constantly resorted to. They will issue, in fortnightly parts, a new novel entitled, "Allen Dare and Robert le Diable," by Admiral Porter. This plan, which recalls the days when Thackeray's and Dickens' novels were appearing in this way, has been adopted, the publishers announce, because of the unusual length of the work. Each part will contain a picture by Alfred Fredericks.

One of the most original stories in the new volume of studies in story-telling, "In Partnership," by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner, is the "Documents in the Case." The device of telling a story by the use of fragments of newspapers, letters, telegrams, advertisements, pawn-tickets, programmes, etc., had never been used before "The Documents in the Case" appeared in *Scribner's* for September, 1879. Seven other fine stories are now printed with this in a handsome volume. Published by Scribner's, and sold by W. B. Ayer & Co.

The forthcoming volumes of Mr. Froude's "Life of Carlyle," dealing as they do with Carlyle in London, are naturally by far the most interesting of this remarkable biography. It is not only that Carlyle then really began his life among men, but that this second half of the story covers all his greatest work. There are passages in these volumes more absorbing in their personal interest than any even in the description of his first forty years of struggle; many of the most important are revelations of the man in the midst of the work by which we know him best. Many readers will remember the glimpses given in the "Reminiscences" of the terrible trial brought upon him by the burning of the "French Revolution" manuscript. In the forthcoming volume the story is told, chiefly in his own words, of the rewriting of the book.

NEW BOOKS.

The following new books have been received and added to the Library Association of Portland during the week:

The Story of Ida Pfeiffer and her Travels in Many Lands. Illustrated.

The Hunter Cats of Connerloa.

Leonia; a Tale of the Franco-German War and of the Siege of Paris. By Annie Lucas.

The Wilds of Africa; Picturesque Sketches of Nature and Natural History in Northern and Central Africa. By William H. G. Kingston.

The North Star and the Southern Cross; being the Personal Experiences, Impressions and Observations of Margaret Wepmer in a two years' journey round the world. Fourth American edition, 2 vols.

The Mendelssohn Family—1729-1747; from letters and journals. By Sebastian Hensell, with eight portraits from drawings by Wilhelm Hensell. Translated from the second revised edition by Carl Klingemann, and an American collaboration, with a notice by George Grove. 2 vols.

Some Account of My Life and Writings; An Autobiography. By the late Sir Archibald Alison. Edited by his daughter-in-law, Lady Alison. 2 vols.

A Little Tour in France. By Henry James.

Dr. Sevier. By George W. Cable.

The Armourer's Prentices. By Charlotte M. Yonge.

Contemporary Socialism. By John Rae, M.A.

Mothers in Council.

Captain Bill; A Boy's Experience in the Western Army during the War of the Rebellion. By M. M. Thomas.

Ralph, the Drummer Boy; A Story of the Days of Washington. By Louis Rousselet. Translated by W. J. Gordon. Illustrated.

TRAFFIC IN HUMAN BONES.

Shipped from the Southwest with Wild Beasts to be Made into Fertilizers.

Philadelphia Times.

Vessel loads of bones have become nothing novel in these striving money-making times, but such a load of bones as the taut schooner John L. Treat, of New Haven, finished landing yesterday at one of the large fertilizing establishments on the other side of the river is very uncommon. It was an interesting load on account of the fact that the bones represented such a great variety of animals and had so many complete skeletons, but a special interest of a rather loathsome and horrible sort centers in the circumstance that among the skeletons of the animals were many of that most interesting of animals—man. From all accounts it seems certain that the enterprise of the phosphate men has opened up in this country what has just been discovered and put a step to in Great Britain—the commercial traffic in human bones.

In the 525 tons of bones which the New Haven schooner brought from Galveston, Texas, it is estimated that there were at least half a million animals represented. The wild animals furnished the greater share, indicating, as did other evidences, that the collection was mostly made on the broad plains and prairies of that state. There were carcasses of buffalo by the hundred; elks, with their fine antlers and sometimes the head, which were taken off as ornaments; thousands of deer of all sizes, antelope, horses, cows, goats, sheep, panthers, various small animals, alligators from the bayous, and even the skeletons of snakes. All of these creatures had long since passed to the Stygian shore and left but their cartilaginous habitations behind them. Their bones were white from long exposure to the sun. Some had evidently perished in prairie fires, and their skeletons were partly charred. More had no doubt perished from hunger, want of water and similar causes, and some had been shot. Some of the tamer animals had simply been slaughtered, and were dismembered in the butcher's skillful fashion.

But any bone-sharp studying these vestiges of varying animal life from the plains and groves and jungles with a zoological intent, could have taken some notes in anthropology, too. The men on board the schooner say the human skeletons were numerous, and the boilers and grinders at the bone mill laughed and said: there were always some of them, but that didn't matter." Some of the human skeletons were intact, skull and all, but most of them were broken during the loading and unloading. There were few skeletons that were recognized as women. Captain McLure had some compunction about taking the human bones on board, but he was under contract and orders and had no option. His wife, who lives on board, was made nervous all the way across by imaginative terrors attending these skeletons rattling around the hold, with panthers and snakes and wild creatures. Portions of one skull and other parts of skeletons were shattered as if by bullets, and no doubt there were on board and are now being made into bonedust evidences of manslaughter, murder and desperate deeds of border ruffianism. "How did the skeletons get there?" said Captain McLure. "As easy as anything in the world. Besides those killed, 100,000 cattle a year die from natural causes on the plains of Texas. Human life is held cheap and travelers think nothing of finding dead men with bullets through them along the way. A state of society prevails that hangs a horse thief and lets the murderer go free. Murders are regular occurrences and there is nothing surprising about the white skeletons of human creatures being scraped up and shipped for compost with those of wild animals.

Curiosities of Clevelandism.

New York Sun.

There is not a particle of originality about Grover Cleveland, but he has been the unconscious cause of some rather startling notions in politics and morals.

By nominating him the democratic party committed itself to the strange idea that a candidate should be acceptable, not to his own party, but to the other side. In the politics of the moon the application of such an idea might be attended with great success, but in the politics of the United States the experiment is hazardous. But it is curious that the attempt should have been made at all.

Another singular notion which must have been entertained at Chicago, or Cleveland's nomination would have been impossible, is that a man who has succeeded in disorganizing the democracy of his own state is a suitable person to unite the democracy of the nation.

Another curiosity of Clevelandism, if that name may be given to the strange combination intellectual weakness with moral laxness which they now seek to make honorable, is the notion that the president of the United States is a sort of amanuensis who signs his name to bills which he is incompetent to criticise or understand, and whose usefulness depends entirely upon the number of hours he can sit at a desk.

But the greatest curiosity of Clevelandism is in the matter, not of morals, but of politics. According to the new theory of ethics, confession without penitence for the offense, or reparation of it, not only purges the offender wholly of his guilt, but makes it right to bestow upon confessed guilt the highest earthly honors. If this surprising theory is carried out there is no important sin but lying, and most of the Decalog is impertinent and scandalous matter, which ought to be repealed. "Tell the truth," says this new code of ethics, "but not till your hidden sin has found you out. Then put on a brazen face, point with pride to the fact that you told the truth when you had to tell it, and your indulgent fellow-citizens will admire you and vote for you."

But this sort of immorals is rather a monstrosity than a curiosity. It may be amusing to see men putting a premium upon stupidity, but who can see without indignation a premium put upon vice?

Very Odd Indeed.

"I have had such a funny experience," said Mrs. Burns as she sat down to the tea table with her husband.

"What was it, my dear?"

"I was out shopping, and I wore my black velvet dress. As I was walking through Temple place I met an elderly gentleman, a very fine-looking man. He looked me all over from head to foot, and then he stopped and touched his hat politely, and said:

"'I wish, miss, you would tell me how much that dress cost that you have on?'"

"What did you say?"

"I laughed a little, and told him I didn't remember exactly, that the velvet was $2 a yard, but I had forgotten about the making."

"'Thank you,' said he, 'it's the handsomest dress I have seen for many a day. I mean to get one like it for my daughter,' and he raised his hat and passed on. Wasn't that too droll for anything?"

THE TAKING OF TIPS.

White Native Americans Seldom Guilty of the Degrading Practice.

Our People Refuse to Enter Occupations Where Dignity May Be Thus Destroyed.

Nineteenth Century for October.

One of the chapter headings of Professor Sumner's keen and cruel little book about social classes is this: "That a Free Man is a Sovereign; and that a Sovereign Cannot Take Tips."

It is greatly to be wished that some benevolent person would cause this to be printed in plain letters, neatly framed, and conspicuously hung up in every hotel office and dining-room, in every sleeping-car, in every minister's study, in every legislative chamber and in both of the houses of congress. How much deterioration of character is produced by the custom of bestowing and receiving gratuities cannot be easily estimated; if the facts could be shown, it would appear to be a fruitful source of moral degradation, and the first step in many a career of shame. The habit of taking tips of expecting small gifts and unearned concessions, of looking for little favors of one kind or another engenders a desperate state of mind, and strips a man of all manliness. He is simply a mendicant; he differs from the beggar in the street only in the method of his appeal. The beggar is brother to the thief, and the taker of tips has entered on the broad road to beggary. No man can keep his self respect who sets out on this career; and when self respect is gone the foundations of character are undermined.

Prof. Sumner's trenchant apothegm concentrates the truth respecting this matter into a burning ray that ought to penetrate the conscience of a generation of mendicants. "A member of a free democracy is, in a sense, a sovereign. He has no superior. * * * He wants to be subject to no man. He wants to be equal to his fellows, as all sovereigns are equal. So be it; but he cannot escape the deduction that he call no man to his aid. The other sovereigns will not respect his independence if he becomes dependent; and they cannot respect his equality if he sues for favors." There is the whole matter in a nut-shell. The taker of tips abdicates his sovereignty. He proclaims himself no longer independent. He acknowledges that he is inferior to the man whose gratuities he expects and solicits.

It is a curious and insignificant fact that white native Americans of the working classes are not greatly addicted to the acceptance of gratuities. Something in the genius of American institutions has hitherto kept our poorer people from falling into this degradation. The American has been taught that he is a sovereign, and he feels the force of Prof. Sumner's deduction from this principle. The takers of tips in this country are largely negroes and persons of foreign birth. The employments in which tips are regularly accepted, as those of servants in hotels and restaurants, porters and stewards on ships and steamboats and sleeping cars, are almost wholly monopolized by foreigners and negroes. The white native American has his faults and his vices, he is often an extremely disagreeable person, but he is not often found clamoring for backsheesh.

It is no strange that the native of a country in which distinctions of rank are firmly established should be addicted to such practices. He has been taught that he is inferior to many of those around him; there is no reason why he should not accept at their hands unearned favors. The social gradation to which he is accustomed justify the bestowing and the receiving of gratuities. But there is

NO ROOM FOR ANY SUCH RELATION

in a democracy, and the introduction of these practices among us is therefore demoralizing. The taker of tips acknowledges himself to belong to an inferior class, and there is no foundation for any such distinction; the only difference between himself and the man from whom he takes the tip is that the other has a little more money. For a time he degrades himself.

Undoubtedly many of those who bestow these gratuities are well pleased to do so for this very reason. The ceremony symbolizes the fact that they belong to a superior class. When a man takes a dime from our hands it is a confession on his part that we are superior beings. He knows full well that we would not accept a dime at his hands. The proclamation and acknowledgment of this superiority pleases the vanity of some silly people. On the other hand, the abhorrence felt by many persons for this practice arises chiefly from the fact that they are unwilling to allow any man to make the abject confession concerning himself that is involved in the taking of tips. The exaction of this tribute here and there is sufficiently annoying, but it is a very small matter after all; the dropping down into virtual mendicancy of a large class of their fellow citizens is a great matter; in that social injury they desire to have no part.

So far as the colored people are concerned their willingness to accept gratuities is a natural fruit of generations of slavery. The pity is that, having got their liberty, they should be so willing to wear the badge of servitude and inferiority. Those who have grown up among the colored people at the south say that many of them are disinclined to make definite agreements for personal services. They prefer to establish a sort of dependency upon those whom they serve, and to take their compensation in the form of occasional gifts. The evolution of economical society, according to Sir Henry Maine's often-quoted generalization, is from status to contract; many of the southern negroes are disposed to stick to status and eschew contract. Some of the gentler virtues are developed under this regimen; but it is not good, on the whole, for those who depend nor for those on whom they depend. It is better to accept the fact of independence with all that it implies. If the colored people will not take what always goes with liberty, they may not keep their liberty; or, if they do, it will not be worth much to them. Sorry sovereigns will they be if they consent to be distinguished as the takers of tips.

There seems, just now, to be a strong disposition of the part of certain ambitious leaders of the negroes to claim a larger share than they have had in the political life of the nation. How much foundation there is for this claim it might be difficult to say; in the lips of some who urge the claim it sounds like a cry for a more liberal distribution of political backsheesh. But this much is clear; the welfare of the colored people will be most effectually promoted by inspiring them with a disposition to ask for no favors, and to take none by which their self-respect will be lowered or their independence compromised. These are their truest friends and their safest leaders who strenuously urge them to free themselves at once from all the implications and incidents of servitude.

TO REFUSE TO ENTER OCCUPATIONS

in which their livelihood is made to depend upon gratuities; to sell their labor by fair bargaining; to live on what they honestly earn, and expect nothing more. When this spirit prevails among the colored people their social and political rights will be perfectly secure.

We have assumed that the gratuities received by porters, stewards, waiters and others in public houses and public conveyances are unearned extras, since these employes are, or ought to be, paid for rendering the services for which the tips are taken. But this assumption would not in all cases be well founded. That these employes ought to be well paid by their employers is true; but many of them are not. One of our leading palace car companies, for example, though a rich corporation, is said to pay its porters only $15 a month. This is scarcely enough to keep them from starving; and the company expects that their compensation will be made up from the gifts of passengers. But the porters are not allowed to ask the passengers for gratuities; if gifts thus solicited are reported to the company the amount is subtracted from the porters' wages. Thus this rich company has organized mendicancy into its system; it makes a portion of its employes subsist on money which they may not take as earnings, but must take as gratuity. It is a thoroughly demoralizing system, and the company ought to be ashamed of it. The men should be paid fair wages for their work, and the system of gratuities should be suppressed. The same remarks will apply to many other great corporations, and to nearly all the keepers of hotels and restaurants. The protection of the traveling public against these petty exactions is often urged, but that is of secondary consequence. The great reason for defeating this evil is the need of preserving from degradation the men on whom these gratuities are bestowed.

We need not add that the considerations here suggested are applicable not only to sleeping-car porters and hotel waiters, but to many persons in higher stations. It is a melancholy fact that Senator Charles Sumner's rule against the receipt from interested persons of small favors (and large ones as well) is not universal among American "statesmen."

The Liquor Decision in Iowa.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Judge Hayes, of the democratic bench of Iowa, has leaped into a national reputation upon his discovery that under the prohibition statute of Iowa the man who buys, the man who sells, and the man who looks on and sees liquor bought or sold are all equally criminal. Offenses under the law, therefore, must rest upon such proof as can be furnished by persons who have never bought nor sold liquor, and have never conspired with any other person to be present looking on while liquor was being bought or sold.

Should Cleveland be forced to withdraw from the democratic nomination we know of no person who would make a more apt and appropriate successor than Judge Hayes of Iowa. Next to the cause of general immorality, the liquor interest certainly has first claims.

THE ART OF WAR.

Remarkable Military Suggestions to Jeff Davis by John Phoenix.

When Frank Pierce was president, Jeff Davis, then secretary of war, issued a general invitation to the officers of the army who were skillful draughtsmen to send in suggestions for the new uniform which it had been decided to adopt. One such invitation was sent to each officer. Lieutenant Derby ("John Phoenix") was ready with his pen—a really ingenious artist. In reply he sent to the war department a design for a new uniform. The amendment consisted merely of a ring, attached to the seat of the trowsers of each private soldier. Each officer was to carry, instead of a sword, a long pole, with a hook in the end like a shepherd's crook. The pole and the ring enabled officers to keep privates from running away in battle. Fugitives could be easily caught by it and brought back. Stragglers could be kept in line. Moreover, the ring would be very useful in the cavalry service to fasten soldiers to the saddle to prevent them from falling off, and in the artillery service the rings were to be used for draught purposes in the absence of mules. These specifications were accompanied by the most grotesque illustrations, representing officers hauling back cowardly recruits by the service hook and ring, cavalry securely fastened to the top of their steeds by the same device, and artillerymen harnessed to cannon, drawing them through narrow defiles or up an almost inaccessible hill to mules by cables attached to the posterior staples.

On another sheet the bristol board was an illustration in gaudy colors of "Derby's Rotary Mule Howitzer," accompanied by the following description: "Upon the back of a young and vigilant mule strap a mountain howitzer, the muzzle pointing toward the tail. A similar piece of ordnance is fastened with iron bands under the animal's abdomen the muzzle aimed between his forelegs to the front. There are four gunners, two to a piece, and a 'persuader,' as he is called, whose business it is to persuade the mule to stand, not retreat, by stuffing him with oats after each discharge with a tin sausage stuffer. When Indians, or other legitimate game, appear in view, the mule is by a crank movement on the tail limbered to the front. It doesn't make any difference which way the mule faces (and here is where my patent comes in), one gun is always pointing toward the front. At the command 'Fire!' the top howitzer is discharged. The recoil throws the mule on his back, bringing the second gun into position. This is discharged, which suddenly throws the mule on his feet again, when the gunners swab out the mule's throat with hay and reload."

The accompanying illustration (in brown, red, blue and gold, and still on file in the war department) represented the rotary mule in seven different attitudes, looking contented and happy all the time.

This was felt to be outrageous audacity on the part of a subaltern. The clerks in the war department laughed at the funny letter immoderately, but their superiors looked serious. Jefferson Davis, the head of the department, was terribly indignant, and he resolved to defend his wounded dignity. Charges and specifications were drawn up against Lieutenant Derby, and the officers were actually named for his court-martial, when William L. Marcy, secretary of state, a man of more sense and self-poise, said to the irate secretary: "Now, see here, General Davis, don't do it. This Derby has, no doubt, a superfluous development of humor, but he is shrewd and ingenious, and really a fine draughtsman. He has valuable qualities. You can organize a court that will convict him, but you will be a butt of ridicule all your life on account of it. Better file the suggestion of the hook and ring, and the lively rotary mule, and say nothing." And he did.

PARIS SEWAGE FARMS.

Success of a Very Interesting French Experiment.

Correspondence New Orleans Picayune.

The city fathers and taxpayers of New Orleans may, perhaps, be interested in certain experiments which are being made near Paris, on the plain of Gennevilliers, having for their object the double purpose of purifying the water of the sewers and fertilizing the soil with the impurities drawn from that water. The theory is a simple one. If you take a cubic yard of ordinary earth and place it in a box provided with an escape pipe, then pour on top of the earth two or three buckets of the foulest sewer water that you can find, you will presently see the same water flowing out as pure and limpid as though from a spring. The reason is that a process of oxydation has taken place in the permeable soil; the azote contained in the foul water is transformed into azote, a perfectly harmless element and a wonderful fertilizing power, and this is the same experiment that is now being repeated but on a large scale, at Gennevilliers. Nine thousand cubic yards of water are daily taken from the sewer main which empties into the river at Asnieres and pumped through a pipe across the river to the plains of Gennevilliers, where, by means of twenty-eight miles of shallow trenches, it is spread over 1,325 acres of surface in about the proportion of twenty-five to thirty cubic yards to the acre. The water as it flows through the trenches is rapidly absorbed; the spaces between the trenches are planted, and when the crops are gathered the trenches, which are only a few inches deep, are redug and the places occupied one season by the trenches are planted the next year. At the foot of the plain the whole drainage of the 1300 acres is collected into a single stream that flows into the river as pure and limpid as any water you ever saw. The fertilizing effect of the water is easily seen at Gennevilliers, for the plain, which was before this experiment commenced, a barren desert waste on which nothing would consent to grow, is now one of the richest market gardens and fruit nurseries in the environs. Here you will see spread out in season beds of artichokes, beets carrots green peas and cabbages; and which formerly rented for 90 francs the hectare now commands 350 francs, and some portions as high as 450 francs. The experiments commenced in 1869, and so successful have they proved that arrangements are now being made to apply them to all the barren spots in the neighborhood of Paris, including 800 acres in the neighborhood of St. Germain, which the state has presented to the city, and a plan is being devised by which the whole of the sewerage matter which flows into the Seine at Asnieres, poisoning the river for a distance of forty miles below the city, shall be utilized. One advantage of the scheme seems to be that everything would then be allowed to go into the sewers and the cesspools, which are constant centers of disease and contagion, could be suppressed, a reform which would free us from the sight of the immense circular tanks that generally manage to pass under our windows just as we are about to sit down to table. The principal objection seems to be this: the sewers have not, so it is alleged, a sufficient grade to carry off the sewerage rapidly; but this defect can be obviated by increasing the volume of water forced through them. The quantity of water now passing through the sewers is 475,000 a day, which, if everything is allowed to go into the sewers, will have to drawn so to speak, 225 cubic yards of solid matter. Of course there are objections on the part of the inhabitants in the environs of the places selected for this new system of irrigation, and those out at Gennevilliers attempted to prevent the city from making the experiment. They commenced a suit for that purpose, but before it was decided they were so astonished and delighted with the transformation that was going on under their very eyes that they not only abandoned the suit, but got the city to sign an engagement to continue the irrigation for a period of twelve years.

Illustrations in Astronomy.

Lanbury News.

A professor, to illustrate the immense distance to the sun, said: "If a child's arm was long enough to touch the sun, and its fingers were burned, the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before he knew that his fingers were burned." The child would be willing to wait that without doubt, especially in consideration of possessing a reach like that. But then such a length of arm as that is a disadvantage even to a child. If palm at its velocity of travel would be all that time going the length of the boy's arm a handful of plum jam would not reach his mouth until he was nearly 300 years old, and likely enough by that time his fondness for plum jam would be gone.

He [?] climized Himself.

Chicago Tribune.

A rural couple entered a Chicago restaurant the other day and when they sat down the young man called out with a lordly air: "Two bottles Mumm, waiter," and then the girl smacked her lips and remarked that champagne was just "too lovely for anything." It came and was finished in single glance, because the young man thought the last of it was cash in every drop. And then when he came to settle at the cashier's desk he let himself out as follows: "This comes of traveling in Iowa. They call beer mum over there, and I forgot myself. I'll make this $3 out of somethere with cashin that state betting on the election. You hear me!"

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 8.

Among the many good resolutions which I brought from Portland several months ago was one at least that was wholly unselfish. I determined that if it be among things possible I would direct to Portland something better in the dramatic line than the wandering minstrel and "barn-storming" shows which commonly held the boards at New Market theater. With the ready sagacity which always enables us to detect the mote in a neighbor's eye, I had seen the faults of our amusement manager and I resolved that the whole battery of suggestion, plea and threat, backed up by that potent quality, the power of the press, should be devoted to correction of his errors. "Why," said we all in Portland, "does not Manager Stechhan engage some of the excellent dramatic companies which visit San Francisco to come also to Portland? Are we not an appreciative people when anything really good comes our way? Did we not crowd the theater to see Emily Melville and Mrs. Scott-Siddons and Lawrence Barrett and 'Hazel Kirke'?" This style of talk had become familiar to me; in fact, I had uttered it myself. There seemed no good reason why Portland should always feed on husks while San Francisco enjoyed frequent seasons of artistic drama. Shortly after my arrival here Mr. Stechhan came down, and true to my good purpose, I said: "Why don't you engage the Jeffreys-Lewis company for a season at Portland?" "I have tried," he answered, "but they won't go." "Well, suppose you try again," said I, "and this time I will go with you and lend a persuasive oar." We went. I let off with a discourse upon the taste and appreciation of our people, then talked about the scenic attractions of the trip, and (may heaven consider the temptation) dwelt upon the delights of the ocean voyage. "As to the pleasures of ocean travel," replied Miss Lewis "tastes differ; but we will pass that. Scenery is a good thing, too, but its attractions have about the same influence upon a dramatic manager in arranging his tour as upon a hardware merchant in laying out the route for a drummer. Taste and appreciation are monstrous fine things, but they lack a tangible legal-tender quality; in short, my dear young man, they don't pay bills. Now you tell me that I could play my company in Portland two weeks to good business, and by good business you mean three thousand dollars per week of six evening performances and one matinee—that is, six thousand dollars for a season of two weeks. This estimate, of course, is based upon the presumption that we would be a great success. Well, we should probably succeed, but, my young friend, when you are older you may learn that it isn't safe to reckon on success till you have succeeded—in other words, to count your chickens till they are safely out of the shells. Now do you take your pencil to do a little mathematics while I talk. It costs one thousand dollars a week to maintain my company, which is one of the most expensive on the road and counting three days to go and three to return, a two weeks season at Portland would mean three weeks absence from the city. Now, put down $3000 as a starter—just half of my prospective six thousand, based on my prospective success. Now, let me see, fares for twenty people to Portland and return would cost, provided the steamship company gave us a little reduction on the regular rate, $800—put that down. For the use of the theater, with its fuel and gas provided, (say nothing of fuel, for I understand your theater is never warm except in August), I should have to pay at the very least $600—put that down. Advertising would cost $200 more—don't forget to put that down. Hotel bills for twenty people for two weeks would aggregate $600 more—a mere trifle—but you'd just as well put it down. Agents fees, carriage hire and the half-hundred incidentals which cost money, but can't be estimated except in the lump, would count up about $500 more—you'd just as well put it down so as to make the list complete. Now add them up—ah, you're clever at figures—just $5700. Now I should like to visit Portland and look at Mount Hood and all that, but I don't care to put in hazard several thousand dollars already earned, for the chance of making a bare three hundred by two weeks hard work—no, not even when the delights of an ocean trip are taken into the reckoning. I couldn't go; couldn't possibly think of going unless assured one thousand dollars a week above all expenses for each week of my absence from the city. If you know of anybody who wants to take the risk at those terms I'll talk business to him. I am much obliged, indeed. I am grateful to you for your interest in the matter; and I'm glad to hear that your people know a good thing when they see it; but, my dear young man, appreciation is one thing and business is quite another. You're very kind to come to see me but—good day."

I recall one other conversation, only one, where I failed to do my honest half but I don't remember ever before of getting so much light on a proposition in so short a time. To have insisted upon a mountain's moving to suit my convenience would have been quite as reasonable as to have urged Miss Lewis further. "You see how 'tis yourself," said Stechhan, when we reached the street. "It isn't so easy as it looked, is it?" But I reflected that it was a tame spirit that submitted at the first defeat, and suggested that we call upon the manager of the Emma Abbott Opera Company and see what could be done with him. Again we went. "Why, gentlemen, you can't be in earnest, you really can't be," said his operatic highness. "Go to Portland, Oregon, way up in the wilderness, where the sun never shines? Why, it's really too absurd for anything. My company you must know is one of the most expensive on the road, and we couldn't think of losing so much time to do so little. Besides, I doubt if one of our people could sing a note after exposure to the damp Oregon climate. However, if you will guarantee us a $2000 audience each night for a ten night season, we'll take the matter under consideration. Accept my thanks for your interest in the matter. I am obliged to you, indeed; I am, really, but—good day." I will not weary my readers with the details of the half dozen other calls which it took to subdue my hopes; but they were all of a sort and I learned that a Portland manager is very much in the situation of the fellow who could call spirits from the vasty deep—he can call, of course, but calling doesn't always fetch the spirits.

These reminiscences of a hope now some months asleep were suggested by a new effort with the same laudable purpose and, unfortunately, ending in like sad failure. An excellent company from Wallack's theater, New York, is now playing in the Baldwin, under the management of the gentleman who brought the Hazel Kirke company to Portland three years ago. Here, thought I, is an opportunity at last. This man knows about Portland, its dramatic appreciation, its scenic attractions and all that. I called on him. "Oh yes," said he, "I remember THE OREGONIAN very well, and I remember you, too, Mr. Levinson, and am glad to see you. Our visit to Portland five years ago was delightful, and many thanks are due to you, Mr. Merry, that it was so. I remember—my memory, sir, is the one thing that I can depend upon—that our season was a great dramatic success, and that your people showed the highest appreciation. I hope, Mr. Jerry that I shall be able to visit Portland again soon, but not this trip—not now. The fact is my company is a little too heavy for the country. Just between you and me, I've got one of the most expensive companies on the road, and I couldn't think of going north on less than $2000 profit on a season of one week. Hazel Kirke was a great success—indeed, a very great success; and, would you believe it, we didn't lose but $600 on the Portland engagement. Do, in fact, when you go home to give my kindest regards to Mr. Holman, whom I remember quite well. I'm glad you called—by Jove, I almost forgot the rehearsal—good day."

Seriously, it is next to impossible to induce the best class of dramatic companies to go north. Their routes and dates are usually arranged far in advance, and only an extraordinary chance of profit will tempt them to violate their plans. The cost of the ocean trip and the time which it consumes are serious objections, And besides all this, the prospect of a northern trip has for many actors and managers all the terrors of a *terra incognita*. Leading actors in many instances absolutely refuse to go where urged to do so by their managers. Portland has with dramatic people at once the credit of a reputation of critical practical effect of this is to make it difficult to secure attractions [...] are capable of judging critically [...] merit, and particularly where they [...] selves upon nice taste, there is [...] failure. Managers are quite [...] that Kate Cavendish failed in Portland [...] Miss Largon succeeded, just as [...] all about the loss of the "Great [...]" the Columbia bar, and pay no heed [...] that vessels have been crossing [...] safely for years.

The prevailing system of "combinations" [...] another disadvantage. Formerly a [...] star like Lawrence Barrett or Rose [...] eled alone and found at the various [...] stock companies capable of all ordinary [...] tions. Now there are no stock companies [...] each star carries his own support [...] country with him. Thus the charge [...] ing for a crowd of people are added [...] nary expense of salaries, etc. Managers [...] ginning to see that they have been [...] the benefit of the transportation companies [...] the past five years, and there are [...] that the old stationary stock company [...] will again become the rule. Not till [...] be done will Portland be well served [...] ically.

News of John McCullough's misfortune [...] been received here with sincere regret [...] remembered as the first really fine [...] identified himself with this city and [...] a much warmer feeling than [...] brance is expressed in the many kind [...] of him on every hand. The sympathy [...] public for this genial man of genius [...] strikingly with the ill-concealed pleasure [...] the news of Jim Keene's failure a few [...] ago aroused. California has no feeling [...] terness for the man who raked up [...] and went off to enrich other places [...] I believe that D. O. Mills' downfall [...] lively satisfaction here. McCullough's [...] ure, on the other hand, was not looked [...] desertion but as the going forth of a [...] whose beams were to be forever a [...] Pacific coast, where his career began [...] cesses elsewhere have only won him [...] and firmer friendship in San Francisco [...] always been felt that his fame was [...] Francisco's local pride. After all, there [...] thing that people love better than [...]

A Carnival of Lying Can[...]

New York Tribune.

It is a campaign of principles and [...] republican side. On the democratic [...] campaign of lying. The democratic [...] discreditable tactics because they [...] the habit of conducting campaigns [...] They have not yet got above the level [...] walks where they scribbled 32 [...] The independents, who have [...] foul embrace, are rendered desperate [...] tainty of defeat now staring them [...] As they have not established their [...] against Mr. Blaine, they are compelled [...] facture charges out of the whole cloth [...] grotesque carnival of cant [...] mendacity. They ransack his [...] lions for new slanders. No lie is [...] them to repeat. Having failed [...] American people that Mr. Blaine [...] and venal legislator, they are striving [...] him to be a fool who tells falsehoods [...] love of it, when nothing whatever [...] by it. The Hocking valley story [...] point; and the preposterous story [...] Joy has denied shows how [...] scandal-mongers have become. [...] republican campaign for principle [...] moving on to final triumph, and the [...] liars and slanderers who are now [...] the dust will soon be buried deep [...]

Northern Pacific Bus[...]

New York Special to Chicago [...]

Some Philadelphians ventured [...] or two ago to form a bob-tail pool [...] ern Pacific stocks, and succeeded [...] common from 19 to 21 and the [...] 42 to 48, but the effort proved [...] crop road like the Northern Pacific [...] avoidably show an immense [...] ings during the forthcoming year, and [...] debt figured up to $14,000,000 [...] solid basis to bull the stock [...] the company dispute these [...] duce it to $9,000,000, which [...] large enough for a road with [...] money all the time for its [...] carrying grain at ruinous rates [...] this year a much smaller [...] than was anticipated, and which [...] enter a season of snow blockades [...] quently, of immense expenses [...] road in running order. Investors [...] tors know that running roads [...] Pacific, the Canadian Pacific or the [...] very much like running a [...] have only four months in the year [...] and cannot make a cent unless [...] to charge exorbitant prices.

"Do Unto Others," [...]

Washington Republican.

An old colored man and an [...] ored woman walked down to the [...] long bridge, and to the astonishment [...] fishermen who saw the performance [...] and began ducking each other [...] were thoroughly wet they offered [...] and walked ashore. To a [...] quired the meaning of this [...] the old man said: "Ye see, [...] lestways we believe in the bible [...] church, because dere's more [...] church dan out. But we reads [...] conclude to baptize ourselves [...] John."

Culture in the Quaker [...]

Philadelphia Press.

They were coming out of the [...] the day session of the Science [...] the Chestnut Hill girl said to the [...] street girl: "You should have [...] Sophomorey's dissertation on the [...] tour of the Amphibian Bicusp[...] sweet for anything."

"It is too bad I didn't hear [...] West Walnut street girl. "[...] Boulder's 'Notes on the Evidence [...] Erosion in the Collateral Branch [...] lachian System' and it wasn't [...] I understood everything he said."

The Trick of a Man with [...]

Nashville Banner.

A Davidson county farmer [...] in watermelons. By the time [...] ripe the market had dropped [...] Adjoining his melon patch is a [...] He gave a picnic and allowed [...] brought on the premises. A [...] ered under the friendly shade of [...] day was hot and the people [...] water was in sight. In the [...] zing state of affairs the farmer [...] ons in on the grounds and they [...] cakes at high prices.

The Correct Version.

"My dear," said the king of D[...] spouse, the mother of Hamlet [...] give it away, but I poured [...] brother's ear while he was sleeping [...] chard, and that's the kind of [...] stung him."

"You don't say so?" said the [...]

"I have said so, so please don't [...] so. Yes, I poured a bullet [...] ear.' It was a capital joke. [...] his last words were when he [...]

"I do not."

"They were: 'I didn't know I [...]'"

The Old He Alligator.

Monticello Constitution.

Mr. M. T. Moore has killed [...] the 'gators that rusticate in [...] He informs us that one night [...] killed an alligator that measured [...] in length, was 33 inches around [...] inches around the neck, and [...] around the body. It weighed [...] It was killed near the mouth [...] river. Mr. Moore says he has [...] glimpse of the monster 'gator [...] and is of the opinion that it was [...]

The Bicycle in Agriculture.

Springfield Republican.

A Vermont farmer's boy has [...] bicycle, and wishes he hadn't [...] utilized the thing by making it [...] power for his winnowing mill [...] grindstone. This he does by [...] the axle, removing the tire from [...] connecting it by an endless [...] cultural machines, then making [...] and do the propelling.

A Boston Para[...]

Rochester Post-Express.

Boston maid—No, my [...] not in. Caller—I am one [...] his bank, which I find [...] Can you tell me where [...] authorities became cognizant [...] hypothecation on his part [...] a protoplasm." "A what? [...]" "What, in the name of [...] you will glance at Worcester [...] protoplasm signifies a cell [...]

A JUNE DAY IN AUTUMN.

I know the summer has gone by,
That summer's azure tints the sky,
And summer's fluid zephyr's sigh,
And [...] heard,
A moment since, a fair, faint note,
Uprising softly from the throat
Of some wild bird.

Oh, what a day! to which belong
The summer's sky and breeze and song,
The summer's backward-trooping throng
Of sweet delights,
With autumn's wealth of garnered sheaves,
And autumn's glow of frost-touched leaves,
On distant heights.

If back to life's calm autumn days
Like this come ever, when the rays
Of autumn's sun shine through the haze,
When sheaves of gold
To earth's store houses have been borne,
I do not see why I should mourn
That they grow old.
—Good Ch[...]

FOR HER SWEET SAKE

A group of three—Ronald Sylvester and his two sisters, Blanche and Grace—were seated in the room which did three-fold duty as parlor, library and dining-room, in the tiny house which had been willed them by their grandfather. Added to the bequest was a sum of money invested in funds, the interest of which, with strict economy, would feed and clothe the recipients. The remainder of the old gentleman's property went to Reginald, the child of his son Jasper, and was to accumulate until he became of age, with the exception of what was necessary for him to disburse for living expenses.

When he was to reach his majority he was to enter into possession of his large inheritance, provided he should consent to fulfill the instructions contained in a sealed note, which was not to be opened until then. If, however, he refused to obey his grandfather's wish, the money was left to other and indirect heirs, with the exception of an amount equal to that set apart for his cousins, Ronald, Blanche and Grace Sylvester.

The brothers, Jasper and Richard Sylvester, had died several years before the demise of their father, and the four children named in the will were respectively 12, 1[...] 8 and 6 years of age at the time of their grandfather's death.

Consequently they were not old enough to realize the injustice which had been done the three of them already, and which might eventually be meted out to the one apparently favored by his grandfather above the others. For, until the sealed note should be opened, who could tell how willingly its spirit could be carried out by the young heir?

Ronald Sylvester had a decidedly literary turn and undoubtedly would have a brilliant career at college, but the only chance for him lay in his own exertions later on; but nothing daunted by his poverty, he studied industriously to prepare himself.

Reginald was at The Oaks the time our story opens, and was expected at the cottage momentarily. He had reached home the night before.

Ronald was busy with an abstruse problem, and some Greek and Latin exercises were piled up on the table, turning it for the time being, into a most literary-looking depository.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Gracie, who had been on watch at the window. "I really believe he has grown a whole head taller since he was home last."

"We have all changed. So it would be no wonder if Regie stood still," answered Blanche demurely.

"Do you think I have grown much taller, Blanche?"

"You will never be anything but petite, Gracie."

"Now, Blanche darling, don't tell me that I am to be little, unless you want me to pout all the rest of the day."

"What's that about pouting, Gracie?" asked a voice at the open door with something so cheery in its tones that the sisters brightened as flowers might at the breath of the spring breeze fresh from the land of perpetual summer.

"Blanche was telling me something disagreeable, Regie," said Grace, springing forward, and putting out both her hands to welcome her cousin. "She says I am going to be an insignificant little atom, instead of growing up tall and stately like herself."

"How do you do, Regie?" said Blanche, advancing, in her turn, to greet him. "I am glad to see you. But you mustn't think I said anything so vain-sounding as Gracie's words would indicate. I said she would always be petite."

"That was a real compliment, Grace. If you should be anything but what you are, I, for one, should break my heart. Ronald, old fellow, how are you?"

"Fine," answered Ronald sententiously. "Look here!" and he pointed to the mute evidences of his hours of study.

"Now, Ronald, let us girls have Regie a little while before you pin him down to each year." Then, without giving Ronald time to gainsay her, Grace said coaxingly: "Come out into the garden and see our new roses," with a bright glance which her cousin could no more resist than could a bit of steel hold back from a magnet.

"I'll be back soon, Ronald," he said, and followed Grace.

"Poor boy!" he said to her as soon as they were out of hearing distance, "he ought to have had my chance; he would have made better use of it."

"Now, Regie, you shan't underrate yourself. You are just splendid, and we all of us think so."

"I'll prove what I think when I am of age. Ronald shall have every advantage my money can give him. At any rate, he should have had it by right as much as I. It all came from our grandfather."

"Have you ever wondered what might be in the sealed letter grandpa left?"

"Yes; but I don't worry about it. I don't imagine it is anything very serious?"

"What if he had some one in view for you to marry, Regie?"

Reginald's face expressed his surprise at the idea; but he was prompt in his answer: "Unless it should be the girl I love, I would lose my fortune rather than yield to such a wish."

Grace turned suddenly grave; all her buoyant lightness of manner vanished.

"The girl you love, Regie? I didn't know that you loved any one yet. I don't want you to go and fall in love with some strange girl—it would break my heart."

And tears overflowed the blue eyes which had, but the moment before, been so bright and merry.

Reginald flushed. Then he turned away and looked at Grace with an expression in his eyes that would have told her the whole truth, had she been looking towards him. But she stood with her head turned away, so that he could only see the delicate contour of her profile and the graceful [...]

"Grace," he said, softly, but with a tremor in his voice which told of some deep underlying agitation, "look at me."

Grace shivered, but she obeyed. The thought which had been presented to her mind had made her opening springtime of life seem all of a sudden changed and so full as though its winter had come.

She raised her eyes to Reginald's face and for an instant they looked straight at each other.

Then Reginald put his arms about her and drew her to him and kissed her.

"You are to be my wife, Gracie, that is, if you will consent to marry me. Did you think I could ever love anyone else? I thought you knew me better. Naughty little girl; you were jealous. But it is such an encouraging sign, that if you will confess it freely, I'll forgive you."

"What is jealousy?" asked Grace, smiling through her tears. "I only know that I felt as though my heart had turned, all at once, into something that hurt me. But what will Ronald say? We must go in."

It was with a new and strange feeling of shyness that Grace said this. Previously Regie had been to her like a brother. Now he was so much dearer, and yet she had lost all feeling of ease with him. Then, too, this rush of emotion which filled her heart was distressing as well as delightful. In that one moment when Reginald's

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dramatic people at once the credit and ... of a reputation of critical taste ... ical effect of this is to make it the ... lt to secure attractions. Where people capable of judging critically of drama, and particularly where they value ... upon nice taste, there is always danger ... Managers are quite as likely to ... Kate Cavendish failed in Portland as ... Dargon succeeded, just as mariners ... bout the loss of the "Great Republic" ... olumbia bar and pay no heed to the ... vessels have been crossing in and ... for years

... prevailing system of "combinations" ... her disadvantage Formerly a dra... ... ke Lawrence Barrett or Rose Eytinge ... alone and found at the various ... companies capable of all ordinary ...

Now there are no stock companies ... star carries his own support ... ry with him Thus the charges of ... a crow of people are added to the ... expense of salaries etc Managers ... g to see that they have been working ... enemt of the transportation companies ... as five years, and there are indica... ... e old stationary stock company ... aap become the rule Not till this ... e will Portland be well served ...

... ws of John McCullough s misfortunes ... received here with sincere regret ... mbered as the first really fine actor ... ned himself with this city and coast ... h warmer feeling than mere ... e is expressed in the many kind words ... n on every hand The sympathy of ... c for this genial man of genius ... ngly with the ill-conceived pleasure ... ews of Jim Keene's failure a few ... aroused California has no feeling ... ss for the man who rakes up fortunes ... vent off to enrich other places with ... eve that D O Mills ... satisfaction here ... on the other hand, was not looked upon ... tion but as the going forth of a bright ... ol came to be forever a credit ... e coast where his career began ... s elsewhere have only won him ... mer friendship in San Francisco ... vs been felt that his fame was part of ... isco s local pride After all, there is ... that people love better than money

A E

A Carnival of Lying Cant

New York Tr[illegible]

... campaign of principles and men ... can see On the Democratic side ... g of lying The Democrats adopt the ... tactics because they have ... of conducting campaigns ... ave not yet got all ... level of ... where they ... four years ... dependents who have rushed into ... embrace are rendered desperate ... of defeat in staring them in the ... ey have not established ... at Mr Blaine they are compelled to ... charges out of the ... cloth ... carnival of cant hypocrisy ... They ransack his business ... for new slanders ... to repeat. Having failed to convince ... at Mr Blaine was a ... venal legisla... ... to be a fool who tells falsehoods ... The Hocking valley story is a ... and the preposterous story which ... has lately shown how demented ... ful managers have become. Meanwhile ... ican campaign for principles and ... on to final triumph and the ... slanderers who are now grovelling ... st will soon be buried deep under ...

Northern Pacific Business

New York Special to the ... Tribune

... the Philadelphians ventured ... to form a bob-tail pool in the ... stocks and succeeded in ... from 14 to 21 and the preferred ... But the effort proved abortive ... road like the Northern Pacific ... ately shown an immense decrease in ... ring the forthcoming year ... figured up to $11,000,000 is certain ... must to build the stock on ... company dispute these figures ... $9,000,000 which ... enough for a road which has to ... all the time for its completion ... ing grain at ruinous rates, which ... year a much smaller demand ... was anticipated and which ... a season of snow blockades ... of immense expenses for keeping ... in running order Investors and ... know that running roads like the ... the Canadian Pacific or the ... much like running a seaside hotel ... only four months in the year to ... cannot make a cent unless you get ... large exorbitant prices.

Do Unto Others Etc

Washington Republican.

... old colored man and an equally ... woman walked down to the river ... bridge, and to the astonishment ... rmen who saw the performance ... egan ducking each other ... thoroughly wet they offered a ... walked ashore. To a gentleman ... the meaning of this strange ... old man said "Ye see, we's ... says we believe in the bible, but ... because dere s more sin ... ch dan out. But we reads de bible ... lude to baptize ourselves as ...

Culture in the Quaker City.

Philadelphia Press

... ey were coming out of the Academy ... session of the Science Association ... Chestnut Hill girl said to the West ... girl You should have heard ... omorey's dissertation on the ... of the Amphibian Bicuspid.' ... for anything " ... is too bad I didn't hear it," ... Walnut street girl. "I listened ... der's Notes on the Evidences of ... ion in the Collateral Branches of the ... ian System and it wasn't ... derstood everything he said"

The Trick of a Man with Many Melons

Nashville Farmer

Davidson county farmer planted ... atermelons By the time his melons ... the market had dropped to ruinous ... ining his melon patch is a beautiful ... ave a picnic and allowed no ... ght on the premises A large crowd ... under the friendly shade of the trees ... was hot and the people thirsted ... r was in sight. In the midst of ... state of affairs the farmer rushed ... n the grounds and they went off ... at high prices

The Correct Version.

My dear, said the king of Denmark ... se the mother of Hamlet, "you ... t away but I poured molten lead ... r's ear while he was sleeping ... and that s the kind of ... g him

You don t say so" said the queen ... have said so please don't say ... Yes I poured a bullet mold ... It was a capital joke. Do you know ... st words were when he went off?" ... to not ... ey were I didn t know I was ...

The Old Be Alligator.

... Constitution.

... M T Moore has killed the ... ators that rustucate in our gulf ... forms us that one night ... an alligator that measured 13 feet ... gth was ... inches around the ... around the neck, and 4 feet ... the body It weighed about ... killed near the mouth of ... Mr. Moore says he has occasionally ... of the monster gator for nineteen ... the ... that it was 190 ...

The Bicycle in Agriculture.

... Republican

... farmer s boy has bought ... wishes he hadn't. His ... the thing by making it ... a winnowing mill, corn ... This he does by suspending ... moving the tire from the ... ting it by an endless rope with ... then making his ... [illegible]

A Boston Paraphrase.

[illegible] ... my paternal ... I am one of the ... has suspended ... where your father ... ignizant of ... conver... ... what?" "A pro... ... of Webster is ... Worcester you will ... [illegible]

A JUNE DAY IN AUTUMN

I know the summer has gone by,
But summer's azure tints the sky;
And summer's trim I [illegible]
And—hush!—I hear
A moment since a fair faint note
Breathing softly from the throat
Of some wild bird.

Oh, winsome day which belong
The summer's ... and ... of ... two
The summer s backward-trod ...
Of sweet delights
With autumn s wealth of garnered sheaves
And autumn s ... of ...
On distant heights.

It seems to life s ... a ... lives
Like this come ever when the rays
Of autumn s sun shine through the haze
When sheaves of gold
To earth s store have been born
I do not see why men should mourn
That they grow old.

—[illegible]

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When he was to reach his majority he was to enter into possession of his large inheritance, provided he should conform to all the instructions contained in a sealed note, which was not to be opened until then If, however he refused to obey his grandfather s wish the money was left to other and indirect heir with the exception of an amount equal to that set apart for his cousins Ronald Blanche and Grace Sylvester

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"We have all changed So it would be a wonder if Regie stood still" answered Blanche demurely

Do you think I have grown much taller Blanche?

"You will never be anything but petite Gracie

Now Blanche darling don t [illegible] I am to be little unless you want me to ... all the rest of the day

What's that about petting Gracie?" asked a voice at the open door with something so cheery in its tones that ... brightened as flowers might in the breath of the spring breeze fresh from the land of perpetual summer

Blanche was telling me ... disagreeable Regie ... bringing ... out and putting out the hand to welcome ... cousin ... to be an insignificant ... growing up tall and stately like ...

"How do you do Regie" said Blanche advancing in her turn to greet him I am glad to see you ... I said anything ... words would ... was to be pet ...

"That was a real compliment, Grace If you should be ... for one should ... [illegible] ... or fellow how ...

Fine," answer[ed] Ronald ... Look here! and he pointed to the mute evidences of his hours of study

Now Ronald ... girls have Regie ... little while before ... him down to teach you " Then without giving Ronald time to gainsay her ... and ... "Come out into the garden and see ... roses with ... bright ... which ... cousin could not ... this ... of steel hold back from ...

"I'll be back soon, Ronald" he said, and followed Grace

"Poor boy" he said to her soon as they were out of hearing ... to have had any chance he would have ... better us of it

"Now Regie you shan't ... yourself You are just splendid and ... of us think so

I'll prove what I think when ... age Ronald shall have very advantageous money can give him ... should have had it by rights ... It all came from our grandfather

Have you ever wondered what ... in the sealed letter grandpa left?

Yes and I ... to ... imagine ... anything ...

What if he should ... you to marry Regie

Reginald s face ... the idea But he ... [illegible]

Unless it should be ... girl ... would lose my fortune ...

Grace turned ... gray ... buoyant ... of ... manner ...

"The girl ... that you ... you to go and ... and tear over ... had, but he ... moment before ... so bright and merry

Reginald flushed ... looked at Grace ... eyes that ... truth ... looking toward ...

But she stood ... so that he could ... tour of ... quarter ...

Grace ... fully ... tremor in ... under ... Grace shivered ... thought which ... mind had ... life seem ... as though ...

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You are to be my wife Grace ... if you will consent to marry me ... think I could ever love anyone else? I thought you knew it better Naughty little girl you were jealous But it is such an encouraging sign that if you will confess it freely, I'll forgive you

"What is jealousy?" asked Grace ... "I only know ... felt as though my heart had turned ... once into something that burned me ... what will Ronald say?

It was with a new and strange feeling of joyousness that Grace said This Previously Regie had been to her like a brother Now he was so much dearer, and yet she had lost all feeling of ease with him. Then, too, the rush of emotion which filled her heart was distressing as well as delightful.

In that one moment when Reginald's kisses had burned upon her lips she had changed from the ... happy ... girl into a deep-thinking; loving woman ... must have time to become accustomed to regarding Regie in the light of a lover Thus it was that she ... his ... would fain have flown away from him into solitude where ... could commune with her own heart

Although Reginald comprehended that only the state of her mind he followed her ... into the house where Ronald ... waiting to monopolize him ... himself patiently to the task of ... the ardent student

After seeing him safely beside her brother Grace disappeared and did not appear until tea time and then she was so unusually quiet that Blanche looked at her several times with ... anxiety which culminated at last in threatening to send her to bed ... tor

Reginald was about to speak but an entreating look from Grace checked him and later on she whispered to him as she went with him to the gate

Keep what has passed a secret ... until you know the contents of that dreadful letter I would never consent to stand in the way of your future happiness

"And to win or not to win you my darling will either be the making or the ... ruin of my life

We are so young Regie People will talk harshly of me if they hear of a projected marriage between us Promise to keep it a secret for a while

"I will promise anything to please you Grace. But remember one thing I will never give you up

* * * * * * *

"Grace, look at this!"

There was an excited cadence in Blanch's voice which caused Grace to open her eyes surprisedly

Blanche pointed to a notice in the newspaper that she had been reading It ran thus

"WANTED The children of one Janet Grahame who came to this country some twenty five years ago and married an American gentleman whose name is unknown to the writer of this advertisement if they will communicate with Messrs Dill & Ward No — Nassau street they will hear of something to their advantage"

That was our mother's maiden name Gracie Do you suppose she is the one meant in the notice?

Would anyone else be likely to have just that name?

I think not At any rate I shall sit down at once and write to that address It can't do any harm

Hadn t you better ask Ronald to do it?

No Grace I think it will be best not to take any one into our confidence Then if we are doing a silly thing there will be no one to laugh at us Wait until the answer comes before we say a word about it to Ronald"

Grace acquiesced as she usually did to what seemed Blanche proposed

Her own lack of confidence in her sister about her love affair caused her to ... even more pliant to Blanche's advice than was her custom

The answer came in due time saying that the heirs of another Janet Grahame had ... who ... whichever party should have convincing proof as to being the children of the Janet Grahame mentioned would have the sole right to a large property both in lands and money The note concluded by requesting the party addressed to inform ... by return mail what family of Grahame ... belonged to English or Scotch ... whether he had any proofs

Much to Blanche's delight she could answer the last question in the affirmative and ... could refer to a huge Bible her mother had brought with her from England

She made a copy of the former and enclosed it in her letter of reply

Then ... awaited further developments in a state of restless anxiety which would ... attracted Ronald's attention had he ... so engrossed in his studies

But ... was well repaid for her trouble when she learned that the result of her correspondence was to decide that her mother ... the ... Grahame to whom ... had ... an inheritance which would make them independently wealthy

It was joyful news to the trio and Ronald was eager to have it at once communicated to their cousin Regie

But to his surprise ... to that of Blanche Grace requested that it should be kept secret until after Reginald should attain his majority After considerable opposition Grace carried her point although it was much to Ronald's vexation of spirit

What will Regie think of it? he asked ... ... He'll think me ... to keep it from him for an hour

"I will make it right with him ... said Grace

You speak like one having authority Grace said Ronald giving her a keen glance which didn't comfort her for an instant ...

I shall tell him ... until I ... to tell him ... [illegible]

The important time had at last arrived which was to decide whether Reginald ... a ... poor

The cousins were assembled together ... to hear the man of law who was to read the ... of the sealed letter ... which had ... opened

This it ran

"I ... Sylvester being in good health ... [illegible] ... Reginald Sylvester ... only condition that he shall seek out the ... ... early friend ... Miss ... Macleod of Sunny Brae Scotland ... among them ... maiden ... ... he shall take ... wife If ... ... hundred ... [illegible]

Signed

JASPER SYLVESTER

Ronald ... his ... fortune ... not ... nothing ...

... the condition ... grandfather ... said ... Grace ... will ... that ... anything ... [illegible]

I am young and strong Grace ... for you We don t care for ... living ... we ... [illegible]

... have ... hand ...

... you say that Grace ... ... mind ... Grace and ... Ronald and Blanche ... looking ... mercenary light But ... expected ... happy ... with ...

And Reginald ... confirmed ... that ... marrying for ... ... tale ...

What do you mean Grace? Explain yourself or I shall think we are all going to become unbalanced in mind You are as ... as I am

No Reginald you are mistaken ... Ronald?

Reginald turned towards Ronald who looked decidedly uncomfortable

Don t blame me for not telling you Reg it was Grace s fault She wouldn t consent to it She kept it as a surprise to counter balance your expected good fortune

And it comes all the better, dear Reginald now that you have resigned wealth for my sake that I can tell you that Ronald Blanche and I are all as rich as you ought to be

It was no longer Grace, the mischievous sprite who spoke it was the Grace he had so long loved and who loved him

The man of law had been overlooked during this little scene. Now he came to the front

"Let me advise you to refrain from either refusing or accepting the most extraordinary ... of ... Mr Sylvester s ... inquiries he first made with regard to ... heir ... the gentleman ... there ... no disobedience on your part

This ... delivered with due gravity was received with all the respect that it deserved

It would be ... for Reginald to ... long ... his fifth ... given public ... to his real sentiment

Strange to say it was found upon inquiry that Stirling MacLeod had left no direct heirs his two ... having been killed in the battle of Balaklava

So Regie was not stripped of his inheritance after all

But Grace had the proud pleasure of knowing that for her sweet sake he would willingly have made the sacrifice

A Woman Farmer in Maine.

Yes my husband has been dead fifteen years said an old lady to a correspondent of the Boston Globe, and I have run the farm ever since myself and in fact I have had the whole care of it for twenty one years for within a year of our marriage my husband had a stroke of paralysis that left one side entirely useless and it is over a score of years since we moved here

I was an old lady of Kennebec county Maine who made the above statement to the Globe correspondent and she seemed to see nothing remarkable about the fact that she entirely unaided, should be running a farm of sixty acres in spite of her three score years and ten

Do you do the whole work yourself?

Yes almost all she replied I never hire by the month but in the busiest season hire a man to help by the day in having and such work

Do you take care of your stock yourself?

"Oh yes but I have not as much stock as I had formerly having sold many including as fine a stock bull as they had in the county

Do you like the daily papers?

No I can find all the lies I want in the ordinary story and religious papers without pestering my head with fresh ones made up every day

Are you not lonely in the winter? asked the reporter I notice your house is off the main road and you must find it hard getting down to the village.

Yes you are right there responded the old but energetic lady Sometimes I can t get out for five or six weeks unless my neighbors take the trouble to come and ... out ... but I don t mind much an ... manage to get through all right However I don t see anything much about this but there is a funny idea about you newspaper feller and people seem to take anything they see in print for gospel For instance I knew two neighbors who was always fighting about the way to cultivate a field and they both declared each other a fool Finally one got his notions printed in a farming paper and the other feller saw the piece and not knowing whose ideas they was he thought he had learned something and went home and followed the advice of the man he had called a fool just because he saw it in print Don t you want to come to see the arm? It don t amount to any thing though she added

The writer walked out to the door and the first thing that attracted his attention was a tombstone in front of the piazza He was about to ask if it was erected in this certainly unusual spot at the particular request of some near and dear relative when he noticed that a ring was passed through the top of the marble stone and it s real purpose of an ordinary hitching post Therefore he forebore lest he should touch on forbidden topic and even the broadest hints did not elicit any information on the subject of the sepulchral horse fastener Everything about the farm to use ... ... apple pie order ... as one might find the farm of an old farmer with able bodied son to help him

Why the Women of the Corners Demanded Prohibition.

Mr Bascom the saloon keeper's wife paraded herself before the wives of her husband s patrons with a figgered ... dress with ... hat with fedge feather on it and ... skin arque and shoes with heels on ... silk stocking It ... unnecessary to say what effect it had onto the other women of the corners Then these women start ... a rood ... which Pollick and Joe Bigner ... and the result was a meeting of citizens which embraced a half dozen men and every woman of the corners (ceptin Mrs Bascom) Joe Bigler made an inflammatory speech to the women Lowin that of their husbands wood let likker alone they could have silk dresses and ... stockings ez well ez Mrs Bascom, that Mrs Bascom was absorbin all the money in the corners and that so long ez her ... takin' the money ... husbands or sodcorn whiskey so long wood they have to dress in caliker and go without stockings, and they might consider themselves lucky if they corall ... shoes And they introdoost resolooshuns denouncin the prohibishun ... the ... of the corners

Never Washes Her Face

What a woman creafe ... ... not been washed with ... for ... years the writer ... picked up and her eyes open like ... in July

Now ... why ... it ... ... if I did But ... don t know it ... wouldn t ... for ... ... myself Tell you what I do First ... all over with a dry towel then ... a sponge dipped in glycerine ... ... oaks down the pores After that I ... and neck with a ... with bayrum and I ... up the ... till it ... slow with color Now ... ... You see the skin ... of gum ... just like ... of ... and of course if you rub the fur the ... way so much beauty of texture ... with ... ... new But ... ... the ... I think my face ... of any digestive organs ... anything ... that myself so that my ... operated with the regularity of clock work

Chicago Herald

The Honey Crop

The honey crop in this neighborhood ... reports will be very large, though prices very low four and a half cents ... ... San Bernardino ... reports ... crop up there but hardly as good as in 1887 ... still prices are badly demoralized The ... reports an immense ... Ventura ... estimate ... ... two ... ... although the present low ... will pay a very handsome profit for ... ... better ... ... obtained by holding awhile The market in San Francisco is dull and our ... will look for a market abroad ... they expect to realize a fair price for their ... product The prices above quoted are for strained or extracted honey while eight to nine cents is paid for honey comb.—San ... Standard

Immunity of Jews from Cholera

A noteworthy feature of the cholera epidemic in France is the fact that the Jews in Toulon and Marseilles where its ravages have been most severe have scarcely been affected by the plague. This only agrees with the experience of the past, under similar circumstances in other epidemics, and the highest medical authority attribute the remarkable fact to the continued obedience of Jews to the sanitary laws laid down by the Mosaic code thousands of years ago Indeed an eminent English physician has declared that if these laws were observed by all classes the ... would not be an appreciable ... mortality list.—Brooklyn Union.

LEPROSY.

Horrors of the Disease in India and China

The following extract are taken from an ... ... Lepers ... ... one would follow ... ... torture ... ... victim ... ... leaving ... ... until the horrid ... ... death until there is nothing ... ... one after the other are ... form ... until at the ... ... twenty years it may be ... ... afflicted in every sense ... to the sight ... ... of others dies ... ... object of ...

Now leprosy is a disease that has existed from the earliest historic time It once devastated Europe Great Britain and Ireland In England it is no longer ... In Europe generally except ... and there it is almost unknown It ... then a wonderful thing not that a ... not yet been discovered for leprosy ... with men of science it is still an ... question whether leprosy is communicable or ... contagious ... whether it is due to malnutrition ... food or bad climate and ... combined to a lack of meat ... of vegetable diet to the use of salt fish or ... the want of ... Such however ...

I should not I think ... to contradiction were I to say that English people for the most part view the question of leprosy together with the laws ... regulations and treatment appertaining to it as a matter of purely antiquarian interest No a few indeed look upon it as a sort of Jewish or Scriptural ... disease that vanished with the dawn of Christianity that fell with the fall of the old law and the rise of the new And ... closely and absolutely ... it ... with and limited to the old world ... impression of their early bible lessons ... the allusion made to it in such popular ... of travel as Miss Bird's Six Months in the Sandwich Islands and Lady Brassey's Voyage in the Sunbeam ... almost ... unnoticed

Abhorred by every one the leper in ... is often ruthlessly driven by his own flesh and blood from house and home literally to perish by the roadside while in some places government interference alone has put a stop to his being buried alive the father ... burying the ... ... burying his father ... only the leper himself but also ... relatives and friend lest in multiplying ... their kind they should transmit the disease to distant generations

Though no law restrains him from intercourse with other people ... steps in and takes the place of law The man of high caste, once a leper from that moment is turned out of his caste he may not sit in the same room or house with the ... and ... his own kith and kin will not ... what ... has touched or drink or smoke with him If his wife eats with him she is put out of caste None will marry his daughter even though there be no slightest sign of leprosy in them and they can never be readmitted into caste There is no pity and no hope for him And when he dies abhorrence follow him to the grave all religious ceremonies withheld from him ... his body is given up to the low caste of sweeper and such like is subject to the greatest indignity the Hindoos can show their dead

Lepers are met with in every stage of ... in India They flock to the borders of the Ganges to end their hopeless lives on holy ground Pilgrims they crowd to ... to make prayer and propitiatory offering to the idol Lokanath ... for the fulfilling of their cure, they continue to haunt the neighborhood and form fresh centers of vice ... vile and detestable ... corruption that pollute and ... ... Often ... ... with horror ... stranger Special hospitals ... ... provided for them ... ... of people ... ... the asylums for the ... ... not ... ... for the despised children of ... ... I transfer the following ... sketch from Mr Scott-Stevenson's ... picture of Our Home in Cyprus ... Scott Stevenson had the ... leper farm of Nicosia ...

My husband requested that the worst cases should be pointed out to ... We were brought ... ... [illegible]

The ... ... leprosy ... ... Cent ... ... a ... ... college of physicians ... ... in 1867 ... ... dire ... consequence of their isolation is frequent They believe the disease ... through four generations after which it becomes exhausted Hence they ... ... marriage with the progeny of lepers ... The lepers themselves ... intermarry only with those of the ... grade ... ... the fourth generation ... ... of ... ... will only ... ... circumstances ... the progeny of the fourth generation are considered free from taint and ... no longer be secluded from society —Report on Leprosy of the Royal College of Physicians

Artificial Somnambulism

When artificial somnambulism ... complete consciousness is abolished except as it is revived by suggestions from the operator Anæsthesia is so complete that a large number of the gravest surgical operations have been performed under it In fact artificial anæsthesia was first induced in this manner before the use of ether or chloroform became known No death is known from this anæsthetic, something which cannot be said of any of the chemical hypnotics The only objection to the employment of this in preference to chloroform and ether is the fact that only a limited number of persons can be thus influenced, and that a considerable time is necessary to put the subject under it

The more confidence the operator has in his own ability and the greater the belief of the patient in the alleged powers of the operator the more often and the sooner will these effects be brought about, With every repetition of the process the easier will the effects be induced Some subjects are liable to go into the "condition" at will, by simply concentrating ... attention on one subject for ... ...

The so-called ... ... of self ... ... Dr ... of New York devoted a great deal of attention to the ... ... number of the brain cells ... ... of them ... ... that the phenomena of spiritualism ... showed that the ... ... work ... upon the lower animal ... ... men In the ... somnambulistic condition the memory is sometimes almost incredibly exalted ... words sentences whole pages of books heard or read ... ... sometimes repeated with the accuracy of the phonograph The faculty of language may be greatly exalted ... person who have never shown any ... tendency may speak in rhyme for hours ... ... whose ordinary language is of the most commonplace order Similar deviations from the ordinary method of expression have been noted in persons under the influence of opium alcohol and Indian hemp, as well as in mental derangement They are in no way proofs of anything supernatural New combinations of ideas are formed, but absolutely nothing new has been added to the stock of human knowledge by these remarkable utterance The Pythoness of Delphi and others of ... oracles of the olden times are probably rhyming somnambulists of this order, who were under the direction and control of cunning priests

SOME WAR STORIES.

"Gath's" Letter

Meeting General Granville Dodge, who at one time commanded the Army of the Tennessee in place of McPherson I said: "What kind of men did you use chiefly for your secret service purposes?

I used Alabamians also ... In northern Alabama there was a strong Union feeling and I organized not only whites but blacks from that state into regiments One of my agents ... ... nearly lost his life, having been court martialed for being a spy He was a Union man and I employed him to cheat off the rebel force as going past his farm He would take note of the numbers condition arms guns and batteries and send it straight to me They finally suspected him and court martialed him and would have hanged him I sent $5000 of the secret service money in my possession to the brother of Jefferson Davis to defend that man and the defense ... ... the relations of this lawyer ... When they were removing him from one point to another he bribed his way off and came to me, and I never let him go back into the south again"

Still Did you ever meet Abraham Lincoln?

"Yes I first met Mr Lincoln at Council Bluffs several years before the war He had been employed in some railroad matter, and came out here to inform himself He spoke to me at the hotel, and I suppose in the course of an hour with a lawyer s capacity to absorb another man s knowledge he got from me all he wanted Years passed on and during the war I received a telegram dispatch from General Grant telling me to go at once to Washington city and report to the president of the United States. ... ... a negro regiment one of the first raised ... for the purpose of guarding my train I thought I might have disapproval of ... ... going to Washington to be reprimanded or perhaps removed When I got to the White House Mr Lincoln turned to me and said, I met you a year ago in Iowa when you were ... for the Pacific railroad

"Mr Lincoln ... I remember ... I supposed you had forgotten it

"No ... ... you ... ... give me ... ... important matter ... ... towns along the Missouri river Kansas ... and other ... all working hard to ... ... the initial point of that railroad I want you to tell me ... ... point to begin ... from

... map and gave ... ... opinion ... ... of the ... ... I have ... doubt that Council Bluffs is the ... point to begin toward that place the ... are coming from the east Mr Lincoln heard me through—and ... and said Now I am ... I'll ... ... wanted ... for He then had the railroad to commence at Council Bluffs

Said I Did you ... any difference between the western and the eastern troops?

Oh yes When I was at Petersburg ... ... was struck with the great number of ... ... We had nothing of that sort in the west Our western troops went to the ... to ... ... When I was in Grant's ... it seemed to me ... ... drafted men coming in that fugitives ... ... [illegible]

... ... of the conditions and ... ... they were handled ... war?

I never ... of ... soldiers ... the ... ... had ... ... or ... Forrest for ... ... the best ... ... Sheridan ... ... [illegible]

The Bull Disliked Dudes

The Theodore Wrights took a party to ... yesterday Shortly after they landed and were promenading on the ... a ... looking ... who was ... ... allowed ... ... by a very pretty girl who had a handsome umbrella fringed with lace ... ... All of a sudden ... ... bull which was being led with a rope by a farmer ... for the ... The farmer tried to hold ... but ... The ... girl screamed and the dude fainted The farmer could not ... the bull frightened the bull and he ... dragged along at the end of the rope The bull rushed at the girl and then at the dude ... ... the girl and the ... ... and then the dude ... ... have been the ... for the bull ... ... the farmer and ... the dude up a cherry tree where he kept him until a crowd of deck hands got him on board Baltimore American

To Prevent "Souring"

We had a girl once who had the knack of doing things well She never covered up her loaves of bread to cool the same day they were baked When taken from the oven a linen bread-cloth was laid over them lightly and they were not put into the tin box with the lid down until next morning She said that was the reason the last loaf eaten had sometimes a hint of tasting sour in the center of it.

We all know that close covering up anything while it is warm will cause fermentation Peas, beans, corn meat, or vegetables often sour, and the wonder is what caused it Let us all put this and that together, and learn from experience.—'Pansy Potts' in Arthur s Magazine.

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SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1884

TECHNICAL EDUCATION

The people of England are confronted with the alternative of devising means to maintain their manufacturing supremacy now seriously threatened by several other countries or a reaction. The somewhat startling statement is made that after the English people have made the most of everything that their soil produces, they are still obliged to procure from other nations food to the amount of £170,000,000 per annum and textile fabrics to clothe themselves to the amount of £40,000,000 per annum. These figures include only the actual necessaries of life. This amount is paid for in the labor of that people. In this country, as in France, we have within ourselves everything required to feed and clothe our people. We are therefore independent, in a measure, of other nations.

England is rapidly realizing the peril of her situation as outlined above, and her most thoughtful people are devising means whereby the impending danger may be averted. And one of the methods is to improve her manufactures by producing more intelligent artisans, which is being done by means of technical schools for the education of the industrial classes in the particular industry in which they were to engage, whether as proprietors, managers, foremen or workmen. This is practical statesmanship, and will accomplish far more in the right direction than all the laws that parliament or congress can devise. France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany are making rapid progress in manufacturing, and England is thus deprived of some of her best markets. The same is true of America, and the future competition of the world will be more in quality than quantity.

England is producing at a minimum expense and is pushing her products into all parts of the world. Her armies force the way for her manufacturers. But other nations have made themselves equally skillful in the same line and compete with her in her own markets. In the strife for improvement the [illegible] will also be found to be active and intelligent contestants, and it may yet go hard with the mother country when she finds herself [illegible] on every hand by workmen as skillful and industrious as her own.

There is a great lesson in this to American [illegible]. Our great need is better workmen in all branches of manufacture. Some assert that our workmen are not improving so as to keep pace with the progress of the mechanic arts in Europe [illegible] is that too little attention is paid to our system of apprenticeship. Boys are apprentices to-day and journeymen to-morrow or next week. They become restive and impatient under the low wages of the apprentice [illegible] the [illegible] with impunity become members of a trades union, and [illegible] to wages that they are not able to earn. This system degrades every good workman that is associated with them, and it degrades the very industry in which they are engaged. It is this that fills our industries with "botches," degrades the character of our wares and also the reputation of our country.

The English people are on the right track and we must do likewise if we would successfully compete with other nations. But little attention has yet been given to the subject in this country beyond discursive talk in educational conventions. But it is a question that must soon engage the active interest of intelligent manufacturers. England has been one of the largest consumers of our grain and meat products, but she is looking to Egypt and India for her food supply, where it can be procured cheaper. If England can thus find a substitute for American products other European nations can do the same, and we shall be compelled to increase our home consumption by increasing our non-agricultural or manufacturing population. But to do this we must also increase the market for our manufactured goods, which can only be done by improving their quality.

America ought to have, and can have the most intelligent and therefore the most skillful artisans in the world. By improved methods we have already taken high rank as a manufacturing nation. Further improvement in this direction is possible. We may not have the stern necessity which is impelling the English people as an incentive, but we have already received enough warning to admonish us that something must be done in that direction if we would reach that leading position as a manufacturing nation to which our location and resources entitle us.

OLD AGE

Nothing preserves life so much as a strong interest in life, and it is therefore a mistake for people to give up business entirely as they begin to grow old. Many an aged man has shortened his days by cutting the hooks with which he has grappled himself to life and slid out of existence for sheer want of anything to cling by. The mental elasticity is first destroyed and then the animal forces are extinguished. And experience also shows that those occupations or professions which connect one with public affairs and so expand the range of interests contribute to length of days. Statesmen have, perhaps, the best record for long life, because of the public and impersonal nature of their interests. Mr Gladstone is 75 years old and bids fair to live as long as Palmerston, who died at 81. John Adams lived to be 91, Jefferson 83, Cass 84 and Buchanan 77. The statesman has been noted for his long life since the time when Brennus and his Gauls invaded Rome and were astonished at the senate of venerable sages seated in their ivory chairs. The records of literary men give us many examples of longevity, though frequently the literary man when he gets old becomes a recluse and a dreamer, ceasing to take an active part in life, and it is activity rather than placidity of intellect that keeps a man going. Oliver Wendell Holmes is as young at 75 as he was at 50, but his life has not been purely literary, but an eminently active one in the medical profession. Mr Tennyson was born in the same year with Dr Holmes and Mr Gladstone, but it is questionable if he lives as long as either of them.

There can be nothing more attractive than an old man with vigorous body and well-stored mind, to leave the body of the present generation out of the question. How about the mind? Public schools and private crammers and competitive examinations may do as they will with the youth, yet the man has his own education to conduct, and according as he conducts it so will his mind be in old age, if he lives to reach that period of labor and sorrow. Men may vegetate till they are old men, but they need not look to come to a venerated and happy old age if they have no resources within themselves, no recollection of worthy efforts made, no lessons of example or precept to teach the young people who grow up about their knees. Good counsel is the best service we can do for mankind, and it is the men who have grown old wisely that best give good counsel. There is no fruit as pleasant as that we gather from a tree of our own planting, and so the satisfaction of drawing up the stores of wisdom they have themselves laid up must be very great for old men. A good conscience too is not the testimony only, but also the reward of a good life, and it is worth while to so live as to enjoy this reward in case [illegible] age comes. It is possible for a young man to be in the best sense of the phrase "growing old" entirely irrespective of the question of a long or a short life, and the more this possibility is worked out into fact the more hope will there be for our country and our race.

Swords have literally been beaten into plowshares, though the millennium of peace is yet far off. Nameless Americans sent to the League of Peace and Liberty at Geneva a plow formed from American sabres carried by American officers in the Mexican war and the American civil war. It was a pretty conceit. The rest of the imagery could not well be fulfilled because spears are out of date if pruning hooks are not.

Miss Kate Field has become the happy possessor of a perfect copy of the first edition of the "Book of Mormon," published at Palmyra, N. Y., New York, in 1830. Its title page announces Joseph Smith as "author and proprietor" of the book, held to be the word of God. Later editions omit this extraordinary statement.

SCANDAL AND NEWS.

The New York *Graphic* says: "A contemporary has evidently had the bad taste of informing an old man of his daughter's shame. The misfortune of the daughter happened years ago, was nearly forgotten, and had been atoned for, but it has been raked to the light by an impecunious political clergyman, and the old man learned of it for the first time yesterday. Perhaps the contemporary is to be congratulated." The enterprising journal which the *Graphic* refers to has plenty of illustrations in all parts of the country, and it has many defenders. We once heard a very respectable man speak with enthusiastic admiration of the enterprise of a certain editor, when, if he had spoken accurately, he would have spoken not of his enterprise, but of his agile, restless, ceaseless and variegated obscenity. "He is a nasty creature but he gives us the news," said another.

By news in this instance was meant current scandal, irresponsible gossip, baseless rumors or picturesque lies. This publication of such noisome exhalations of the seething malice of the worthless wretches that may be found in almost every community is called enterprise by men who ought to know better. Such scandals, whether true or false, are not legitimate news, such as the public is entitled to know. They are not of any public moral concern, and their publication rather, as in the instance referred to, seems only to distress some innocent third party or disseminate doubts of the general purity of men and women. We have heard of a more aggravated case than that related by the *Graphic* of obscene brutality. A woman who in her youth had been of frail character squarely reformed; she married a man of perfectly respectable character and led a correct life. The sincerity of her reformation won her many friends, and she was received into upright society in the town in which she lived. A dozen years elapsed. A dirty, grovelling journalist came to the town. He learned of the corner loafers and saloon gossips that this woman had once had a blot on her escutcheon, and he proceeded to blazon this fact to the world in the most offensive manner. The woman had for fifteen years led an upright life with a decent husband; the community had forgiven her and welcomed her back to the decent circles of society, and yet this ugly, malevolent, depraved and venal journalist, who had prostituted himself to the fullest extent that nature had cursed him with a capacity for unclean[ness] and impurity, came along and brutally dug up this woman's buried shame and flung it in her face, and men who ought to know better called it newspaper energy and enterprise. To the credit of the community in which the woman lived, be it said, they loathed the enterprising journalist who was so brutal that he could not have a particle of sympathy for a woman whom Christ freely forgave and blessed with his good wishes and [illegible] for her perfect moral recovery. [illegible] newspaper [illegible] that [illegible] he [illegible] to be congratulated on his success on getting it filled. If it is his ambition to be offensive, but he should not be permitted to think that decent people look upon his management as enterprise. A newspaper has a higher ambition than a peanut stand.

FASHIONABLE GIRLS AND MARRIAGE

A paragraph is going the rounds of the press in which a leading woman of fashion is represented as announcing that she has taken a census of one summer resort and can count sixty girls who will never marry. The cause of this destined celibacy is explained to be that "they are brought up to spend money, and must marry it or remain single. But the men of their own set will no marry except for some great advantage, and they know to a dot that the sixty girls I have counted will not only be poor themselves but will have poor sisters." Whether this condemns the summer resorts, the young men, or the young women most severely, is a matter of taste, but from the moralizing which accompanies it in the press, it is generally understood to argue against giving the girls so much in the way of fashionable enjoyment and show.

The declaration that these girls will never get married is made evidently as indicating the climax of the tragedy. If it were so, here are aspects in which it does not seem so very terrible, either from a private or public point of view. In the personal bearing of the case, if the young ladies can enjoy themselves more by remaining single than by marrying, is it any material loss for them to be unmarried? We should say decidedly not, if they have got to choose husbands from the class which is stated above to be so chicken-hearted that they will not marry these girls because they are poor themselves and have poor sisters. From a public point of view, too, we can not see that if society is made up of such elements as these, it will be for the manifest advantage of the world to have it remain unmarried with the beneficial result of extinction.

But it is necessary to state regretfully that this merciful settlement of the question can by no means be relied on. These young women and the young men who think that money and horses and carriages are essential to the enjoyment of life, are just as apt to become breeders of sinners as the rest of us. They rush into matrimony with even less forethought than unfashionable fools and then proceed to the discovery that life has other things in store for them than constant junketing and social diversion. The only mitigating point is that most of them, after they have made this discovery, have good American sense enough to accommodate themselves to their conditions and become useful, honest and frugal citizens.

WHY HE FALLS IN LOVE

A student of nature declares there is no woman too homely to be without charm for some, and advances the rather singular theory that self love is one of the strongest incentives to man's love for woman. It is commonly remarked that husband and wife look alike, have features of resemblance, and the usual explanation offered is that their resemblance is due to their sympathy of union, congeniality of habit, modes of life and other influences. Our new theorist, however, thinks this is to mistake the cause for the effect. He thinks the mutual likeness to be the occasion, not the result of marriage. The man becomes enamored of the reflection of himself, like Narcissus at the pool. "His love for any particular woman is self-love at second hand, vanity reflected, compound egotism." If the man is exceptionally ugly the corresponding features in the woman attract him the more strongly because of the consolation they afford his self-love, and he falls in love with the woman quite unconscious of the fact that it is out of compliment to himself. But beauty is so entirely a matter of taste there can be no accepted idea of loveliness. Each person has a definite and individual idea of that which is beautiful and will find fault where another sees only excellence, and vice versa. An African prince, much impressed by the attentions of a European belle, said to her with the most admiring deference: "Ah! had you been born a negress you would be irresistible." It seems to be a failing with beauty that it betokens a deficiency of intelligence; unusually handsome women being as a rule without mental depth, however plentiful their superficial accomplishments. But there is a moral beauty, a charm of countenance made by the soul and mind within, that endures beyond the most exquisite surface beauty, and the woman possessed of this light that artists can not catch will make the greater conquests where conquests are of worth.

In a biographical notice of Edwin C. Larned, a prominent lawyer of Chicago, an ingenious writer attempts to explain his lack of political success by saying that "there is a strong analogy between political life and the use of tobacco. Some men try to smoke and fail of success, get on very well without tobacco. Some men are soothed and strengthened by the poison, which they make and smoke from youth to age in peace and happiness; others smoke and suffer all sorts of discomfort from a habit which they cannot abandon. [illegible] politics, some men try to run with the machine, and having suffered some slight injury, retire from the contest; others find their place, become part of the machine itself, and either as cog or driving wheel, or as motive power, have a good time to the end; others can neither fit into the machine nor let it alone, and get all the comfort they need in grumbling at the [illegible] of success. Mr Larned made one political venture, thinking that he had every prospect of success, but he was defeated, and this taught him a lesson that suited the very much the comfort of his future life. He found that he could get on very well without political office, much better than he could run with the machine."

PARTITIONING CHINA

Whether the report that Russia and France have agreed upon the partition of China is true or not, it gives a very striking idea of the political morality which is accredited to those powers. There has not been a more wanton and unscrupulous ignoring of international rights since Napoleon Bonaparte set out on his enterprise of conquering Asia by way of Egypt and Syria. The partition of Poland, which brought a dismembered kingdom under the rule of contiguous and kindred governments, was mild benevolence compared with the proposition to conquer the most ancient nation of the world and divide up its 400,000,000 people among French and Russian satraps for the enrichment of themselves and their governments.

A century ago this sort of conquest was deemed admissible, but by this time it was hoped that civilized governments had become sufficiently bound by respect for human rights to make it impossible to undertake such an international enormity. If this report proves true it will be seen that it is a mistake. It would not surprise civilization much to see the government which more than all others represents the old absolutism asserting the right to conquer new realms in Asia, but when it is joined by the government which alone represents in Europe the idea of popular government it shows how little principle and how much the grossest greed rules the courts and camps of the old world.

The eventual policy of the France and Russia renders such a compact, on their part entirely possible. But as a matter of policy it is very doubtful whether such an alliance would not drive England and Germany into a counteracting alliance. The English navy and German army if acting together would make short work of any French and Russian schemes of aggrandizement either in Europe or Asia.

The cool summer has had the usual effect of diminishing the death rate in the large eastern cities. In New York the percentage of deaths to the whole population has been lower in only four years since 18[illegible]. Notwithstanding the increase in population, the mortality for the present year has been about the same as that of 1874, when there were less than 1,000,000 people in the city, and the deaths have been fewer this year than in 1883, when the rate was exceptionally low. Of course the bulk of the difference is in mortality which being among young children, to whom the torrid weather is fatal, has been very favorable.

It is sufficiently known that during the last week the grand jury has been investigating the corruptions of Mayor Chapman, but it is not yet known what action will be taken. It is said that great efforts have been made to prevent an indictment, and the labors of Hons Luzerne Bedser and William Sweeney in that direction have been striking and prodigious.

The latest democratic reason for not wanting to carry Ohio is given by the Louisville *Courier Journal*, which insinuates that if Ohio goes for Cleveland, and Cleveland is elected, there will be so many Ohio men ready to fill offices that the faithful in other states will have to go unrewarded.

Among the various conflicting issues of this mixed up campaign the latest novelty has been produced by the national labor party in New York. At its late convention a platform was adopted which favors among other things Sunday base ball matches in Central park.

"Is Carl Schurz with us in the van of battle?" said the crown prince of Prussia at the time of a celebrated desertion. "Yes," said the voice of Don Carlos, "he is here to betray something." "Then let the *events* proceed," said his highness.

The official canvass of the votes cast at the state election in Vermont in September shows a republican majority of 21,912, which is a trifle larger than the average republican majorities at the four previous state elections.

Ben Butler announces his present occupation to be that of "upsetting newspapers and other scoundrelism in the United States." Somebody should tip Ben's chair over. It would aid him greatly in his work.

The signal office being interrogated about the omission of the September equinoctial storm makes the unsatisfactory reply that the "gigantic storm wind of the equinox" is an exploded superstition.

POLITICAL DRIFT

George W Julian of Indiana is to take the stump for Cleveland, which moves the New York *Sun* to recall the fact that Mr Julian once called democrats "Christless whelps."

A Belva Lockwood banner has been stretched across the principal street in Albion N Y. It is hemstitched, has a dado of Hamburg edging, and two rows of shirring on the upper gore.—*Philadelphia Press*

While the New York *Evening Post* is rending its garments and working itself into a perspiration in its effort to prove Mr Blaine a liar and a scoundrel, the Boston Congregational Club at a meeting attended by 200 members indorses Mr Blaine by a vote of 1[illegible] to 5. The people will not hesitate long as to which of these authorities it is best to believe.

The London England, *Globe* says: "Governor Cleveland is to be preferred to Mr Blaine. The latter has Irish leanings and is a much stronger protectionist than his rival." Precisely. Those are the sufficient reasons why Governor Cleveland is preferred to Mr Blaine in England, and they are also the sufficient reasons why Mr Blaine is preferred to Governor Cleveland in the United States.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*

General Dennis F. Burke of New York has told the *Mail-Express* that a large number of the Irish-Americans who intend to vote for Blaine and Logan have made no declaration of that intention in order to prevent being badgered about it. He believes that ten Irish Americans who have been democrats will vote for Blaine for every republican who will vote for Cleveland.

In 1882 John Cody committed an assault upon a young lady in Westchester county, New York. The case was such an aggravated one that the brute narrowly escaped lynching. When brought to trial he was found guilty and sent to the penitentiary for seven years. A few days ago he was pardoned by Governor Cleveland, and is now at liberty to assault other young women. Considering the private character of Cleveland himself this pardon is not remarkable, but what do the people of Westchester county who have daughters to protect think of this scandalous action?—*New York Sun*

The Rev Dr Wilkinson writes to the *Independent* that the Mulligan letters troubled him a good deal, and he thought he could not vote for Blaine, but he suspicion that Mr Blaine was [illegible] above improper influence is now for me chiefly removed by the supplementary Mulligan documents. This is not to retract the expected vote for Mr Blaine, but if I finally refrain from doing so it will not be because I deem him unworthy of the presidency," for I do not.

Most of the democratic organs are now insisting that a republican victory in Ohio in October would have no real significance, as Ohio for the last twenty four years has always been republican in presidential years. Yes, but hasn't the country, also, with strange perversity, been republican, too, these years? Wonder if the election of Blaine in November is going to be admitted to have any national significance?—*Boston Traveller*

Two Big Mayors

A recent Sunbeam said: "Literally the biggest man in Orkano, Texas, has been elected mayor, and for no other reason than the distinction of bulk." This has been duplicated at our last city election. Major Rickman, who kept a butcher shop in East Sedalia, was nominated by "Bazoo" in a spirit of fun. "Bazoo" said he would be able to fill the chair, as he weighed 410 pounds. He was elected, and has taken a lively interest in city affairs, to such an extent that many say he has accomplished more for the city's good than any previous mayor.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

In Louisiana they are making rum out of sweet potatoes.

The personal estate of the late Bishop Matthew Simpson is valued at $4,083.

Times are so hard in Italy that an assassin can be hired to kill a man for eighty five cents.

Robert Bonner tells an interviewer that Maud S will try again this season to break her record.

Lester Wallack's hair is white as snow now. He will make his season a very short one this winter.

Edison is making a curiosity in the form of an electric battery in which all metals are used—all made of liquids.

Mr James [illegible] his first huge story will appear soon in the [illegible]. Will [illegible] the entire table?

Queen Victoria's household numbers [illegible] under 1000 people, whose aggregate salaries foot up £385,000 annually.

The Horseshoe fall at Niagara has worn away the rock and receded a distance of 100 feet in the last thirty four years.

Arizona has 1,000,000,000 feet of pine lumber in a forest near its center. A single concern has cut 36,000,000 feet in the last year.

It is said that the largest grape vine in California is at Ventura and is forty inches in the trunk, though only twenty five years old.

They have a captive wildcat in Virginia which has whipped ten of the best fighting dogs in reputation, and now has her back up to king for another.

It is said that Edison now coaxes fishes to swallow little electric lamps, and then investigates their interior economy at his leisure by the powerful light.

Mrs. Frank Leslie declares that she never in her life employed a maid, French or otherwise, having faith in the proverb "that the Lord helps those who help themselves."

Clara Louise Kellogg is rusticating at Birmingham, Ct., and "paralyzes" the local belles by running around the streets in calico dresses and without her best front hair.

John Broxen of Germantown, O., is digging for seven barrels of gold which a gypsy fortune teller assured him—as another assured his father thirty years ago—is buried on his farm.

Three different civil engineers have made estimates of the quantity of water pouring over Niagara falls every minute, and there is a difference of two quarts between the highest and the lowest.

A Paris novelty is a magnificent fan. Two sticks are bored, and the holes are filled with small lenses of the purest crystal. The wearer covers her face with the fan and uses the sticks as opera glasses.

Edwin Booth will occupy his new and handsome house on the [illegible] street, in Boston, early in October, and in view of his residence he has been proposed for membership in two or three of the leading clubs.

While excavating a well in New York, the workmen found the roots of [illegible] and hickory trees imbedded in the rock fort[y] feet below the surface. In many instances the [illegible] had formed cylindrical channels in the stone.

A Texas paper paints the following picture of felicity: "A negro man with a large watermelon under his arm, a large piece of melon in his hand from which he was eating, while he was feasting his eyes on the big circus show bills."

Mr Livesey, the founder of teetotalism in England, who died lately over ninety years of age, lost his parents when he was seven and had a most discouraging experience of water in his early days, as he had to work in a damp cellar which was often inundated, for years.

To the list of novel inventions from the land of wooden nutmegs must now be added paper cigars, large quantities of which have been imported into the Australian colonies. A correspondent describes these as being such an exact imitation of the natural leaf and to be so well flavored, that it takes a magnifying glass to detect the deception. He adds, too, that they burn well, and hold their white ash firmly.

The French railway companies are about to adopt an electric gate opener. A catch connected with an electro-magnet keeps a gate closed. When a train approaches it closes the circuit, releases the catch, and the gate flies open. The last car on the train as it passes through opens the circuit, and the gate is again closed. The same device rings a bell violently on the approach of each train.

POEMS OF THE DAY.

O the cold wave has come
From the haunts of the west
And the torrid thermom-
Eter falls down its rest.
—*New York Journal.*

Softly through the garden gate he's stealing,
To meet his love upon the graveled plat,
The risen moon his little form revealing,
'Tis not [illegible]—'tis the Thomas cat.
—*Marathon Independent*

The merry [illegible] he
Who whippeth with his whips
The pretty daughter she
[illegible]
[illegible]
And at the last will be
She skippeth [illegible]

Now doth the maid bot[h] le[a]d
Seek out a [illegible]
And gather up the gravest form
And [illegible] them in a book

He called on a Chicago girl
But when he rose to go
She stepped upon his foot alas
And mashed his largest toe

Oh, dear! I beg your pardon sir
She cried. What shall I do
He drew his [illegible] off and groaned
Pray let me take your shoe
—*Burlington Free Press*

[illegible]

—*Hawkeye*

[illegible]

PRESS FITS

If Butler is smart he will at once formulate "Coachman's Protective Eloping Alliance." What a power such a party will be four years hence!—*New York Mail.*

George William Curtis has not been heard from for nearly three weeks. He is understood to be embroidering some suspenders as a Christmas present to Carl Schurz.—*Chicago Tribune*

A chair is used in a Newport lawn which registers the weight of any one sitting in it without the sitter's knowledge. It is said that several ladies have been sincerely vexed at this stratagem.—*Newport News.*

A burglar who went into a house in East St Louis to do a little business complains that he was held up by the owner and robbed of $3 and a gold watch. "Things is workin'" round all right.—*Detroit Free Press*

Mrs B—"Are you not going to celebrate your wooden wedding?" Mrs C—"No, my first wedding was a wooden one." Mrs B—"Oh, it could not be, you know." Mrs C—"It was. I married a blockhead."—*Philadelphia Call*

Forty years ago a woman opened a market stall in Philadelphia. To-day she is worth $250,000. There is nothing like pluck, enterprise, shrewdness, and selling her own paper and meat bones at 30 cents a pound.—*Boston Transcript*

Professor—"Gentlemen will please close their books." After a lapse of a few seconds, observing that his polite command had not been obeyed, he adds: "Those who are not gentlemen will please close their books."—*College Paper*

"Hallo!" said a policeman, "what are you sitting out here in the cold for? Why don't you go in the house? Have you lost the key?" "No, responded the discomfited citizen. "I—hic—haven't lost the key. I've—hic—lost the keyhole."—*Burlington Free Press*

"Conductor," said a Chicago man on board an Illinois Central train in a loud tone of voice, "are you sure we haven't passed St Louis?" "Yes, we are twenty miles this side yet." "This train stops there, doesn't it?" "Yes." "Well, don't fail to let me know when we get there." Then he settled himself back in his seat, and smiled when a St. Louis citizen bent across the aisle and asked him if any new buildings had been put up in Chicago since the fire.—*Chicago Tribune*

An Orange county, N. Y., farmer keeps pea-fowls to destroy potato beetles, claiming that they are very serviceable in this respect.

MEETING NOTICES.

Attention Co. A, Third Ward Blaine and Logan Club. There will be a meeting [illegible] at [illegible] o'clock. All members [illegible] desiring to join are requested to be present.

MARRIED

September [illegible], at the residence of Mr. Charles E. Bray, [illegible], Mr Charles Ross and Miss Belle Foster, [illegible].

DIED

In Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, [illegible] [illegible] Irwin, aged [illegible]. Deceased was father of [illegible] Irwin of this city.

Advertisements under Wants, Help, To Let, For Sale, Lost and Found [illegible] inserted [illegible] per line [illegible] cents per line [illegible] must be paid at the [illegible]
Births, Marriages and Deaths [illegible] cents each. Resolutions of Condolence [illegible] cents per line. All [illegible] advertising payable in advance.

CARTWRIGHT, English watch maker (formerly with Schone) Yamhill bet 1st and 2d.

NOVEMBER STYLES Butterick's Patterns at Moss' Hair Store, [illegible] Yamhill street.

NEW TO-DAY.

A CARD—TO MY CUSTOMERS, FRIENDS and ladies in general—My trade has increased to such extent that I have now three different fitting rooms where each lady can be fitted separately. I also have a [illegible] by which every one will be saved [illegible] time to be fitted [illegible] [illegible] book [illegible] they can govern themselves accordingly. Respectfully, H. B. LITT.

I AM SHOWING THIS WEEK NOVELTIES IN Real Cloth Bannock [illegible] Tweeds French Tricots, [illegible] suitings similar to those worn by gentlemen in color and design but lighter in substance. Besides these I have some elegant two-toned goods, Velvets and Plush for sale, all of which I will make to order, subject to approval, or sell by the yard across the counter. Mr Litt will wait on her regular customers from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. LITT, the Leader.

HAVING INCREASED MY DRESSMAKING to such extent that I have by to-morrow an other fitting room besides the three [illegible] LITT, The Leader.

LITT IS THE ONLY ONE ON THE PACIFIC OF the [illegible] who carries [illegible] dress goods.

JERSEYS, ULSTERS IN EXTRA SIZES AT LITT'S, the Leader on the Pacific [illegible].

FOR CORRECT FITTING OATS [illegible] TAILOR SEND [illegible] Litt, the Leader.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK [illegible] family [illegible].

ALL VARIETIES OF FRESH FISH AND GAME [illegible] Central Market Restaurant.

FOR FINE [illegible] CHOPS AND STEAKS GO TO the Central Market Restaurant.

SOME NICE ROOMS [illegible] [illegible] gentlemen at [illegible] Fourth and [illegible] [illegible].

TO LOAN [illegible] ON [illegible] SECURITY [illegible] real state in [illegible] FRANK [illegible] [illegible] 13 [illegible].

FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN SUITS AND cloaks go to MRS. [illegible] W. RANKIN'S [illegible].

WANTED—A FIRST-CLASS RETAIL [illegible] [illegible].

$1000 WANTED FOR SIX MONTHS [illegible] per year, for which 100 [illegible] worth [illegible] security [illegible].

RARE CHANCE FOR LIVE AGENTS—[illegible] [illegible] Apply [illegible].

ROOMS AND BOARD, TWO [illegible] [illegible] suitable for [illegible] [illegible].

FOR RENT—MOST DESIRABLE FRONT rooms, furnished or unfurnished, en suite or single, with baths etc. [illegible] housekeeping rooms, hot and cold water to each kitchen in that [illegible] [illegible].

CHANGE OF BUSINESS—POSITIVE CLOSING out of Dress Goods, Cloaks and Domestics at cost, [illegible] going exclusively into Fancy Goods business. F. STEINBART has [illegible] the choicest assortment of Embroideries, Laces, [illegible] Ribbons and Underwear.

FOR FINEST FASHIONABLE CLOTHING AND real value for your money go to CORRIGAN, Co., 91 First street.

IMPORTED SWISS CREAM AND OTHER cheeses, new German pickles, sauer kraut, full assortment of fancy delicacies, groceries and [illegible] MRS. BAUM [illegible] Morrison, bet. Fourth and Fifth. Country orders solicited.

BUFFUM & PENDLETON WILL OPEN A first-class establishment at 127 and 129 Third st. on or about Tuesday next with a complete and well assorted stock of men's furnishing goods purchased for cash in the best eastern markets. All the latest novelties at prices that defy competition. Old friends and new ones are requested to call at our opening and examine our goods whether they purchase or not.

REMOVAL

GUMBERT'S BARBER SHOP AND BATHS, [illegible] moved to the corner of Second and Morrison sts. First-class shave 15 cts.

WANT 30 MEN.

FARE PAID, R. R. WORK, TRACK LAYING, good job, sober men only. Call at [illegible] 4 P. M. PLATO'S AGENCY, Dekum block.

INSURANCE AGENCY.

GEORGE L. STORY,

Removed to No. 7 Stark st. north side, between First and First

PHOENIX ASSURANCE COMPANY

Of London. Established in 1782.

UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF EACH INDIVIDUAL share-holder comprising many of the leading mercantile men in London. Offering protection of the [illegible] undoubted kind against fire.

Ladies visiting Portland during the Mechanics' Fair can find

The Largest Millinery

—AND THE—

CHEAPEST MILLINERY

—AT—

ADCOCK'S.

CORNER FIRST AND MAIN STREETS.

BANKRUPT STOCK

Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Dry Goods, Millinery, Hats, Caps, Etc

Having purchased at greatly below cost goods the above [illegible] we are [illegible] to offer the same at

PRICES FAR BELOW

Those fixed upon similar goods offered by dealers generally. An examination will satisfy purchasers that we can give rare bargains. The stock must be closed out at once, therefore buyers should call early.

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED

[illegible]

FOURTH AND MORRISON STREETS

MECHANICS' FAIR

NOW OPEN

From 1 to 5 in the Afternoon and from 7 to 10 Each Evening,

Except SATURDAY when it will [illegible]

Music Every Afternoon and Evening.

MILITARY DAY Oct 16
FIREMEN'S DAY Oct. 23

ADMISSION

Double Season Ticket	[illegible] 00
Single Season Ticket	[illegible] 00
Child's Season Ticket	[illegible] 50
Single Admission, Adult	[illegible]
Single Admission, Child	[illegible]

Sick headache, constipation, costiveness, pains in the back and limbs, loss of appetite, bad breath and taste in the mouth, etc [illegible] relieved by the use of

USE THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER ... [illegible]

TO LET—ROOMS

A NICELY FURNISHED FRONT ROOM FOR rent with use [illegible] [illegible] Pine [illegible].

FOR RENT—A NEATLY FURNISHED ROOM [illegible] [illegible].

FURNISHED ROOMS SINGLE AND EN SUITE, [illegible].

FOR RENT—[illegible] FURNISHED ROOMS [illegible].

TWO NICELY FURNISHED ROOMS FOR housekeeping [illegible].

NICELY FURNISHED ROOM [illegible] [illegible].

TWO OR THREE GENTLEMEN WANTED TO occupy rooms in a private family [illegible] locality. Address [illegible].

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED ROOMS—NEW building, modern improvements, all comforts of a home, board convenient, references required. NW cor Eighth and [illegible].

TO LET—A LARGE VERY CHOICE ALCOVE room with bath, gas and light, in private family; terms reasonable. References [illegible].

HANDSOMELY FURNISHED ROOMS EN suite or single, nearly [illegible] suitable for gentlemen with gas [illegible] references [illegible].

TO LET—HOUSES AND STORES

FOR RENT—$30—FIVE ROOM COTTAGE with bath room. Apply at room 17 Dekum block.

TO LET—HOUSES 64 AND 31 ALDER [illegible] ALSO one cottage of five rooms and bath. Apply at No [illegible] Washington [illegible].

FOR RENT—PART OF STORE INCLUDING show window suitable for jewelry or kindred business. Location best business part of Portland. Address G Y [illegible] care Oregonian office.

FOR RENT—SIX ROOM COTTAGE WITH BRICK cellar, healthy locality [illegible] near Twenty First. Apply next door.

FOR RENT—HOUSE 231 MAIN ST NEAR Ninth. Inquire 230 Ninth st near Ma[in].

WANTS.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE WANTED—PARTIES wishing to dispose of household furniture will do well to call upon GILMAN & CO, 42 First st.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—A GOOD GERMAN BOY 14 OR 15 years old at the PIONEER Dyeing Works, 200 Third street.

WANTED—A GOOD BLACKSMITH FOR GENERAL work, must be a first-class horseshoer. Apply at [illegible].

WANTED—GOOD GIRL 12 TO 15 YRS OLD to take care of a child. Catholic preferred. At 2[illegible] Seventeenth [illegible].

GIRLS WANTED TO PLACES [illegible] MRS PLATO, Dekum [illegible].

WANTED—A GIRL FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK [illegible] good wages [illegible].

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED—TO TRAVEL NO EXPERIENCE needed, wages from $50 to $75 per [illegible] Fourth [illegible].

AN ACTIVE CANVASSER WITH A FEW dollars can make fair wages [illegible] Address [illegible].

WANTED—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN city and country to take light work to their homes; $1 to $3 a day easily made, work sent by mail; no canvassing. We have good demand for our work and furnish steady employment. Address with stamp CROWN M'F'G CO., [illegible] Vine st, Cin. [illegible].

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

WANTED—SITUATION TO TEACH MUSIC [illegible] competent teacher [illegible].

GIRLS FOR HOUSEWORK [illegible] MRS PLATO'S, Dekum block.

FOR SALE

A GOOD PAYING BAKERY FOR SALE. Address [illegible] care Oregonian office.

GROCERY BUSINESS FOR SALE—IN A LIVE-ly town of about 600 inhabitants in the heart of the Willamette valley, [illegible] railroad, with stock about $4,000 [illegible] of good [illegible] stand [illegible] [illegible] $1100 or rent for $[illegible] per month; located in the center of business part of town; also a residence for sale $650 or rent for $8 per month. Terms liberal. Object to sell on account of ill health. Address Grocery, care Oregonian.

$500 FOR FURNITURE OF 10 ROOMS FOR sale [illegible] centrally located. Furniture nearly new, rooms full. $600 furniture 5 room cottage nicely situated [illegible] water free. [illegible] H. KARSHALL [illegible] First and A [illegible] upstairs.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—A FARM OF 110 ACRES IN F[illegible] class farming locality, 13 miles from the city on a good wagon road and only [illegible] of a mile from railroad station. It is well improved and has magnificent running water. Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. [illegible] FRED [illegible] & CO. 2[illegible] Washington st.

$250 WILL BUY A PLEASANT HOME OF [illegible] acres and house of [illegible] rooms in Southern Oregon. Address W. H., care Oregonian.

BUSINESS SPECIALS.

LESSONS GIVEN IN OIL PAINTING ON China, satin and velvet. MRS. E. A. SMITH, [illegible] Multnomah block.

INSTRUCTION ON VIOLIN, PIANO, CORNET, terms moderate. Prof. E. A. SMITH, Multnomah block.

VISITORS TO THE FAIR, BE SURE TO EXamine the wonderful Electric Belt. It cures disease when doctors and drugs fail. Office at C. H. MEUSSDORFFER'S hat store 151 [illegible] st.

PLATO'S BUSINESS AGENCY

SALOON, First street, corner	500
CIGAR STAND, best pay	700
GROCERY, fine location	00
MANUFACTORY, staple goods	800

Farms, Houses, Lots, Lands. Full particulars to correspondents or principals. PLATO'S AGENCY, Dekum Blk.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

We will sell by auction

At the Residence at the S. E. corner Sixth and Columbia,

ON MONDAY, OCT 13 1884

At 10 o clock,

The Entire Furniture of Residence,

COMPRISING

Brussels Carpets, Rocker and Easy Chairs, [illegible] Upholstered Lounge, Marbletop Center Table, Oil Paintings, Walnut Chairs, [illegible] Paper Case, Brackets, Cane Chairs, Lace Curtains, etc., [illegible] Carpets, [illegible] Heating Stoves, Hall and Stair Carpets, Complete Maple Bedroom Suit, Ash Bureau, Comforters, Blankets, Pillows, Springs and Top Mattresses, Toilet Sets, etc.

ALSO

Crockery, Glassware, Kitchen Range, Wardrobe and Kitchen Furniture.

GILMAN & CO. Auctioneers.

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE

OF

ELEGANT [illegible] FURNITURE

We are instructed to dispose of by auction at the Residence No. 6[illegible] [illegible] Park street [illegible] [illegible] street

ON TUESDAY, OCT 14 1884,

At 10 o'clock A. M.

ELEGANT PARLOR SUIT, Easy Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Brussels Carpets, Parlor Brackets, Ornaments, Marble Center Table, Inlaid Bouquet Stand, Velvet Rug, Brussels Stair Carpet, Hall Carpets, Very Elegant Marbletop Bedroom Suits, Elegant Ash Suit, [illegible] marble top, Spring and [illegible] Curled Hair Mattresses, Blankets, Comforters, [illegible] Spreads, Elegant Wardrobe with Plate Mirror, Toilet Sets, [illegible] Dining Table, Chairs, Crockery, Glassware, Castor, etc.

ALSO

Fine Range and [illegible] and Kitchen Furniture.

[illegible] Special attention is called to this sale. The goods are first-class.

GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

[illegible] Days' Sale

$10,000 worth of

Furniture, Bedding, Carpet, Mirrors, Upholstery, Brackets, Fancy Cabinet Ware, Oil Paintings, etc., etc.,

BY AUCTION!

J. M. BIRMINGHAM

Has been instructed by the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] the highest bidders for cash [illegible] [illegible] of having [illegible] [illegible] improvements in the interior of the building—

Nos. 244 and 246 First St., bet. Main and Madison.

Sale will take place on

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday,

October 15th, 16th and 17th

Commencing at 10:30 A. M. and 1:30 P. M. of each day.

POSITIVELY NO RESERVE

Goods on first floor will not be offered by auction at [illegible] line of sale.

Catalogues can be had upon application on Monday.

This will be a splendid opportunity to buy first class goods at your own figure.

[illegible] warerooms 244-246 First street.

[illegible] [illegible] & CO. Auctioneers.

TO CAPTAINS AND PILOTS.

You are RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED when passing the wharves of the PORTLAND FLOURING MILLS, below Albina, TO RUN YOUR STEAMERS UNDER SLOW BELL, in order to avoid DAMAGE TO VESSELS moored at the said wharves.

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Agents.

Portland, Or., Oct. 7, 1884.

AMUSEMENTS

NEW MARKET THEATER

J. P. HOWE, Sole Manager.

Commencing Monday Evening, Oct [illegible]

Positively One Week Only

Engagement of the Brilliant and [illegible] Shakespearian Actor,

GEO. C. MILN

Sustained by the Talented Tragedienne

ADELE PAYN,

And a complete Company of Shakespearian [illegible] including

WM. LLOYD.

Monday—Richelieu. Tuesday—[illegible]
Wednesday—Hamlet. Thursday—[illegible]
Friday—Damon and Pythias.
Saturday Matinee—Romeo and Juliet.
Saturday Evening—Fool's Revenge.

Box Sheet now open at Cornelius' drug store. N. B.—Free list entirely suspended.

THE TIVOLI THEATER

Corner of First and Madison sts.

EDWIN STEVENS

TO-NIGHT,

SIMONA,

—OR—

The Jolly Musketeers

Admission [illegible]

DIME MUSEUM,

No. 9 Washington St.

THE ENGLISH GIANT BOY, TATTOOED MAN, CIRCASSIAN QUEEN, MAMMOTH FAT BOY, TEXAS RED BAT, ELECTRIC BOY, HAPPY FAMILY, WONDERFUL RHODA MYSTERY, And other curiosities.

A strictly first-class moral exhibition. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission [illegible]

GREAT SALE

—OF—

CLOAKS, [illegible]

Newmarkets [illegible]
Ulsters [illegible]
Dolmans At Bankrupt [illegible]
Paletots At Closing [illegible]
Jersey Cloaks At Retiring [illegible]
Children's Cloaks At Auction [illegible]
Children's Havelocks & Derbys at Your own [illegible]

Believing that we have imported for [illegible] Cloaks for this season's demands, [illegible] termined not to have them [illegible] so we have decided to sell them [illegible] of importation. We mean business [illegible]

EVERY CLOAK HAS GOT TO [illegible]

MOZART'S

Cloak and Suit House

No. 70 Morrison street, between Third and Fourth.

N. B.—Send for Price List

[illegible]

The Board of Fire Underwriters

OF THE PACIFIC

Hereby offer a reward of one [illegible] for the arrest (within six months from this date) [illegible] tion of any person or persons [illegible] of arson by firing any property in the [illegible] Or. on or after the 21st day of September [illegible] San Francisco, Sept. 24, 1884.

GUSTAVE TOUCHARD,
A. P. FLINT, [illegible]

RUBBER STORE

Rubber Hunting Boots, Coats, [illegible] Gossamers, etc. Rubber Leather and Cotton [illegible] Packing, Hose etc.

PRESTON, NOTT & [illegible]

164 First Street.

1857

J. C. CARSON,

MANUFACTURER OF

Sash, Doors, Blinds

DEALER IN

Window and Plate Glass

A full line in stock of

General Building Material

Estimates and Price lists on application

Country Orders a Specialty

Factory at Welders [illegible]

Salesroom cor. Third and [illegible]

REDINGTON,

WOODARD,

& Co

Wholesale Druggists

Portland.

MANHOOD

The reason that Thousands cannot [illegible] SEMINAL WEAKNESS, LOSS OF MANHOOD and hereafter of other diseases is owing to a complication called PROSTATORRHEA [illegible] DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR is the ONLY cure for PROSTATORRHEA. $2.00 per package, 6 packages [illegible]. Health and Self Analysis free. [illegible] BIG DISPENSARY for Diseases of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] St. San Francisco.

TO CONSUMERS OF [illegible]

Office Portland Gas Light Co.

COKE WILL BE SOLD FROM THIS [illegible] $7 a reduction of $[illegible] per ton.

VARICOCELE [illegible]

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

AMUSEMENTS.

MARKET THEATER
J. P. HOWE, Sole Manager.

...cing Monday Evening, Oct. 1...
Positively One Week Only.

...ent of the Brilliant and Successful Shakesperian Actor,

O. C. MIL...

...tained by the Talented Tragedienne,

...DELE PAYN...

...mplete Company of Shakesperian Artists including

WM. LLOYD.

...Richelieu. Tuesday—Macbeth
...ay—Hamlet. Thursday—Othello
Friday—Damon and Pythias.
...day Matinee—Romeo and Juliet.
...Evening—Fool's Revenge.

...et now open at Cornelius' drug store. ...ree list entirely suspended. Press excepted.

TIVOLI THEATER
...rner of First and Madison sts.
...TEVENS..........Manager

TO-NIGHT
SIMONA,
—OR—
...e Jolly Musketeers.
...ssion........25c and 50c

DIME MUSEUM,
No. 9 Washington St.
...GLISH GIANT BOY,
...OOED MAN,
...RCASSIAN QUEEN,
MAMMOTH FAT BOY,
TEXAS RED BAT,
ELECTRIC BOY,
HAPPY FAMILY,
...DERFUL RHODA MYSTERY,
And other curiosities.
...rictly first-class moral exhibition.
...om 11 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 10c...

...S...
—OF—
C..KS, C..KS,

...ets At Cost
Below Cost
At Bankrupt Prices
At Closing Prices
...aks At Retiring Prices
...Cloaks At Auction Prices
...Havelocks & Derbys at Your own Prices

...ing that we have imported too many ...or this season's demands, we are de... not to have them left on our hands ...ve decided to sell them off at cost... ...tation. We mean business, and

...RY CLOAK HAS GOT TO GO.

MOZART'S
...k and Suit House,
...70 Morrison street, between Third and Fourth.
...end for Price List.

...

Board of Fire Underwriters
OF THE PACIFIC

...er a reward of one thousand dollars for ...hin six months from this date) and ... person or persons found guilty of the ... Bring any property in the city of P... after the 21st day of September, 1884. ...ndance, Sept. 24, 1884.
GUSTAVE TOUCHARD...
A. P. FLINT, Committee on Arson.

RUBBER STORE
Hunting Boots, Coats, Hats, Caps
Gossamers, etc.
...er, Leather and Cotton Belting,
Packing, Hose, etc.
...STON, NOTT & CO.
164 First Street.

J. C. CARSON, 1884
MANUFACTURER OF
..., Doors, Blinds
DEALER IN
...ow and Plate Glass
A full line in stock of
...al Building Materials
...Estimates and Price Lists on application.
...try Orders a Specialty
Factory at Welders' Mill.
...alesroom cor. Third and E.

...INGTON,
WOODARD,
& CO.
...lesale Druggists
Portland.



...NHOOD

...eason that Thousands cannot get cured of ...NAL WEAKNESS, LOSS OF MA... and the result of abuse, disease or excess ...to a complication called PROSTATORRHEA ... DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR ... Prostatorrhea ... package, 6 packages, $10.00 ... Address ... SPENSARY for Diseases of Men, ... Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

...O CONSUMERS OF COKE. Office Portland Gas Light Co., Oct. 5, ... WILL BE SOLD FROM THIS DATE ... reduction of $1 per ton.

...JCELE ...

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1884.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

Daily, per month	$1 00
Daily with Sunday, per month	1 20
Daily, per year	10 00
Daily with Sunday, per year	12 00
Sunday, per year	2 50
Sunday and Weekly, per year	4 00
The Weekly, per year	2 50
TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS:	
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	25c
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included	30c

The Oregonian in the East.

This paper can be seen at the following places:
NEW YORK CITY—S. C. Beckwith, eastern representative of THE OREGONIAN, 48 Tribune building.
CHICAGO—Lord & Thomas, McCormick block, and Sutherland's news agency.
PHILADELPHIA—N. W. Ayer & Son, Eighth and Chestnut sts., and Times office.
CINCINNATI—Public Library.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Library of Congress.
ST. PAUL—Pioneer-Press office.
BOSTON—Offices of Post and Advertiser.
ST. LOUIS—Parsin & Sons, Olive st.
PITTSBURG—Dispatch office, Pleasing Bros., Hostetter & Smith.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Oct. 11, 7:57 P. M.

Place of Observation	Bar.	Change in last 8 hours	Ther.	Wind Direction	Rain fall in inch	State of Weather
Portland	29.95	+.02	53	Calm	.34	Lt rain
Roseburg			56	Calm	.00	Clear
Red Bluff	29.95	+.06	64	S	.00	Clear
Sacramento	29.90	—.09	60	N	.00	Clear
Mendocino	29.96	—.09	57	N	.00	Fair
Tatoosh	29.97	—.03	53	SE	.00	Cloudy

Maximum thermometer, 51; minimum, 50.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

Is for sale at the following places:
Postoffice candy store, Fifth and Morrison.
Staples', Fourth and Morrison.
Browning's, 32 Morrison.
Hodgetts, 100 Morrison.
Potter's, First and Washington.
S. L. Stone's, First and Ash.
Chas. Korell's, First and C.
Morgan's northwest corner First and Salmon.
Oick, First near Clay.
Rankin, Fourth and L streets, East Portland.
Mrs. M. Lunn, 86 Morrison.
Butler, 37 First.
Wilcox, southwest corner First and Oak.
Flinden, northwest corner First and Oak.
Portland News Co., 100 First.
Holton house news-stand, Fourth and Alder.
Quimby house news stand, Fourth, corner C.
Kinney, Fifth and Morrison.
Reed, First near Salmon.
Mrs. Carroll, First, bet. E and F.
Cornell, 10 First.
Fischbouer, 11 Washington.
St. Ruh, 104 First.
Shields, 64 North First.
Vrcesovich, 21 North First.
C. H. Beal, Jefferson street ferry.
And at the counting room of THE OREGONIAN, corner Front and Stark.

PORTLAND POSTOFFICE.

Mail boxes cleared at 6 and 10:45 A. M., and 9 P. M.

Atlantic and Eastern mails close at 11 A. M.; Southern, 6:45 A. M.; West Side, 7:20 A. M.; Lower Columbia, Vancouver and Cascades, at midnight; North of Kalama and Sound, 12:30 P. M.

STREET CARS—FAIR SEASON.

Washington, Eleventh and North Fifteenth; last car 11 P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Taylor street M. E. church. The pastor, Rev. G. W. Chandler, will preach morning and evening.

First Presbyterian Church, A. L. Lindsley, pastor—Services morning and evening. Seats free to all comers.

South Portland Chapel (Unitarian). Sunday school at 3 P. M. Religious services at 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited.

South Portland M. E. Mission, Baker's hall, corner Meade and Hood streets. Sunday school at 3 P. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. by Rev. G. M. Peirce.

Preaching at the First Christian church, East Park and Columbia, Lord's Day at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. A cordial welcome to all.

St. Stephen's Chapel, corner 5th and Jefferson streets. Divine service will be held in the chapel on Sunday at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. Sunday school at 10. Seats free.

North Portland Pres. Mission, corner Sixteenth and M streets, pastor Rev. R. J. Laughlin—Preaching service in the morning at 11 o'clock, and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Sabbath school at 2:30 P. M. All are cordially invited.

United Presbyterian church, Durand music hall, corner First and Clay. Rev. Wm. R. Stevenson, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. Sabbath school at 12:30 P. M. A most cordial welcome to all. Evening service omitted.

Unitarian Church, corner of Yamhill and Seventh, T. L. Eliot, minister. Services at 11 and 7:30. Sunday school at 12:30. The evening services are resumed and the theme of the sermon is "Practical Atheism."

North Portland M. E. Mission, corner Seventeenth and S streets. Sunday school at 2 P. M. In the evening the usual service will be omitted, that the congregation may attend the dedicatory services of the Grace M. E. church.

Young Men's Christian Association—Services: Bible study for young men 9:30 to 10:30 every Sunday morning. Public praise service Sunday afternoon, 4:15, in the hall. Daily noonday meetings, 12:15 to 12:45. Rooms open from 8:30 A. M. to 9:30 P. M.

Norwegian Lutheran service, conducted by Rev. ... Engh, will be held over Prentice's music store, First street, between Stark and Washington, at 3 P. M.; also in East Portland, in the Scandinavian church near the Jefferson street ferry, at 11 A. M.

Christadelphians, meeting over Prentice's music store, on First, between Stark and Washington streets, room 6; Lecture by A. Sussthall at 11 A. M. Subject: "Why the Unpopularity of Old Testament Saints and the Popularity of Modern Christians with the World?"

Hall Street M. E. Church, corner Hall and Sixth streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. by Rev. G. M. Peirce. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. In the evening there will be no service, that the congregation may attend, per invitation, the dedicatory services of the Grace M. E. church.

Plymouth Congregational church, corner Fourteenth and F streets, G. H. Lee, acting pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school, 12:30 P. M. The condition of the Pagans will be discussed in connection with the morning sermon. A peculiar welcome will be extended to the young, though all classes are cordially invited.

First Baptist church, corner Fourth and Alder, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, the pastor, will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. In the evening the series of Sunday evening sermons on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress will be continued. Subject: "Doubting Castle and Giant Despair." Sunday school at 12:30. A cordial invitation extended to the public. You are welcome.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30 P. M. Young People's Christian union will hold their usual praise and prayer service Sunday evening at 6:30 o'clock. All the seats are free and congregational singing. You are cordially invited to all these services.

Spiritualism—Good Templars' hall, corner Third and Alder. George P. Colby, inspirational speaker, will answer written questions prepared by the audience upon the spiritual philosophy, at 11 A. M., Sunday October 12, and at 7:30 P. M. will lecture upon questions also to be chosen by the audience, relating to said philosophy. Admission, free. All are invited.

First Congregational church, corner Second and Jefferson streets. Service to-morrow at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. Frederic R. Marvin. Morning subject: "The Spirit of Missions," suggested by the approaching annual meeting of the Ladies' Missionary society connected with the church. Evening subject: "The Divine Idea of Forgiveness." Sunday school and pastor's bible class at 12:30 P. M.

EAST PORTLAND PULPITS.

M. E. church, Rev. S. P. Wilson, pastor—Service at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30.

St. David's Episcopal church, Rev. John W. Sellwood, rector—Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M.

W. C. T. U.—Regular meeting Thursday at 2 P. M., at Ross' hall. Mrs. K. Mendenhall, president; Mrs. M. L. Kenworthy, secretary.

Saint Francis' Catholic church, corner Eleventh and J streets, Rev. P. Macken, rector. High mass at 10:30 A. M. Rev. Matayo officiating.

Lee's chapel, Tibbett's addition—Preaching by Rev. D. O. Ghormley at 4 P. M., October 12. Sabbath school at 3 P. M. Strangers and friends invited.

Zion Evangelical church, Stephens' addition—Rev. C. C. Poling, pastor. Services at Shute's hall, corner of Sixth and V streets, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 10 A. M.

—Presbyterian church, corner Sixth and J streets—Services Sabbath, Oct. 12th, as follows: Preaching by the pastor, Rev. D. O. Ghormley, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 12:30. Strangers invited.

THE HOTELS.

MERCHANT HOTEL.

H W Barwell, Grd Haven	M Milley, Grand Haven
F Markwood, Salem	J B Berling, Canon Ill
L B Smith, Lewiston	M Dahlist, Dakota
G Dillo, S F	A Anderson & wf N P R R
D B Leeper, S Bend	J W Howard, Pineville
G T Smith, Salem	R Griffin, N P R R
Jno Doyle, N P R R	H J Michel, city
Frank Enos, O & C	

THE GILMAN.

T G Alvord, Syracuse, N Y	W Gates, city
F Brooks, Vancouver	C Reynolds, La Grande
E J Dahms, city	E B McElroy, Salem
W W Haven, S F	E Armstrong, city
H Taylor, city	W H Jones, S F
J Morris, Honolulu	

FUR AND SEALSKIN GARMENTS.

C. C. Payne, the well known Wholesale Furrier and Manufacturer, ... street, New York, will sell elegant Fur Garments at retail at lowest cash wholesale prices this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity to purchase strictly reliable Furs, direct from the manufacturer, and save retailer's profits. Fashion book mailed free.

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

Hon. W. D. Hare of Washington county is at the Merchant.

Passenger trains will not run to Kalama for several days yet.

The new iron ship Clarence S. Bement is moored at Albina.

Rev. G. W. Foote will be instituted as rector of Trinity church this morning.

Owing to the wire being down no dispatches were received from Astoria last evening.

The British bark Osaka left down the river at 10 A. M. yesterday with a full cargo of wheat.

The State of California reached San Francisco at 9:15 A. M. yesterday, and the Oregon sailed at 10 A. M.

E. H. Mix, engineer on the Baker City branch, and Mr. Cochran and wife from Scotland are at the Merchant.

The Pacific express was delayed twelve hours by a slide above Troutdale yesterday and arrived at 11 P. M.

W. P. Smith of Waitsburg, who has been here some days in the interest of the grain growers of his locality, returns to-day.

Mrs. Parmentier desires it stated that there was no insurance on her husband's life, owing to the fact that dues in certain orders were unpaid at the time of his death.

Mr. J. M. Hannaford, general freight agent of the Northern Pacific, will leave St. Paul to-morrow for Portland, stopping at several points en route. He will reach here in about ten days.

Mr. Samuel B. Irwin, of the First National bank, received a telegram yesterday announcing the death of his father at Allegheny City, Pa., at 10 o'clock that day, at the age of 65 years. He has been in poor health for some time.

Mr. S. B. Morse leaves to-day for Boston to visit his parents, whom he has not seen for twenty-five years. His daughter, Miss Mamie Morse, accompanied him, and will remain in Boston during the winter to prosecute musical studies.

It is stated on good authority that the Gilman hotel has been leased for three years to Louis Eppinger, who will take possession in a few days. The house is handsomely furnished, and under Mr. Eppinger's charge will no doubt become a favorite with the traveling public.

A PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

Samuel Colver, candidate on the prohibition electoral ticket, will deliver an address Monday evening at 7 o'clock at the courthouse. General attendance is requested.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Heron yesterday to arrive here to-day: C. W. Coffin and daughter, Mr. Cole, V. Boutwell, T. H. Brand, Mrs. J. E. Mitchell, Gussie Jelle and Nellie J. Wesley.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Rev. T. W. Fleming, "the blind temperance orator of Illinois," will speak on temperance this (Sunday) afternoon, at 3 o'clock, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., at their hall on Fifth and Alder streets. Mr. Fleming is said to be a very interesting speaker. All are cordially invited to attend.

CHURCH OPENING.

The new Zion church of the Evangelical association, situated on the corner of Sixth and V streets, Stephens' addition, East Portland, was opened last evening, the pulpit being occupied by Rev. F. C. Strayer of Salem. Rev. J. Bowersox, presiding elder of Willamette district, will preach there at 11 o'clock this morning, and Rev. A. Krecker of Corvallis, at 7:30 this evening.

THE EAST SIDE FIRE.

The fire referred to in these columns yesterday morning was caused by the burning of a dwelling house on the section line road about two miles southwest of East Portland. The building had just been rented to Mrs. Ward, of Portland, and that lady had just moved into it. The building, together with a large amount of furniture and clothing, and a fine piano was totally destroyed. The cause of the fire is not known.

HOW SHE SECURED BEAUX.

Said a young lady, who has served an apprenticeship at painting, to a friend in a First street car yesterday: "I'll tell you how I always get plenty of escorts to the fair. I exhibit a few of my pictures, get a free ticket and never fail to mention it to the young men I know. If they take some other girl it costs them an extra four bits; if they take me, they only pay for themselves. Oh! there's nothing like being an artist."

FERRY ATTACHED.

Yesterday Sheriff Jordan levied on the ferry-boat Albina No. 2, together with her cable, etc., on a judgment of $1765.18 in favor of the Multnomah Railway Company against M. A. and Nathan Hackett. This grew out of the recent decision of Judge Boise, who awarded the railway company this amount. The case was appealed to the supreme court, but the Hacketts gave bonds only for the costs, hence the railway company took this means of securing themselves.

SHIP CARPENTERS' AND CAULKERS' UNION.

The ship carpenters and caulkers of this city held a meeting last evening and organized a union. J. O'Neil was elected president, Joseph Duncan and J. Jordan, vice presidents; Wm. Thompson, secretary, and Jas. Collins, treasurer. The meeting adopted a resolution to fix the wages of the members at $4 a day. Due notice will be given of the next meeting. Present wages are $4 a day and the action was taken in anticipation of a reduction to $3.50, which they will resist.

POLITICAL HONORS OFFERED.

William McCabe, a printer who will be remembered by all old members of the craft as one of the force who came here with the *Bulletin* and was afterwards engaged in the job printing business, has had greatness thrust *at* him. He has been nominated for congress on the Butler and West ticket in the Ninth New York district. His leaving Portland was commemorated by Sam Boardman in a yard of doggerel beginning "McCabe has gone down on the steamer, gone down."

JUMPING ON TRAINS.

A great many youngsters daily amuse themselves in racing alongside the rear cars of the long freight trains which come slowly down Fourth street, and in jumping on and off the cars. Yesterday one little fellow fell almost under the wheels, giving a cold chill to all who beheld his tumble. Boy like, he thought a miss was as good as a mile, and jumping up ran after the train and succeeded in clambering on a car. Boys cannot be made to see the danger in this sort of thing, but there is a law against it, and if the police would make a few arrests it would be stopped.

DEATH OF A PIONEER WOMAN.

Mrs. Olive Dement died in Oakland on Friday night. She was the widow of William C. Dement (died 1865), well known to all older residents in Oregon from his extensive business connections with them in early days. Mrs. Dement was the daughter of Rev. Hezekiah Johnson, deceased, and the mother of Mrs. C. P. Church, of Portland, Mrs. W. C. Bardsley, of Walla Walla, and the Dement boys of Astoria and Walla Walla, who are business men in their respective communities. Mrs. Dement's remains will arrive by the steamer leaving San Francisco, Oct. 16, and will be buried in the family plot in Oregon City cemetery.

THE DESIGN COMMENDABLE.

The action of Prosecuting Attorney Gearin in securing a second indictment against the bank thief Frisbie is thus commented on by the San Francisco *Chronicle* of the 9th: "The Portland people seem determined that Frisbie, the bank defaulter, shall not escape with the light punishment of one year which a lenient judge imposed on him. Their plan is to indict him successively for each theft and in this way keep him beyond the reach of further temptation for a number of years. The design is commendable, as the gentlemanly bank thief has enjoyed altogether too much public sympathy in this country."

SECURED HUNTING PRIVILEGE.

Now that the season for shooting canvas-back ducks is approaching the boys are beginning to secure the privilege of hunting on lakes frequented by these birds. Holbrook lake, situated on the mainland side of Willamette slough, about three miles below the ferry, was leased yesterday by Messrs. Myrick, Rickey, Walker and George Curry. Five or six other lakes have been rented at prices ranging from $100 to $150. It is not probable that the boys will get ducks enough to pay the rent, let alone time and cartridges used. But then the fun of slipping around in the mud and wading sloughs and getting wet and tired and hungry—that is worth bushels of money.

THICK WITH SALMON.

All old residents of the northwest have heard stories about streams in which the salmon were so plentiful that it was difficult to drive a team across. Mr. H. E. Borthwick of the Upper Cascades, states that he has often heard these stories, but never saw an example till a few days since, when he attempted to ride across Wind river, a few miles above the Cascades. The stream was literally alive with salmon of different kinds, so close together that at every step his horse's legs struck against them and he had considerable difficulty in urging the animal across. A short distance above the ford was a fall of 60 feet, which stopped the progress of the fish, and probably accounts for them being collected in such large numbers. Fish have been known to desert streams entirely on account of some obstruction having been placed across them—a mill dam, for instance—and it might be supposed from this that such an obstruction as a 60-foot fall would cause the salmon to desert this river. But probably owing to the great numbers of the fish they crowd up such streams in myriads till stopped. Even at Multnomah falls, which is only a short distance from the Columbia and which are several hundred feet high, large numbers of salmon are found. From all such streams the dead bodies of salmon are seen floating out by hundreds, which probably gives rise to the idea entertained by some, that all the salmon which go up rivers die without returning to salt water.

SUNKEN BOILER RECOVERED.

The boiler of the steamer Clatsop Chief has been recovered, and was brought to this city yesterday. It will be remembered by readers of THE OREGONIAN that the Chief was run into by the steamship Oregon at Willow bar about three years ago and was sunk. When the steamship struck the Chief the latter was keeled over and cut in two her whole length, her boiler going to the bottom. There it has laid ever since in forty-six feet of water. A few days since Captain S. F. Douglas, of the Westport, undertook the job of raising it, which, with the aid of a barge, diver and jack-screws, he successfully accomplished in two days. The boiler is but little the worse for its long rest at the bottom of the Columbia, and as it is worth about $1500 well repays the cost of recovering it.

TAMPERING WITH LETTER BOXES.

Complaints are made that the street letter boxes are tampered with, presumably by bad boys. The box at the corner of Front and Hooker streets had a lot of sand stuffed into it, and one of the boxes had a knife blade broken off in it, showing that some one had been trying to pry it open. Not long since a young rascal set fire to the letters in a box. Residents in the vicinity of letter boxes should keep a lookout for these bad boys, as if this trouble is continued the boxes molested will be removed. Postmaster Steel states that he will pay a reward of $20 for the arrest and conviction of any one found tampering with the street letter boxes. Boys should know that they must not fool with Uncle Sam's letter boxes and that a severe penalty awaits them if caught. The stuffing of a letter box with sand is a piece of pure and unadulterated cussedness which only a very bad boy would be guilty of.

A QUESTION FOR SHERIFFS.

Can they Levy on Money which they May Take From Prisoners in their Keeping?

A case of more than passing interest is now before the state circuit court for adjudication; interesting because it is entirely new, because there are no precedents, and because attorneys on both sides are pretty well at sea on the question involved. It is an action wherein ex-Sheriff George C. Sears is sued for $881 by E. J. Dahms, to whom the claim was assigned by Fred Kittner. Last October, Kittner, then a country merchant, was arrested for obtaining goods under false pretenses and locked up in the county jail. He was turned loose among the prisoners, but requested several times to be placed in a separate cell, as he feared his life was in danger. Jailer Dougherty brought him out, and searching him more carefully than upon his first admission, found $721 in a belt. This he handed to Deputy Sheriff Witherell, who put it away in the safe. The incident was mentioned about the courthouse, and coming to the knowledge of Thompson, DeHart & Co., they attached it for $530. Then Hodge, Davis & Co. came in for a $34 attachment. In due course of time they obtained judgments and executions, which the sheriff was instructed to pay out of the funds levied on by him. The judgment and costs being paid, $60 remained, and this went to J. A. Campbell, the prisoner's attorney. Kittner assigned his claim to Dahms, who brought suit against Sears. The plaintiff is represented by F. V. Drake and G. W. Yocum, and the defendant by R. Mallory and Joseph Simon, and the case is being heard by a jury. Already it has occupied two days, and a night session was held last night to hear the arguments. Almost every inch of the testimony was combatted by one side or the other, and the case became tedious because neither of the attorneys knew exactly the ground on which he was treading, and often there were arguments without apparent point.

The question involved is this: Is it legal for a sheriff to levy on property which comes into his custody as a peace officer, whether the property so taken by him was to remove a prisoner from the danger of bodily harm, or take away from a prisoner a means by which he might make his escape through bribery. If the jury are as muddled on the question as the attorneys seem to be, they will not reach a verdict at this term of court.

SUICIDE AT THE CASCADE LOCKS.

Harry W. Abney, a Young Man formerly of Portland, Blows Out his Brains—No Cause for the Deed.

Harry W. Abney, government time keeper at the Cascade Locks and deputy postmaster there, committed suicide on Thursday last. He attended to his duties that morning as usual, and afterward went to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hope, leaving a package of papers which belonged to them. He then walked out and found Mr. Hope and gave him a package of papers, remarking: "You'll find them all right." At noon Mr. Davis, the book-keeper at the locks, wanted to pay off the employes, and needed Abney's assistance. He was nowhere to be found, and it was thought that he might have gone on board the government towboat lying at the big eddy. When it was found that he was not there his friends became alarmed, and a search was organized and kept up till about midnight, when, no traces of the missing man having been found, it was abandoned. Friday morning the search was renewed by two parties, under charge of Lieutenant Young and Captain Dicott. About 3 o'clock P. M., in a wild secluded spot up a deep ravine, two miles below the locks, the dead body of Abney was found, a revolver grasped in one hand. Near by was a piece of paper on which was written: "I am tired of life. Leave my affairs, if I am found, with Mr. Davis."

A little blood on the lips was the only sign of how death had been caused. It appears that he had discharged one barrel of the revolver in his mouth, the bullet entering the brain and lodging there causing instant death.

No cause can be assigned for the rash act. Mr. Abney was highly respected and esteemed, and a general favorite with all who knew him. He had a good situation and salary, and was not embarrassed in any way. He was a graduate of the Bishop Scott grammar school. His mother resides in this city and his father is quartermaster sergeant of the Twenty-first Infantry now at Sidney barracks, Nebraska. He was 23 years of age.

The coroner of Wasco county held an inquest yesterday, and the remains will be brought to this city for burial to-day or to-morrow.

WANTS $5000 FOR A BLACK EYE.

Barrister Bernstein Sues a San Francisco Insurance Man for Bodily Injury, and Gets Out a Writ of Arrest.

Mr. L. R. Edwards of San Francisco, general agent of the Oakland Home Insurance Company, is in the city on business connected with recent fires. Last Thursday, he and Mr. Alex Bernstein had some words over the slight loss sustained by J. Halberstadt, through reason of a fire. Both lost their temper and Edwards struck Bernstein. He hit hard and the blow landed on the lawyer's eye, discoloring it very much. Straightway Bernstein lodged complaint in Justice Redmond's court, where Edwards was fined $15 for assault and battery and he was further placed under bonds of $500 to keep the peace.

But Bernstein wasn't half through with him. Yesterday he began action against Edwards in the state circuit court for $5000 damages for bodily injury caused by the blow. His attorneys are Caples & Mulkey. He swore out a writ of arrest, which was served upon Edwards by Sheriff Jordan. The defendant gave bonds in the sum of $5000, his sureties being Eugene D. White and S. B. Riggen, of the firm of White & Riggen, local agents of Edwards' company. Just what Bernstein's next move will be is uncertain, but as the blow probably made the fire flash out of his eye, he will doubtless have Edwards next up for arson.

ONE OR MORE SURGEONS

From the Western Division, 319 Bush street, S. F., of the National Surgical Institute, will be at the St. Charles hotel, Portland, Oct. 13th and 15th.

Persons suffering from diseases of the spine, hip, limbs or any bodily deformity, paralysis, fistula, sexual or chronic diseases should avail themselves of this opportunity.

References given throughout the U. S. Consultation free.

CITY NOTICES.

Cardinell's Boat House, south side of Stark.

Everybody takes coffee at the Bon Ton Coffee House, 9 North First. H. Grelle, Proprietor.

THE CLARENCE S. BEMENT.

Her First Voyage a Success in Every Respect.

Details of the Passage Around the Horn—A Triumph for American Ship-building—Description of the Vessel.

Railroad men here have anxiously awaited the arrival of this vessel for some weeks past, with the last link of track to connect the O. R. & N. Co. with the Oregon Short Line. Her probable passage has for the past month been discussed with interest, not only at headquarters here, but in every caboose, at every station, by every trainman on the main line; in every camp, and by everyone actively engaged on construction on the Baker City branch; and as the days went on many expressed grave fears at no report of her having appeared. At last came the welcome news that on the 25th of July she was spoken immediately off Cape Horn; and scarcely had the excitement died away, and the probable date of her appearance been decided upon, when she was reported last Friday week at Astoria, having made her run in three weeks less than was allowed her from the Horn.

To nautical men also she was an object of unusual interest. The Tillie E. Starbuck, the first American iron built ship to come here, carrying a similar cargo, had made an unusually long, and what was on the whole, an unprofitable passage; and on the Bement's passage and her state on arrival depended the verdict as to what American iron vessels amounted to, in a community well able to judge from their familiarity with all classes of British ships. The Bement was contracted for in June, 1883, by her principal owner, Mr. Jacob E. Ridgeway, a prominent capitalist of Philadelphia, with the American Shipbuilding Company, of which Commander Gorringe is president. In her construction no pains or expense was spared to make her as perfect as experience in building the T. F. Oakes could indicate. She was built under a Lloyds special survey, and is classed 100 A 1 at Lloyds. When she was chartered for her present cargo, Morris Boney, stevedore of Philadelphia, was engaged to stow her. To him as much as to the vessel is due her trim at sea and the admirable condition in which her cargo is coming out.

The Bement left the capes of Delaware April 20; had poor trades in North Atlantic, being 35 days to the equator. There had moderate southeast trades to about 28 S., from which to about 40 she encountered for three weeks a constant succession of southwest gales; had north and west winds to Staten Land, and for the following 21 days encountered one continuous gale for three weeks. Captain Townsend reports this the heaviest weather he has ever encountered at sea. In the South Pacific winds were variable; took the southeast trades at 18, and carried them to 8 N.; from there to light northeast trades up to 25. After variable winds to port.

The Bement was spoken but once off Cape Horn, as reported. While in the latitude of the Sandwich Islands, and about 600 miles from the nearest land, a large hawk visited the ship and stayed by her for some days. Regularly several times a day he moved away after a "Mother Cary chicken," with which he would return to the ship and proceed quietly to dissect and eat it on one of the yards. He was an epicure, as he invariably cut away the wings entire, dropping them to the deck before he began his repast.

She is commanded by Captain B. B. Townsend who owns a part of her. Captain Townsend is delighted with his ship, and says that she has excelled all his expectations. The fact of her having met no accident whatever, despite the extra heavy weather she encountered, speaks volumes as to her sea going qualities. When her hatches were opened not a "tom" had started.

Her length is 292 feet 6 inches from figure-head to taffrail, her beam 42 feet and depth of hold 24 feet. Her registered tonnage is 1900 tons, and she left Philadelphia with over 3000 tons aboard, including water and stores. She arrived at Astoria drawing 21 feet 1 inch, with 2906 tons of cargo. Her mainmast from deck to truck is 166 feet and her main yard is 96 feet long, with all else in proportion. All her fittings are most perfect. She is provided with two complete suits of sails, and with every modern improvement. Her rigging is set up with patent turnbuckles, which will be new to many here. She is also provided with engine, and friction wrench, which are used for most all purposes aboard ship from washing down decks to hoisting the anchor.

Her cabin fittings and accommodations are magnificent, and will surprise even many of those who go down to the sea in ships. Captain Townsend has his wife and family with him, and in the spacious cabins of the ship they are able to forget many of the comforts of their Eastern home.

The Bement is now discharging her cargo at the O. R. & N. Co.'s wharf, at Albina.

NAMES FOR THE NEW STATION.

The following communications were received yesterday by mail relative to a name for the new station on the Kalama branch, now called Staico:

"LINTON" SUGGESTED AGAIN.

COLUMBIA CITY, Or., Oct. 11.—We think the first railroad station north of Portland ought to be called Linton for the reason that the Hon. Peter H. Burnett, afterward governor of California, located that place for a town site in 1843, long before Portland was thought of. The memory of a worthy citizen could thus be honored. C. G. CAPLES.

[Why not call the station "Burnett?"]

IN MEMORY OF COL. E. D. BAKER.

PORTLAND, Oct. 11.—My wife, who was born on Sauvie's island over thirty years ago, says she remembers the location of the new railroad station below Springville as once being at or near the home of Oregon's lamented statesman, Col. E. D. Baker, and suggests that the place be named in his honor, and called Bakerville or Dickinson or Edward. S.

WANTS A POETIC NAME.

ASTORIA, Oct. 10.—In your issue of the 9th inst. I see an item concerning the naming of a station below Portland. If you wish to give the place a name that is not common and easily spoken, and has a beautiful meaning as pertaining to land, I would like to see it named Delphine, and if the place ever gets the bearing of a city it could be called Delphine City with ease. As for some historical event, there is nothing in the history of the place that would be suitable for the furnishing of a name.

A LORN WEBFOOT FROM STARK STREET.

INCOMING PASSENGERS.

The steamship Oregon, which sailed from San Francisco for Portland at 10:30, brings the following passengers:

F Huddast	N Myer
M E Osborn	L Fernstrom
H Ohlin	C Hanson
H C Murray	J K Chapman
G Johnson	A Sawyer
F C Young	Mrs F C Young
J J Doherty	L Feberthon
J K Frick and wife	W A Williams wf & ch
Mrs N. H. Lane,	Mrs S J Bailey
H Hughes	W C Burns
W H Evans	H E Day
L Jacobson	W J Speck
F B Ginn	H Eloeer
C Gibson	C Maher
Maj Hornby	R C Price
Capt J Mallar	Mrs J K Chapman
Mrs A Sawyer	Mrs G Johnson
Mrs M von Geldern	Miss M Dugen
Mrs A H Hammond	Miss L Romer
Miss J Griffiths	A S Gross
G W Reynold	Miss Whiting
Miss Devitt	B M Durell
J Caller	D Foleary
R P Sutlif	M Levi
W Oliver	J Bird
A T Badlam	A Bradshaw
Mrs Michaels	W T Alexander
W A Henderson	T McIntosh
Mrs Bigelow and ch	C Riley and wife
H Allen	H Vaughn
Mrs Knott	Mrs Lowden
Mrs Tennir	Miss J Isaac
B H Taylor	M P Smith
J Fleming	J Underhill
Rev B B Kelley	C C Quinn and wife
J C Myers	Miss B Hunt

A NOTE FROM JUDGE BRONAUGH.

SANTA CLARA, Cal., Oct. 7.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

In your columns of September 27 I observe, as an item of news from California that a meeting of Seventh Day Adventists was then being held in San Francisco, and that I was prominent among the speakers thereat. The meetings referred to by your informant were held in connection with the dedication of the Advent Christian chapel in the city. The assemblage was not of Seventh Day Adventists. There are marked differences in faith and practice between the two denominations, perhaps greater than exist between any two of the so-called Orthodox Protestant churches. My connection is with the Advent Christian people, and I am not a Seventh Day Adventist.

THE WEEKLY AND SUNDAY OREGONIAN continue their welcome visits to my family circle, and it is very gratifying to my webfoot pride to be able to testify that the OREGONIAN, as a newspaper, has no superior and but one equal on the Pacific coast. E. C. BRONAUGH.

RECLAMATION OF THE OCEAN BEACH.

An Interesting and Probably Successful Experiment at Fort Stevens.

Astorian, 11th.

The work now in progress on the beach in the vicinity of Point Adams lighthouse has occasioned considerable inquiry, owing to its novelty and evident value if successful; and with a view to noting its advance, an *Astorian* representative visited the scene of action in the early part of this week.

The primary purpose of the work is to cover the sand with a vegetable growth that will hold it firm and prevent the constant drifting and formation of hills and hollows, that are gradually encroaching on the lighthouse reservation and threatening to cover it up.

So far the work has been satisfactory. The material used is mainly a species of ribbon grass called *arundo*. This grass has leaves about an inch in width, and grows from eighteen inches to two feet in length. Its stalk below the surface has numerous eyes, from which shoot several sprouts that spread in all directions to come to the surface and form a new stalk with sets of leaves, thus interlocking in a network of roots and holding the sand down. This grass is gathered on Ilwaco beach by a man named Andersen, who gets 20 cents a bag for the grass plants. Each sack contains about 3000 plants, and is carried to Fort Stevens. So far, about a quarter of a million plants have been set out. The men at work have begun a little below the southwest corner of the forty-acre lighthouse reservation, and have planted a strip about 1000 feet wide up the beach. One man makes a hole with a spade, another drops in a stalk of *arundo*, and covers it, and so the process is repeated, the stalks being set from a foot to eighteen inches apart each way. They immediately take root, and grow luxuriantly. Last Tuesday the wind blew 57 miles an hour, with a very few miles as hard as it ever blows there, and the comparatively slight impediment that the young grass offered to the gale proved sufficient to prevent the usual shifting and advance of the dunes. Beginning at high water mark and advancing eastward to the timber, the little clumps of grass present a singular appearance. By next spring, it is confidently expected, that what was before a strip of sand and desolation will be a surface of smiling verdure, as solid and unyielding as an emerald lawn.

Beside the grass there is another agent used in the subjugation of the ever moving sand in the shape of a peculiar pine found on this northwest coast only at the Seaside. This is the *pinus insignis*, or Monterey pine, a hard, black, resinous tree, the bark of which is not affected by the sand. A large number of baby trees, from four inches to a foot in height, have been set in serpentine curves along the beach, and in time will constitute a beautiful avenue for delightful seashore drives. Pines of this species set for the same purpose in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, in 1871, are now

FROM SIXTY TO EIGHTY FEET HIGH.

The pines being set out at Point Adams are only removed a distance of fifteen miles, are thoroughly acclimated, and will, presumably, grow with equal vigor and rapidity. In that park 1050 acres of desolate beach have been reclaimed in a manner similar to the plan here adopted. In Golden Gate park were used lupine, Honolulu knot-grass, *pinus insignus*, and acacia. The lupine and knot grass are there represented by the *arundo* which is thought to be equally valuable on account of being found peculiarly adapted.

The work looks easy enough, but those in charge say that a great deal of judgment is necessary in so disposing of all appliances that the best practical results are attainable. The first work of this kind in the United States was that heretofore alluded to at San Francisco. The second was on a strip of wind-blown waste between The Dalles and Wallula Junction which the O. R. & N. Co. had sown with wild rye, willows and cottonwood; the work, more especially around John Day's station being a complete success. The work under discussion is the third of the kind, and should it be the success it now gives promise of, it will be continued at Shoalwater bay light station and other points on this northwest coast. The chief desideratum is to get vegetable material from the immediate vicinity that

IS ALREADY ACCLIMATIZED.

The fact that ribbon grass and pine are got so close by is considered certain to insure splendid results in the reclamation of the beach in front of Ft. Adams. Parties owning property adjoin it, including Capt. Flavel and others, intend to adopt the same means of transforming the beach to the southward, and it may be that at no distant day the entire stretch of shore from Fort Stevens to Seaside will be a waving line of emerald green from high water to the fringe of forest westward from the ocean, thus forming a magnificent drive 1000 feet wide and seventeen miles in length.

There are thirteen men employed at present, and the extent and character of the work already performed is good guarantee that they understand their business.

This has long been a favorite scheme of Capt. Charles F. Powell, and the success of this attempt will doubtless lead to its adoption in other localities.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

Hon. W. Carey Johnson of Oregon City, will speak at a republican meeting at Albany, on the 16th.

Mr. Samuel Culver was at republican headquarters yesterday. He is from Phoenix, Jackson county, and is hunting his party, which seems to have dwindled down to one elector.

Beginning on the 13th at Carlton, Dr. J. W. Watts will speak every evening, making a tour to include North Yamhill, Sheridan, Corvallis, Albany, Salem, Sellwood, Gervais and Silverton.

Hon. J. F. Caples will leave on Monday for Baker City, to make speeches at several points east of the mountains. He will be at Baker City Wednesday evening, La Grande Wednesday evening, Pendleton Thursday evening, and at The Dalles Saturday evening. It is possible that he may speak at Milton on Friday. On his return from eastern Oregon, Mr. Caples will go to Ashland, and will speak at a few places up the valley.

Dr. Joseph Jorgensen, ex-congressman and now register of the land office at Walla Walla, will go at once to Virginia to take part in the campaign in his own home. He was at Seattle doing all he could to help Hon. J. M. Armstrong in his race for the delegateship, when he received a request from the national committee to come east and help in Virginia, where the fusion of straightouts and the Mahone men encourages the hope that the state can be taken from the Bourbons this time. Dr. Jorgensen is personally popular and politically powerful there.

THE COURTS.

SATURDAY, Oct. 11.

U. S. DISTRICT COURT, DEADY J.

U. S. vs. Packard Martin—Information filed for disposing of liquor to Indians; plead not guilty; remitted to circuit court for trial.

Grand jury ordered to be present on Tuesday, Nov. 14, 1884.

Adjourned to Tuesday next.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT—SMITH, J.

State of Oregon vs. J. J. Hedges—Time for sentence extended until Monday 13th inst.

E. J. Dahms vs. George C. Sears et al—On trial.

POLICE COURT—MORELAND, J.

George Riley—Drunk and disorderly; forfeited bail.

Looking for the Hens.

A young lady just out of Vassar was walking along an up-town street and saw a sign in a shop reading: "Carpets laid." Having glanced at it a moment, to make sure, she stepped inside and asked to see the hens. At least we are so informed by a correspondent.

Good Luck to the Ladies.

A $50 00 sewing machine to be given away! The ladies of Portland, Oregon, and Washington territory are respectfully invited to call at "Garrison's" Sewing Machine Store, 167 Third street, during the continuance of the fair where all the latest and best machines are to be found on exhibition. As a special inducement every lady will be given a ticket for one chance to win the machine at the drawing, which will take place at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, October 25, in the presence of the ticket holders, at Garrison's Sewing Machine Store. JOHN B. GARRISON, Proprietor.

Pictures, Frames and Mirrors at Auction.

On and after October 13 Robbins & Son will offer at auction sale, daily, their stock of pictures, frames, mirrors and brackets, in order to close out this class of goods. The firm intend to devote their entire attention to the music business, and find it necessary to dispose of the goods mentioned above, and propose to make sacrifices to that end. Those desirous of obtaining bargains will do well to call at 29 First street.

A Rare Opportunity.

Dr. ...le, the celebrated specialist of San Francisco, will remain in Portland but a few days longer. The doctor is a thoroughly educated medical gentleman, and is known all over the Pacific coast as having performed remarkable cures in his line of practice. This will be a rare opportunity to consult the great specialist right in our own midst. See advertisement on Eighth page.

Office open Sunday 9 to 11. First and Morrison. ... O. Frank dentist.

Bankrupt sale, Fourth and Morrison streets.

Dry goods, millinery, hats and caps, boots and shoes bankrupt sale, Fourth and Morrison streets.

Bankrupt sale, Fourth and Morrison streets.

THE FLOWER STAND, 51 Washington street, is an established fact. Orders promptly filled.

AN INCENDIARY CONFESSES.

R. C. Brown Tells How he Fired Two Buildings.

He Gives an "Oregonian" Reporter the Reasons for His Crime, and Relates how he was Suddenly Overcome with Remorse.

About 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon R. C. Brown, who was arrested at Kalama a few days since by Detective Simmons, charged with arson, brought to Portland and lodged in the city jail, sent for a reporter of THE OREGONIAN, saying that he wanted to make a full confession of the crime. It will be remembered that about 3 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, September 24 (the same week of the Esmond and Astoria dock fires), Brown, who was reported as having been awakened by a kicking horse, discovered fire in a stable on North Fifth street, between F and G, used as an oil warehouse. An alarm was raised, and with the assistance of neighbors the fire was extinguished. An hour or so later an incipient fire was discovered in the basement of Brown's residence, only thirty feet from the stable. Since that time Detectives Barry and Simmons have been gathering up scattered links of circumstantial, until they had woven and complete chain. It was never clear to them why Brown, if he had set fire to the buildings, should have been the first to extinguish them. Under the hope that a free confession would not damage his case before the courts, Brown resolved to confess, and when the reporter presented himself, prefixed his story with the remark: "There's too many holds on me, and I might as well make a clean breast of the whole thing." He then gave the following account of the crime:

"I used to keep a boarding house on North Fifth street, but I couldn't make it pay. My wife was sick all the time of malaria and I lost a child from the same trouble. I wanted to get out of it, but I couldn't sell out. I had $500 insurance on my furniture, but I didn't care so much for the money as I did to get out of the place. First I fixed a fire under my own house, but it went out as I supposed. Then I went to the oil stable, pulled off a board from the bottom so that it would swing, and went inside. There was a case of oil in the center of the stable and one can had been taken away. So I took the other can and some other oil that I had bought, scattered it over the floor near where the board was loose, and then took some shavings and kindling and a small lamp and put them just inside the opening. Then I poured some oil from the stable to my house. I covered the kindling so that the blaze would not spring up till I had got away fifteen or twenty rods. I had just got in my own house when the lamp went off like a gun. All of a sudden I thought, 'Great God, what have I done? Maybe I'll burn up some horses, and maybe some persons.' Then I repented all at once, and followed fire and woke the neighbors up. I ran for some water and got the first bucketful on the fire.

"I never thought of looking at the fire under my own house, because I was sure it had gone out. But about an hour after I had set the stable the girl in our house woke up, as her room was filled with smoke. The fire was in the basement under her room."

Brown's story bears the impress of truth. That he was the first to raise the alarm and arouse the neighbors is true beyond question. The prisoner is 32 years old, and looks like a man accustomed to hard work. He is a Canadian by birth and has lived here about a year.

Barry and Simmons will evidently not have to wait long for the reward offered by the insurance companies.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

The Lords Must Bend or Break.

London Spectator.

The demand is now that the lords cease to resist the commons, giving a pledge of their sincerity by passing the franchise bill without a dissolution; and that limited demand will be carried, and will, we fully admit, have results as great, though not perhaps as far-reaching, as the first reform bill. Day by day the "demonstrations" grow larger—the one at Glasgow Saturday probably surpassing any yet held—and day by day the demand grows more concentrated and definite. The peers must pass the franchise bill without a dissolution. The instant acceptance of the truth that, were the right of compelling dissolutions vested in the lords, representative government would cease, is a curious feature in the struggle, and marks, like the limitation of demand, the practicalness of the people, who, even in the hight of a great agitation, know exactly what they want, and cannot be turned aside. Just as they asked in 1831 that the nomination of representatives should cease, so now they ask that interference with the decision of those representatives should come to a final end. That granted, everything may go on as of old, with the full approval of the people, until once more some practical grievance is sufficiently felt to call out public indignation.

A great demonstration was made at Glasgow Saturday in favor of the franchise bill. No less than 70,000 persons joined in a procession of the trades; eight open air meetings were held, at which resolutions supporting the government were passed enthusiastically, and three meetings under cover were held in the three largest halls. Mr. Trevelyan addressed one of these, in St. Andrew's hall, in a speech in which, after expressing his profound confidence in the ultimate result, he called on his audience to consider the feelings of the commons; who, after five months of weary labor, had completed the franchise bill and sent it up to the lords only to find it rejected by a crowd of peers who take no part in debate, but attend to vote for a prearranged rejection. Lord Salisbury, Mr. Trevelyan said, had not only rejected it, but derided the claim of 2,000,000 who asked to be admitted to the franchise, and of those vast multitudes who tried to show that they approved their claim.

Mr. Trevelyan ridiculed Lord Salisbury's anxiety for minorities, pointing out that the tories who rule the election of Scotch and Irish representative peers never, except through a mistake, allow a liberal to sit. He denied that the new franchise could lessen the influence of the agricultural interest, for the 800,000 laborers to be enfranchised were the agricultural interest themselves. What would suffer was the system of allowing a few families to choose the county members. Mr. Trevelyan addressed no menace to the house of lords, but he said: "When it came to 200 individuals who are something more than citizens, saying that 2,000,000 of their fellow-countrymen shall not be citizens at all, a way out must be found and it is the interest of the house of lords that it should be found quickly."

Mr. John Morley spoke at Carlisle, making the obstructiveness of the lords for the last fifty years the subject of his speech. He was himself, he said, convinced that compromise was the life of politics; but the franchise bill was a compromise, and if the lords threw it out again that would mean that the minority were to govern, and that a liberal government must pass a tory reform bill. The demand for redistribution was a demand that tory lords should dictate to the commons the method of reform. He held that the offer to pass the franchise bill if a redistribution bill were introduced would, if accepted, be "a betrayal and a humiliation," and that the proposal to send up the bill again and again was useless under the septennial act. He thought that Mr. Gladstone, if thus driven, might propose a complete reform bill—one including the franchise, redistribution, and "the clipping of the pinions of the house of lords." The English people were a patient and a conservative people, but they would not endure a stoppage of legislation by a house which had long been as injurious in practice as indefensible in theory. If the struggle once began it was inevitable that the days of privilege should be numbered.

One Indian Three Lunches, Three Quarts.

Austin (Nev.) Reveille.

The improvidence of Indians is proverbial. They toil not if they can help it, neither do they spin, unless it is around a kitchen about meal time. They take no thought of the morrow, but will gorge their capacious stomachs to the highest notch, utterly indifferent of the coming day. To feast one day and fast six is a pretty fair average, though hardly up to the Indian wish. Night before last the motor crew tried to measure the appetite of a guileless Piute of ten sage brush summers, and to his demand for something to eat gave him their lunches. Hale, Rice and Merrigan emptied their buckets, and the young red man ate all and drank three quarts of tea and coffee mixed. He then took a start down to Castle Mountain, but appeared again last night to see if he could not strike another grub bonanza, but the railroad boys did not rise and give up the contract for filling such a capacious maw.

SPECIAL

THIS WEEK.

SILK DEPARTMENT!

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

SO LONG.

[illegible]

"Ten years may be long," he said
Slowly raising his [illegible]
[illegible]

Life is short as a summer night—
How long, O God, is eternity!

DR. TRIM'S ROMANCE.

I

"Upon my word, mamma, I look upon it as an impertinence," Mrs. Talbot said her baby across her lap face down and jolted it gently at the same time patting persuasively its limp back. "Positively an impertinence," he went on, "it is as much as to say 'You are so expert in this sort of thing and have married off your own children so well, pray help me out with mine.' Really, mamma, it's an insult. I should write Aunt Trim everything but [illegible] if I were in your place."

Mrs. Fargo did not reply. She sat tapping her gold spectacle lightly against the open page of the letter [illegible] had been reading while her blue eyes wandered abstractedly over the wide fields of blooming cotton that stretched away beyond the [illegible] fence.

The imputation her daughter intended so respectfully did not disturb her in the least. If she had manœuvred a little to secure advantageous settlements for her children and she would not have denied that she had, her manœuvres had been so successful that she had nothing to regret. Certainly Ella Talbot had no reason to complain. She had a kind, indulgent husband, a beautiful home and a baby which though still too young to excite much enthusiasm on the part of a novice in infants, was pronounced by its grandmother a remarkably fine child.

Her other daughter and her two sons were equally well provided for, and Mrs. Fargo might reasonably have considered herself entitled to rest from her labor.

The mail however had just brought her a plaintive entreaty from her sister Mrs. Trim that she would lend her aid in marrying off her son Albert, a youth [illegible] of thirty-five, who seemed bent upon remaining single. He was a homeopathic physician in good practice and well enough in appearance; indeed some of his more enthusiastic lady patients maintained that he was decidedly handsome and of a very kind [illegible] disposition. "None of the women here seem to please him," wrote his mother. "It has occurred to me that one from the country might suit him. Do look about for a sensible woman of a suitable age and domestic habits and possessing other desirable qualifications, of which you are so good a judge."

It was probably the "other qualifications" clause that gave so much offense to Ella, it having been charged that for the sake of [illegible] vantage covered by this ambiguous [illegible] [illegible] had jilted a younger and poorer suitor to accept the wealthy but elderly Mr. Talbot.

"I really believe, Amelia Pullyn would do," said Mrs. Fargo at last, looking at her daughter [illegible] she had contemplated the cotton field.

"Mamma, you are actually thinking of it?"

"Why not? I see nothing unreasonable in thinking about the happiness of my own nephew and the comfort of my sister. I [illegible] will let me have the carriage this afternoon, Ella, I'll drive over and see Amelia."

"Mamma, I protest!" exclaimed Ella, shaking the baby up so violently as to elicit a squeal of remonstrance. "Besides, Amelia wouldn't think of him. You know she is determined never to marry again."

"Nonsense!" returned Mrs. Fargo, with her good natured laugh, "you think because [illegible] refused John [illegible] unmovably fixed in her resolve. Don't jolt the child so, Ella. He is quite red in the face."

Mrs. Talbot promptly reversed the baby, who now began to protest so violently against his mother's treatment that she called the nurse to remove him.

[illegible] [illegible] It was true that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] she had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to forgive the [illegible] [illegible] of an [illegible] rival.

[illegible] reason to congratulate [illegible] [illegible] Amelia [illegible] [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible]. Besides, it is said she has consumption.

"Consumption," repeated Mrs. Fargo, [illegible] again. "She [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] melancholy, you don't suppose that a [illegible] do you?"

"I don't think Albert [illegible] the man to [illegible] [illegible]."

"[illegible] just the point. They will [illegible] [illegible]. It will be a beautiful illustration of Albert['s] favorite principle, *similia similibus* [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] point in his favor too. [illegible] feel that she is disgracing Dr. Pullyn's memory by accepting a second husband of the same profession."

"Gracious heavens! You have got to the [illegible] point already. You forget Dr. Pullyn was an allopathist."

"Oh, that [illegible] nothing. [illegible] [illegible] how to reconcile all differences. I do not [illegible] Catholic and [illegible] Protestant marry. Why not homœopathist and allopathist?"

"I really believe what that spiteful Mrs. [illegible] said of you is true," and Ella looked thoughtfully at her mother, "that you would make a match for your own [illegible]."

"No, it isn't, and the proof is that I [illegible] make one for her Dulcie, which was [illegible] [illegible]. Well, if I am to go, [illegible] I suppose I can have the carriage?"

"Why of course. Is the visit of a strictly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] along?"

"Certainly. I didn't invite you. I suppose you are anxious [illegible] would hardly [illegible] [illegible] accept."

"Oh, I'm too much like my mother to allow my animosities to interfere with my pleasure," replied Ella, laughing.

II

Mrs. Pullyn in deepest weeds notwithstanding the heat of the weather received her guests with that smile of soft melancholy that so well became her pale beauty.

"Sit down," she said, in the tone of one who invites to some mournful ceremony. "Are you well?" and she looked prepared for the worst.

"Oh, yes, we are always well," said Mrs. Fargo.

"You are fortunate," crawled the widow, "I am never well."

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Fargo, as sympathetically as if she heard this complaint for the first time.

"I don't know," and oh, that it were possible to paint her soft drawl. "I've hunted all through the doctor's books, and I don't find any symptoms that resembles mine so much as those laid down for consumption."

"Do you cough?"

"No, but I have all the other symptoms, and I'm so languid and I have no appetite. I don't know what to make me so."

"Have you had advice?" asked Mrs. Fargo.

"Why, no. [illegible] know I have all the doctor's books and his prescriptions and for my [illegible] and—and everything. I don't need to consult anybody."

"But it is dreadfully [illegible] surely not trying to treat yourself. [illegible] [illegible] thing the wisest and most skilled physicians never attempt. You'll poison yourself, that's what you'll do."

Mrs. Pullyn looked at her with mildly pitying superiority.

"Nobody could possibly know more about it than he did," she said, "and nobody could understand my constitution so well. If the medicines he prescribed do no good nothing could do good."

"Really, you ought to have both been born in India," said Ella.

Amelia turned her large languid eyes to ward the speaker and her resignation smile provoked Ella to go on.

"I think the Indian plan much better than yours. I should greatly prefer being burned at once to slowly sacrificing myself by swallowing my husband's medicines."

At this moment a lovely little girl bounded into the room and ran to embrace her mother. Mrs. Pullyn kissed her with effusion, then took her upon her lap, and looking over her brown curly head at Mrs. Talbot said gently:

"You can't suppose I want to die?"

"Why, certainly not," responded Mrs. Fargo, again taking up the word, "and we don't intend to let you, either. So to prevent it I shall just take you in hand myself. Come here, Pet," holding out her hands to the little girl. "Come tell grand ma your pretty name, sweet."

"Go to the lady, Gracie," said her mother, "go kiss the lady."

Gracie went shyly, holding on to her mother's hand and only staying long enough to plant a hasty kiss on Mrs. Fargo's chin, then ran back to her refuge in her mother's lap.

"Yes indeed," resumed Mrs. Fargo, "I shall just take you in hand myself. Your mother and I were schoolmates and I was always very fond of her, which gives me a sort of right over her daughter. You shall come down to the city with me next week. My own house is all in disarray with the painters and paperers, but we'll stop with my sister and you shall see a physician."

Amelia did not reply, save by her melancholy smile. She seemed to be reflecting, however, and presently she said:

"Are you going to the city next week?"

"Yes, for a few days. I want to see what the people are doing in my house, and get measured for a dress or two before my dressmaker is crowded. Won't you come with me?"

"I have been thinking of going down. I have a tooth that troubles me. I ought to have it attended to, I suppose."

"Yes, indeed, you never can be too prompt about a matter of that kind. Well, where shall we meet?"

"I don't know, perhaps I won't go."

"Oh, yes, you must. Ella's is nearest the railroad. I will drive over Sunday evening and take you back to stay over night with me, and we'll start Monday morning."

"Really, I don't know, my health is so uncertain," objected the widow. But Mrs. Fargo was not to be put off.

"I shall come for you," she said, as he kissed her good-bye at the front door, "and mind you're ready. Gracie will come [illegible]."

"Oh, yes, if I go," sighed the widow. "I never leave Gracie behind."

III

So down to the city came Mrs. Fargo and Mrs. Pullyn in amiable drowsiness flying peacefully away with her victim by steam train.

Mrs. Trim's house stood in a quiet up town street, across which the tall trees met in friendly conference. Mrs. Trim met them in the hall, an elderly woman whose once blonde hair had faded to a yellowish white and whose corpulency bordered upon the miraculous. She kissed Amelia affectionately, though she had never seen her before, and leading her into the parlor left her there while she withdrew to the sitting room with her sister.

"You have been very prompt," she said, settling herself in her own especially wide armed chair. "I was surprised to find you had one on hand already as it were."

"[illegible] had never thought about her until your letter came," returned Mrs. Fargo, "and [illegible] don't know how she and [illegible] will amount to anything. They are both so dull it seems like trying to strike fire with two wet sticks."

In the meantime, in the parlor, Amelia had taken off Gracie's hat and was holding the half sleeping child upon her lap and looking abstractedly out through the blinds into the quiet street. It was characteristic of Mrs. Fargo that she had not mentioned her sister's name, and Amelia was wondering in her own mind how she should address her hostess upon their next meeting, when a gentleman entered by a door at the end of the room and came directly toward the sofa near which she sat. He was a tall fair man with a little professional stoop in the shoulders, Dr. Albert Trim, in fact, coming according to his habit to rest a few moments before dinner in the shaded parlor.

He was close upon Amelia before he saw her, and she, slowly rising and letting Gracie slip to the floor, confronted him with a [illegible] [illegible].

"What, you!" exclaimed the doctor, coming to a sudden stand.

"You!" [illegible] Amelia [illegible].

"In my house!" continued the doctor.

"I never knew it was your house, you may be sure, and I'll go out of it at once." She snatched up Gracie's hat and turned toward the door dragging the child after her.

"You shall not go. I am [illegible] to see you here; you shall never leave—"

"I shall leave this moment, too."

She caught Gracie up and made a move ment to dart past him, but he stepped before her with one arm outstretched, barring the way. Gracie, alarmed at this gesture, uttered a piercing shriek. There was a sound of quick steps approaching and Mrs. Fargo appeared upon the threshold. Dr. Trim dropped his arm and Amelia with flushed face and indignant mien approached Mrs. Fargo.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed that lady. "Albert, I thought you were a robber. How have you been frightening Mrs. Pullyn?"

"Shall I explain?" asked the doctor, looking toward Amelia, who vanished through the door without replying.

"Why, where are you going?" cried a voice in the hall. It was Mrs. Trim, who arrested her guest on the way to the front door.

Mr. Fargo and Albert now rushed out, and the stormy scene was transferred to the hall.

"You must not go, Amelia. I entreat you, do not go," cried Albert wildly.

"Of course you will not go," said Mrs. Fargo with decision. "I never heard of anything so absurd; come back directly. I insist on knowing the meaning of all this." She took Amelia by the arm and almost forcibly led her back into the parlor. "It is clear you two have met before," she continued, assuming the office of inquisitor, "when and where was it?"

"Shall I tell?" asked Albert.

Amelia maintained a haughty silence.

"You do not object, and really, I see no reason why you should. Mother, you have wondered that I did not marry. This is the reason." He pointed to Amelia, who still stood draped in her long widow's veil, clasping the white robed child in her arms.

"I was not to blame," she said calmly.

"You were to blame; you should not have let your father influence you."

"You should not have disputed with my father. He was older than you, and of course knew better."

"That is an exploded assumption. But I am not going to renew that discussion with you." Then with a suddenly awakened tenderness he advanced and took from her tired arms the little girl, who [illegible] nestling her head against his shoulder.

"There, sit down," he said gently.

After all these years we [illegible] certainly let the old quarrel rest. I was mistaken, I am sure, that I have not done justice to the [illegible] feeling my heart has always returned for you.

"Tender [illegible]," [illegible] "What in the name of heaven are you talking about?" cried Mrs. Fargo impatiently.

"I am going to tell you," returned Albert, laying the head of the sleeping child against his breast and beginning to walk the floor. "How like you she is, Amelia," he said, looking fondly at her. "[illegible] mother, this should have been your grandchild. Yes, we were engaged. You remember, Amelia, the night I proposed? It was after the ball at the college, and we were walking home together through the moonlit village street. You wore [illegible] silk with tulle over it, and the tulle was all in tatters, but you looked as lovely as an angel, and you said 'Yes' without hesitation, like the frank, sweet girl you were. Ah! we were very happy."

"But you would always dispute with papa about the proper treatment in fevers, and the giving of calomel, and all that," said Amelia sadly. "Papa, who had practiced medicine forty years, and who of course knew so much better."

"Ah, don't speak of that," pleaded Albert humbly, melting more and more, wrought upon not by memory alone but by that inexplicable tenderness that will flow out about a little head nestled against the breast. "I own that I was wrong."

"You admit it, at last!" exclaimed Amelia with an air of triumph.

"Wrong in disputing, I mean, not in the principle."

"You cling to your heresy! Papa said it was that heresy."

"What have medical theories to do with my loving you?" he asked, pausing before her and looking earnestly at her. "You married, to please your father, an old school physician twenty years older than yourself. Did his medical orthodoxy make you happy?"

"Tell me," [illegible] insisted, "were you happy with him?"

"You shan't question me so," she replied, making a last struggle. "Give me baby. I don't love to have anybody hold her but myself."

"See how sweetly she is sleeping in my arms, Amelia. I have never been so happy since the night we walked home from the dance together. Doesn't your heart tell you you owe me some reparation, or all the happiness you have kept back from me?"

Amelia fluttered her fan and looked at the floor. It was a stained floor, she noticed.

"Let me keep the baby," he urged. "Let me teach her to call me papa."

A faint smile curved Amelia's lips, but she did not look up. He bent on one knee before her.

"Say 'yes' again, dear," he whispered. "I'll be so good to you both."

The smile grew more decided and she bent forward as if to kiss the child's fair temple, but Albert, perhaps misinterpreting her design, bent forward also and the kiss fell upon his mustached lip.

Mrs. Trim and Mrs. Fargo, who had tiptoed from the room some moments before, were embracing each other in the sitting room, with tears of irrepressible laughter. Half an hour later Mrs. Fargo returned to the parlor, thoughtfully overturning a chair as she passed through the hall.

"Well," she said, "if you two have come to a place where you can leave off, perhaps you will come to dinner."

"We have resolved never to leave off," said Albert, "but dinner will not be amiss."

"I am afraid it will be very much amiss," observed his mother. "It has been waiting an hour."

"Never mind," returned Mr. Fargo cheerfully, "we'll wash it down with phials of Nux."—*Felix Gray in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Bob Burdette's Ideal Old Man

"Man never attains his ideal. He comes nearest it at the day he leaves school. All that year he hovers around it in pleasant proximity. Sometimes I think he quite attains it on commencement day. But a year away from school he and his ideal part company. He sees it drifting further away from him every year. I have in my own brilliant and picturesque career pursued several ideals and more or less perfect ideals. From where I now stand at the distance pole I can see a majority of them scooting under the wire, and I feel that I am shut out. On I can see is in plain sight, and I am very [illegible] to see it get entirely away from me.

"I have my ideal of physical perfection in the aged. I am not a tall man now. I do not really have to stand up to look over the [illegible] of a [illegible]. I stand up merely because I can see further. But as I grow old I want to fat up. I want to develop a capacious bay window so that when my summer vest is [illegible] on the wall it will look like a schooner coming down 'wing and wing.' Then I can wear my watch in a fob with a great big seal dangling from it like a bell clapper. I want to be short in the breath and wheeze when I climb stairs, and puff and pant when I walk up hill, and have to take two steps to cross the gutter. And I would wear a claw hammer coat with wide lapels all the time, and carry my handkerchief in my hat. I would like my hair to turn snow white or else fall off. I am not so very particular which. I would like my mouth to reach out until it looked like a streak of flour across my lip. I believe that is all. I think that is a photograph of the kind of an old man I would like to be. This is my ideal old man. Oh, and wheezy laugh, of course.

"And I am just as confident as I am that I will die that as I grow old I will shrivel up and dry out until I look like [illegible] [illegible] thing [illegible] [illegible]."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Millions in Mules.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Look out for the mule! While the prospect for the fall trade of Atlanta in the ordinary mercantile departments is fine there are several specialties of enterprise in the city in which an enormous business will be transacted. Among these the horse and mule trade is the largest and represents the most money. Soon after the war Atlanta became a great stock market by reason of its superior railroad advantages, its admirable position as a distributing point for Georgia and the surrounding states and the location of the local stock dealers. The city has made a name of its own in this respect. Yes, [illegible] a leading livery stable and stock yard man said, "I anticipate a great season in our business, a greater one than we had last year."

"Has the business opened fairly yet?"

"No, but we have information which points to very large proportions for it. You see we have two seasons for horses and mules. The horses come in during the months of September, October and November. The mules begin to arrive in November, but business is not brisk until December. It continues then until April. About fourteen car loads of horses have passed through Atlanta in the last two or three weeks for points south and east. Our local supply is just beginning to come in."

"Which is the more valuable to Atlanta, the horse or the mule trade?"

"The mule trade by far. In fact very few people know how big a thing it is. There were 7000 mules sold from my yards alone last season and the city trade goes to about 15,000 for a season. They bring mules here from Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and Illinois. Atlanta is one of the best markets the stock dealers in those states can find."

A quart of oatmeal in a pail of water will freshen a horse after hard driving and prepare his stomach for more solid food.

IN A FLASH.

From Chambers' Journal.

When [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] most of cor[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] matter of trifling [illegible] [illegible] the privilege of knowing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] before [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] following narrative of an [illegible] occurrence in [illegible] life. I put the manuscript away at the time and did not come across it again till the other day. On looking over it at one moment it seemed to [illegible] not unworthy of being transcribed for [illegible] wider circle of readers than that composed by the writer['s] immediate friends and acquaintance.

You ask me to go back in memory to [illegible] [illegible] my aunt to what [illegible] to me now like a period of remote antiquity, when I, Barbara Waldron, was 24 years of age, and my sister Bessie five years younger, and to endeavor to put down in writing the little story I told you [illegible] of more than a few days ago.

You must know, then, that in those far off days my sister and I were keeping house for our brother John, who at that time filled the position of steward and land agent to Lord Dorrington. The house we lived in was a pleasant but somewhat lonely residence about half a mile from the little country town of Leven field. The house suited us for several reasons. In the first place, the rent was low; in the next a large walled garden was attached to it, in which Bessie and I spent many happy hours; and in the third place there was a side entrance to Dorrington Park by which my brother could take a short cut to the hall whenever he had business with his lordship or his lordship had business with him. Our household was [illegible] small one, and besides ourselves comprised only Mary Gibbs, a middle aged woman, and her niece, a girl of sixteen. John's horse and gig were looked after by a young man named Reuben Gates, who did not, however, sleep on the premises. An important part of John's duties was to receive and pay into the Leven field bank the rents due from the farmers and other tenants of property held under Lord Dorrington. One such tenant was a certain Mr. Shillito, a corn and seed merchant, who was noted for his eccentricities. It was only in keeping with Mr. Shillito's aggravating way of doing business that he should never pay his rent at the time other people paid theirs, that he should always pay it in gold and notes instead of giving a check for the amount as he was quite in a position to have done, and that he should make a point of bringing it himself, instead of naming a time when my brother might have called upon him, and finally that he seldom arrived with the money till after banking hours.

We come now to a certain autumn evening. Kitty had just brought in the tea tray. It was growing dusk, almost too dusk to see clearly without a lamp, but Bessie and I liked to economize the daylight as much as possible, especially now that the long winter nights were close upon us. John had come in for a cup of tea. This evening he was going to drive over to Nethercroft, some ten miles away, dine with some friends and stay all night. After dinner there was to be a dance, and I was not without my suspicions as to the nature of the attraction which was taking him so far from home, although he laughingly pooh-poohed the soft impeachment when I challenged him with it. John was in the act of putting down his cup and saucer when we heard the noise of wheels outside, which presently came to a stand opposite the house. He crossed the room and peered through the window.

"It's old Shillito come to pay his rent," he remarked a moment later. "Two hours after banking time, as usual. What a nuisance he is." He went down stairs and about ten minutes later we heard Mr. Shillito's trap start off. "Ninety pounds," John came back, "[illegible] pounds, all in gold and notes," he said. "[illegible] had to lock it up in my desk till morning."

I may here remark that iron safes for the custody of money and other valuables were by no means so common in those days, especially in out-of-the-way country places, as they appear to have since become.

"But the money will be quite safe in your desk, won't it, John?" asked Bessie.

"Safe enough without a doubt, seeing that no one but ourselves knows of its presence there. Only as a matter of business I should prefer to have had it in the coffers of the bank. Presently," he added, "The old fellow was half seas over, as he generally is, and I have no doubt with so many houses of call by the way that he will be soaked through and through before he reaches home. I wonder whether he goes to bed sober at night in his life."

A few minutes later John kissed us and bade us good night. Bessie and I went to the window to see him start. But by this time it was nearly dark. He waved his whip to us as soon as he had settled himself in his seat, then he gave the reins a little shake. Black Beryl, he is struck [illegible] from the stone's sh[illegible] going forward, the gravel crunched beneath the wheel, and a moment later the shade of seeing had swallowed up horse and gig and driver. My sister and I pulled down the blinds and the curtain and rang for Kitty to bring in the lamp.

The evening passed after our usual quiet fashion. We worked a little and read a little and played some half dozen duets and chatted between times till the clock pointed to 10:30, at which hour we generally retired for the night. My last duty every evening was to go the round of the house and satisfy myself that all lights were out, that the fires were out and that all the doors and windows were properly secured. When I had duly accomplished that night the drawing room lamp was extinguished, and then Bessie and I took our bed candles and mounted up stairs, leaving darkness and solitude behind us. Mary Gibbs and Kitty had retired long ago.

My sister's room and mine adjoined each other with a door of communication between which generally stood partly open during it for the sake of companionship. The windows of both rooms looked into the garden, which ran a wide strip on that side of the house and was shut in by a wall some seven feet high, beyond which there were three or four meadows and then the boundary wall of Dorrington Park.

It was close on four o'clock—as I found out afterwards—when I awoke suddenly from sound sleep. The instant I opened my eyes the room was illuminated by a vivid flash of lightning and in all probability it was a peal of thunder that had broken my slumbers. Another flash followed after a brief interval, succeeded again by a deafening accompaniment. My sleep was effectually broken. I rose, flung a shawl over my shoulders and crossing to the window drew back the blind and peeped out. As long ago as I can remember lightning has had a singular fascination for me. As a child I loved to gaze upon its vivid splendors, and in this respect at least years have left me unchanged. A board creaked as I crossed the floor.

"Is that you, Barbara?" asked my sister from the other room.

"Yes, dear. I am going to look out for a few minutes. Is not the lightning beautiful?"

"Very beautiful, only I wish it were anywhere rather than here," answered Bessie, who at such times was just as nervous as I was the reverse.

The flashes followed each other at intervals of about a minute. I had witnessed three or four when suddenly I gave a start, and an exclamation broke involuntarily from my lips. The last flash revealed to me the figures of two men in the act of climbing over the garden wall. One of the men was a stranger to me, but in the other, instantaneous as was the revelation, I recognized the somewhat peculiar face and figure of a man named Dethel whom my brother had employed temporarily during the last week or two in the garden, our regular man being laid up at the time with rheumatism. There was something in the looks of the man in question which had at the first [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] would become of us? For right I know to the contrary Dethel might be an [illegible] hard working fellow, with wife [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] on him, but for all [illegible] [illegible] on the days he was working for us I carefully refrained from going into the garden.

And now here was this man and another with him effecting a surreptitious entry to the premises at 4 o'clock in the morning. Such a proceeding could have but one and a[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Were they aware, asked myself, were the two men aware that my brother was absent from home for the night and that only three helpless women and a girl were left in the house? Secondly, had they by some means become cognizant of the fact that a few hours previously Mr. Shillito had paid my brother a considerable sum of money which must necessarily still be somewhere on the premises? In my mind there was little doubt that both these facts were fully known to the men. My brother's movements were as open as the day and Dethel had doubtless learned from Reuben the groom that his master would be from home on this particular night, while as for Mr. Shillito everybody knew how he talked in his loud voice about his most private affairs when he had taken more to drink than was good for him. At the bar of more than one tavern that evening every one who might chance to be within hearing that evening would not fail to be informed that Mr. Shillito had just paid John Waldron his half year's rent.

These thoughts flashed through my mind almost as quickly as that flash which revealed so much. Breathlessly I waited for the next flash. It came, shattering the darkness for an instant and then it too was swallowed up. The men were no longer visible. Between the two flashes they had had time to drop on the inner side of the wall, where the thick clumps of evergreens which clothed that part of the grounds would effectually save them from view. At that very moment they were doubtless making their way stealthily toward the house. What was to be done? Never had I realized so fully as at that moment how helpless a creature a woman is.

Drawing my shawl more closely around me and putting on a pair of list slippers which I wore about the house in cold weather, I crept noiselessly out of the room. At the top of the stairs I halted and listened, but all was silence the most profound. The corridor out of which the bedroom opened was lighted at the opposite end by a high narrow window which looked on the garden [illegible] [illegible] this window I now made my way and there with [illegible] pressed to the cold glass I stood and listened. Presently I heard the faint sound of foot steps and then the subdued voices of two people talking to each other. Directly under the place where I was standing was the back drawing room, which opened on the garden by means of a French window, and, although this window was secured at night by shutters, I had an idea that the security in question was more [illegible] than real and was of a kind that would be laughed to scorn by any burglar who was acquainted with his business. If the men had made up their minds to break into the house, and with what other object could they be there?—the probability was that they would make the attempt by way of the French window. Even while this thought was passing through my mind the voices of the men sank to a whisper, and a low peculiar grating sound made itself heard. Evidently they had already begun to force the fastenings of the window. I crept back to my room feeling utterly dazed and helpless.

"Is that you, Barbara? Where have you been?" asked my sister.

Going into her room I sat down on the side of the bed and told her everything in a few words as possible. She was of a somewhat timid and nervous disposition and my news visibly affected her. She sat up in bed trembling and clinging to my arm.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "if we lock our bedroom doors and keep very quiet they will go away without coming near us."

"Why should they go, not as they have come after but Mr. Shillito's £90," I answered.

"And there's poor mamma's silver teaset you downstairs. I hope they won't find that," said Bessie.

I hoped so too, but her misjudging how much Dethel had contrived to ascertain respecting us and our affairs. I went to the corridor window again and listened. The movements of the men was now plainly distinguishable. It seemed as if they were trying to file or cut their way through some obstruction. After listening for a few moments I went back to my room and I proceeded mechanically to put on a few articles of clothing, asking myself again and again as I did so whether it was not possible to do something, though what that something ought to be I knew no more than the man in the moon. The men's horse was a quarter of a mile [illegible] and even I could have stolen out unnoticed by way of the front door before I could have reached the farm and brought back help the burglars would have effected their purpose and decamped. Our peculiarity was at that time very straight [illegible]. For some time back John had been trying [illegible] off some old family debts, and the loss of the £90 [illegible] [illegible] of course would have bound to make good, would [illegible] [illegible] a great blow to him. If I could only have got at the money and have hidden it where the burglars would not be likely to find it I felt that I should have accomplished something. But the bag was locked up in John's strong mahogany desk, and was as utterly beyond my reach as if it had been in the coffers of the bank of England, while yet it could hardly have been placed more conveniently ready to the hands of the thieves. To them the strong old mahogany desk would be a trifling obstacle indeed.

All this time [illegible] [illegible] speaking, I was wringing my hands knowing full well how [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] these moments but only feeling my helplessness. The more I strove to discern one loophole of escape the [illegible] [illegible] of such feeling. I hope never to experience it again in the same degree as I experienced it that night.

The lightning was now quite as vivid as at [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] still came in as frequent flashes and by its light my sister and I made a hurried toilet. Our house stood a little way back from the high road from which it was divided by a tiny lawn and a low screen of evergreens. Once or twice in the course of the night one of the mounted constabulary would ride slowly past as he went on his rounds, but I was without any knowledge as to his particular time when he might be expected or whether in fact the time at which he might be looked for at any specified point might not be varied from night to night. Still there was just a possibility that he might put in an appearance at any moment, so I stationed Bessie at the window to keep a sharp lookout for him and be in readiness to rouse an alarm the moment she heard the tramp of his horse's hoofs. For once in a way the lightning was something to be thankful for, each flash lighted up the high road for a considerable distance on both sides of the house.

When this was done it seemed as if every thing had been done, and yet it was next to nothing. With both hands pressed to my eyes, I stood thinking as I seemed never to have thought before. Then it was that—as sudden, swift and startling as one of those flashes which were momentarily illuminating the outer world—an idea shot through my brain which for an instant or two seemed to cause my heart to stand still, and yet at the first [illegible] it was an idea that [illegible] about it something so preposterous [illegible] [illegible] even that [illegible] the need [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I should have discarded it at once [illegible]. But upon second [illegible] that the night's [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to hesitation [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and that without a moment's delay. I still try at it, and that [illegible] self with [illegible].

On the toilet [illegible] was a jar of white [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] this powder, I [illegible] [illegible] led to rub it [illegible] over my face till it [illegible] That done I drew some white [illegible] off the bed and draped it [illegible] with it loosely from head to foot. [illegible] I unbound my hair which in those days was long, black and reached below my waist, and shook it round my shoulders in [illegible] disorder. [illegible] now ready for the role I had made up my mind to enact.

I [illegible] [illegible] that she thought I had taken leave of my senses. Just at the moment my toilet was completed and I turned and advanced toward her, another long, quivering lightning lit up the room. A low [illegible] [illegible] from my sister [illegible] shrank away from me as though I was something altogether un[illegible].

"O Barbara, dear, what is the matter?" she cried. "Why do you frighten me so?"

"It's not you I want to frighten, but the men down stairs," I replied. Then in a few hurried words I told her my plan.

She would have tried to dissuade me, but there was no time to listen. Leaving her there watching by the window ready to rouse an alarm the moment the mounted constable should pass on his round, I stole swiftly and noiselessly down the carpeted staircase and on to the [illegible] which led to the corridor below. I could hear a muffled murmur of voices and a moment later I was startled by a noise of falling glass. The burglars had succeeded in effecting an entrance. They were separated only by the drawing room door, which although locked was an obstacle that very few minutes would suffice to overcome. With an indrawing of my breath I sped quickly past the door along the length of the corridor until I reached the opposite end, where there were two more doors, one of them opening that of my brother's office, which was also locked, and from the lock of which I had withdrawn the key. I have omitted to state that the window of John's office was secured by two stout bars, which was probably one reason why the thieves had chosen to effect an entrance at a point more readily adapted for their purpose. The second door at the end of the corridor shut off a short passage leading to the kitchen. The door I succeeded in opening without noise. I had decided to take my stand a little way on the inner side of it and there await the course of events. By this time the men were busily at work forcing the lock of the drawing room door. A thin thread of light which shone from under showed that, although the lightning was still as frequent as before they did not find it sufficient for their purpose.

Scarcely breathing I waited. I was too excited to be wrought up, the tension of my nerves was too extreme to allow of any personal fear. It was, I candidly recall, with a strange [illegible] sense of unreality underlying it. I feel as if I should not have been surprised had I woke up and found the whole affair resolve itself into a dream while yet fully as vivid in mind that it was nothing of the kind. Suddenly the noise at the door ceased; the lock had been forced. The thread of light disappeared for a few moments all was silence the most profound. Then a faint rustling, which at any other time would have been inaudible, told me that the drawing room door was being opened and that the crucial moment had come. I pressed one hand over my heart and for a few moments [illegible] [illegible] overpowering longing [illegible] to get back to my room [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. But it was too late. By this time the men were in the corridor [illegible] though I could not see them.

"Which is the door we want?" I heard one whisper to another.

"On the right. The first door we come to." As they advanced a step I did the same.

"What's that?" asked one of them quickly.

"Don't be a fool. That's a mouse."

"I tell you there's [illegible]. Where's the glim?"

But the lightning was quicker than the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] came, flashing the darkness and flooding the corridor with the blinding intensity of its glare. Then I saw the men and the men saw me, but the darkness had hidden us from each other again before the men had time to make sure their eyes had not deceived them.

One of them gave a gasp and whispered, "Is it [illegible]. What [illegible] that tall white thing at the end of the passage? Is it [illegible] like a ghost?"

"Ghost be blest! There ain't no such thing—there [illegible] [illegible]. We'll soon see what it is," [illegible] poke the light of the bull's eye lantern was turned full upon me.

I [illegible] [illegible] a curve of [illegible] and terror. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] surprise and terror. I have often tried since to picture to myself the appearance I must have presented when [illegible] such a moment by the [illegible] [illegible] light with my deathlike [illegible], my [illegible] [illegible] thick [illegible] locks, my tall figure [illegible] white [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible] pointed direct at the men. I [illegible] [illegible] at their fright. At this juncture my [illegible] mother [illegible] a terrible [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] shook the house. At the very instant [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] something within me that I was powerless [illegible] I burst into a wild peal of maniacal blood-curdling laughter. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but they [illegible] enough. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the men turned [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] had come [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] remember nothing more till I [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] Bessie supporting my head on her lap and sprinkling her smelling salts to my nose.

But John's ninety pounds were saved and it is hardly necessary to add that Dethel the ex-gardener was never seen in those parts again.

Advertisements on Rocks.

A young sign painter out of work originated the idea of painting advertisements on rocks in 1868. He printed his name and occupation on the rocks in Harlem, N. Y. This caught the eye of some sharp Yankee who employed him to advertise their bitters in the same manner. He traveled over the country to the Rocky mountains and his signs appeared everywhere [illegible] [illegible] the Pacific coast. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] competition and imitators, but they first [illegible] and became partners. Advertising at that time was much more difficult, so these destroyers of the beautiful deserve credit for perseverance. [illegible] advised over 1,000,000 miles, painted 30,000 signs and yet live; one of these vandal boasted, at the same time showing how much paint they consumed by figures—also their profits. Bill-stickers too travel far and wide with their paste pot and rolls of advertising placards. Some states have forbidden them to ply their calling, but travelers everywhere are annoyed and disgusted by coming upon the names of tonics, nostrums, cosmetics and other abominations in nature's choicest retreats.

FREQUENTLY THE CASE.

In strict confidence. First bridesmaid—"You'll never tell?" Second bridesmaid—"Of course not. I never do, you know." First bridesmaid—"Well, she told me in strict confidence, understand, that though Jack was poor, they were going to travel all summer and stop at the best hotels, and that they got their money by selling the duplicate wedding presents. I wonder whether my spoons are paying part of the expenses?"—*Troy Press.*

THE SPICE OF [illegible]

THE METROPOLITAN [illegible]

The two tigers which broke loose from a circus in Virginia recently devoured a goat and then fled to the Dismal Swamp. [illegible] would not have enjoyed such a [illegible] [illegible] if they had been made in this city. [illegible] New York goat is too warlike a beast [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his blood to any circus [illegible]. —*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

TRIALS OF THE TRAVELER.

A traveling man's trip book was picked up on Seventh street, St. Paul. One page read as follows:

Liver regulator, 15 cents.
Dinner 50 cents.
Cigars 25 cents.
Liver adjuster 10 cents.
Drayage 25 cents.
Kidney bitters 5 cents.
Newspaper 5 cents.
Toothache drops 15 cents.
Cough 10 cents.

He had been traveling in Iowa. [illegible] [illegible] is so unhealthy down that way.—*Minnesota Bazoo.*

WHY SHE DIDN'T SCREAM.

A young woman from the country [illegible] suing her ex-sweetheart for breach of promise, and the lawyers were as usual [illegible] all sorts of inquisitive interrogatories.

"You say," remarked one, "that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, with a [illegible] flush.

"How close?"

"Close enough so's one cheer was all the sittin' room we needed."

"And you say he put his arm [illegible] you?"

"No, I didn't."

"What did you say then?"

"I said he put both arms around me."

"And what?"

"He hugged me."

"Very hard?"

"Yes, he did. So hard that I came [illegible] near hollerin' right out."

"Why didn't you holler?"

"Cause."

"That's no reason. Be explicit, [illegible]. Because what?"

"Cause I was afeard he'd stop."

The court fell off the bench and had to be carried out and put under the [illegible] for the purpose of resuscitation.—*New [illegible] Sun.*

THE WILD HIGH C.

Amateur Tenor—"Oh! you must put me down for a solo at the church entertainment. I have just learned a new one."

Director (wearily)—"Well, what is it now?"

"It's called 'The Restless Sea.'"

"Humph! Rather odd theme."

"Odd theme?"

"Yes. I don't know of any reason why the [illegible] should be restless. You never [illegible] it, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

TOUCH TABLE TALK.

"The cream of the joke was," said the new boarder, "that the—"

"If you say skim milk of the joke, we understand you better," said the [illegible] pudding man.

"Don't interrupt," continued the new boarder, "the landlady herself [illegible] giving out the conundrum."

"And what was it?" asked the [illegible] joker gloomily after a long wait.

"Why are we all martyrs?"

There was a dead silence as the [illegible] [illegible] struggled to its legs, revealing [illegible] [illegible] Brand B. C. 62.

Then the new boarder answered [illegible] he tried to render steady and truthful:

"Because we all perish at the [illegible]."—*Detroit Free Press.*

UP TONNUFF.

"Is your master at home?" asked the deputy sheriff at the door of a palatial [illegible] on Madison avenue.

"Yes, sor," responded the new servant.

"Where is he?"

"At Newport, sor."

"And how do you know he is at home?"

"Sure, didn't he tell me if any one called to say so?"—*[illegible]*

TIME STOCK FOR THE BANK.

Macklin the actor played Shylock [illegible] [illegible] at 101. Had he been a [illegible] he would have been just right for the bank.—*Oil City Derrick.*

FAILED TO SYLLABICATE.

A [illegible] man once remarked to [illegible] that there was one American word [illegible] could understand or find in any [illegible].

"What is it?" inquired the poet.

"The reply [illegible] I never heard [illegible] [illegible] Longfellow." Presently a servant [illegible] in to replenish the fire. After [illegible] little fuel Longfellow remarked [illegible] "That will do." "Ha! [illegible]! I [illegible] that is the very word [illegible] has troubled me."—*Every Other [illegible].*

HIT CONFRONTS JERSEYMAN.

A man from Jersey City, while [illegible] dime changed at the Metropolitan [illegible], New York, had the misfortune [illegible] cent which rolled under an immense trunk.

"I want you to find that cent and [illegible] it to me," said the Jerseyman, [illegible] being brushed off by the porter.

"Hit gwinter be a big job ter [illegible] [illegible] heavy trunk, yet I'll see if I [illegible] [illegible] dat cent. But I don't b'lieve I kin."

"Well," responded the Jerseyman, "[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] back, but if you [illegible] find it you may keep it for yourself."

"Thank you, boss, thank you [illegible]." —*[illegible]*

REMARKABLE FORESIGHT.

She was a remarkably sensible [illegible] who made the request of her [illegible] after her decease she should not be [illegible] by the side of a brook where babbling [illegible] would wake her from her dreams [illegible] [illegible] grand cemetery where sight[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] epitaphs might disturb [illegible]. [illegible] find away to her last sleep [illegible] counter of some merchant who did [illegible] advertise in the newspapers. There [illegible] was to be found a depth of quiet [illegible] which neither the sound of the [illegible] [illegible] nor the weary shuffle of [illegible] would ever intrude.—*Along [illegible].*

THE ACME OF APPRECIATION.

"You know what kind of a man [illegible]. Well, he has been very good to [illegible] winter."

"How's [illegible] him now?"

"Not exactly, but when he [illegible] away from home he took his [illegible] [illegible] theater several times."

"Did Briggs appreciate it?"

"Appreciate it? Of course he [illegible]. [illegible] time he met Smith after [illegible] [illegible] killed him."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

AN INDEPENDENT IN [illegible].

A sea serpent, with black [illegible] hooks, has been seen off Egg Harbor by a Jerseyman named Dudzy. [illegible] it looked like a cross between the [illegible] submarine shingle mill. His [illegible] pression should atone for his [illegible] vision.—*Philadelphia Evening [illegible].*

BOSTON STRAWBERRIES.

Waiter—"What will you have?" Customer (looking over the [illegible] of fare)—"Permit me to cogitate. [illegible] correlation of forces is a recognized [illegible] erty of atomic—" Waiter (shouting [illegible] the hall to the head server)—"Beans for one."—*Philadelphia Call.*

HOPE DEFERRED.

"I am a plumber," answered [illegible] who was discovered in a [illegible] at Cincinnati at midnight [illegible] turned over in bed with [illegible] I was in hopes that [illegible] might leave me something."—[illegible] *Press.*

The Oregonian
SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, [illegible]

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Encounters a Mesmerist, Who [illegible] Deacon Pogram Under the Influence.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the state uv Kentucky),
September 20, 1884.

[illegible] [illegible] corner [illegible] [illegible] that by my torious [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the Federal offises all over the [illegible] land filled with Dimocrats, a sweet [illegible] change [illegible] made in the [illegible] reform from the highest to the lowest [illegible] the gin mills rejoice with exceedin [illegible] joy.

I see [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] time rolled backw[illegible] and matters reversed—that everything [illegible] by the republican party for the last 24 [illegible] is [illegible] away with from the emancipa[illegible] uv the niggers to the [illegible] uv nash[illegible] [illegible].

I see the [illegible] of Stonewall Jaxon [illegible] Hood and Forrest and them heroes [illegible] from their grave and jine the koru[illegible] lafter [illegible] wat they fought and [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] realized by means of po[illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

I see [illegible] wich will pass all [illegible] uv [illegible] for the South [illegible]. President [illegible] will not veto [illegible]. [illegible] Secesshn Crik [illegible] watered, and a [illegible] house in the Cross Roads the contract [illegible] uv wich will be a milyun, but wich [illegible] cost five milyuns afore it is completed [illegible] see me and you, Parson, and M Peter h[illegible] contrax on the [illegible] and ridin in our k[illegible] [illegible] and warin dimund pins ez bi[illegible] [illegible] nut.

I see the whole kentry under the [illegible] trole uv of the South, we a taxin the [illegible] ernment in our [illegible] of wich ez we d[illegible] pay the taxes will be glory enuff for [illegible] four year.

I see the Dimocrisy of the North ben[illegible] at our feet ez uv yoar and we dictatin [illegible] as to em ez we did before the war.

I see a Solid South one in feelin [illegible] in sentiment, one in ackshen and on[illegible] assaultin the National Treasury.

I see Bascom smilin and bendin' [illegible] us and solissin our custom for lo[illegible] shall have money to pay cash insted [illegible] ing for credit and then payin interest [illegible] wat we hev had till it assooms the sha[illegible] a mortgage.

There waz on the old saint's face ez he [illegible] ed these profettik words a seraphic sm[illegible] look uv entire sat[illegible] fackshen wich wuz [illegible] enly. The color in his nose deepened, [illegible] rheumy eyes glowed with an unearthly [illegible] and in fact the old man wuz compl[illegible] transfiggered. It wuz suthin to feel ez [illegible] ef he did ef it wuz only a dream, and [illegible] dream lastin a minit. He awoke from [illegible] trance.

Did he actilly see wat his words in[illegible] ed? Ov course he did. Wat else are w[illegible] the south workin for? Wat else d[illegible] strive and struggle for Nasanel succ[illegible].

May the good Lord send us the [illegible] desire that the good Deckin's words [illegible] be proffetik. PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Hopef[illegible]).

Autumn at West Point.

The autumn [illegible] at West Point are most enjoyable and attractive of the [illegible] the foliage on the surrounding hill pre[illegible] ing a sight which all lovers of nature [illegible] will assert [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] invigorating [illegible] [illegible] ing riding [illegible] driving [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] It is the only hotel at West Point prop[illegible].

The [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] at a church [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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SPICE OF LIFE.

THE METROPOLITAN GOAT.

...wo tigers, which broke loose from a ... in Virginia recently, devoured two ... them fled to the Dismal Swamp ... not have enjoyed such a meal had ... tique been made in this city. The ... goat is too war-like a beast to ... his blood to any circus tiger.—*...Mail and Express.*

TRIALS OF THE TRAVELER.

...veling man's trip book was picked ... Seventh street, St. Paul. One page ... lows:

...regulator, 15 cents.
...r, 50 cents.
..., 25 cents.
...ny juster, 10 cents.
..., 25 cents.
...y bitters, 5 cents.
...oiper, 5 cents.
...ache drops, 15 cents.
..., 10 cents.

...d been traveling in Iowa. We had ... it was so unhealthy down that way.—*...Bazoo.*

WHY SHE DIDN'T SCREAM.

...ng woman from the country was ... ex-sweetheart for breach of promise ... the lawyers were, as usual, making ... of inquisitive interrogatories. ...say," remarked one, "that the de... frequently sat very close to you?" ...sir," was the reply, with a hesitation.

...closet?"

...enough so's one cheer was all the ...oom we needed."

...you say he put his arm around ...

...I didn't."

...at did you say then?"

...id he put both arms around me."

...what?"

...hugged me."

...y hard?"

...he did. So hard that I came pretty ...lerin' right out."

...y didn't you holler?"

...se."

...'s no reason. Be explicit, please. ...what?"

...use I was afraid he'd stop."

...ourt fell off the bench, and had to ...d out and put under the hydrant ...purpose of resuscitation.—*New York ...*

THE WILD HIGH C.

...our Tenor—"Oh! you must put me ... solo at the church entertainment. ...st learned a new one."

...tor (wearily)—"Well, what is it ...

...called 'The Restless Sea.'"

...ph! Rather odd theme."

...theme!"

I don't know of any reason why ...ould be restless. You never strike ...now.—*Philadelphia Call.*

TOUCH TABLE TALK.

...ream of the joke was," said the ...rder, "that the—"

...u say skim milk of the joke, we'll ...nd you better," said the bread... ...man.

...t interrupt," continued the new ... "the landlady herself heard the ...put the conundrum."

...what was it?" asked the chronic ...oomily, after a long wait.

...y are we all martyrs?"

...was a dead silence as the feeble old ...ruggled to its legs, revealing the ... C. 62.

...he new boarder answered in a voice ...rendered steady and truthful: ...ause we all perish at the steak."—*...Free Press.*

UP TO SNUFF.

...ur master at home?" asked a dy... ...iff at the door of a palatial residence ...ion avenue.

..., sor," responded the new servant. ...re is he?"

...ewport, sor?"

...how do you know he is at New...

...didn't he tell me if any sup... ...brothers called to say so?"—*Brook...*

THE STOCK FOR THE BALLET.

...lun, the actor, played Shylock at ...d at 105. Had he been a woman he ...ld have been just right for the ballet.—*...City Derrick.*

FAILED TO SYLLABICATE.

...nian once remarked to Longfellow ...re was one American word he never ...derstand or find in any dictionary. ...is it?" inquired the poet. "Thanks ...reply. "I never heard the word ...gellow. Presently a servant came ...lenish the fire. After putting on ...e, Longfellow remarked to him: ...will do." "Ha!" exclaimed the ...man, "that is the very word which ...oled me."—*Every Other Saturday.*

THE GENEROUS JERSEYMAN.

...n from Jersey City, while getting ...ranged at the Metropolitan hotel ...ork, had the misfortune to drop ...hich rolled under an immense pier ...

...nt you to find that cent and return ...," said the Jerseyman, who was ...rushed off by the porter.

...gwinter be a big job ter move ...vy trunks, yet I'll see if I kin find ..., but I don't b'lieve I kin."

..." responded the Jerseyman, "if I want it back; but if you don't ...ou may keep it for yourself." ...nk you boss; thank you kindly."—*...Siftings.*

REMARKABLE FORESIGHT.

...as a remarkably sensible young lady ...de the request of her friends that ...r decease she should not be buried ...side of a brook, where babbling ... ...ld wake her from her dreams; nor ...ud cemetery, where sight-seers, ...r epitaphs might disturb her; but ...away to her last sleep under ...of some merchant who did not ...n the newspapers. There, she said, ...e found a depth of quiet slumber ...either the sound of the buoyant ...ner the weary shuffle of old ...ver intrude.—*Albany Ga. News.*

THE ACME OF APPRECIATION.

...know what kind of a man Smith is ...has been very good to Briggs ...

..."Loaned him money?"

...not exactly; but when Briggs was ...om home he took his pretty wife ...her several times."

...Briggs appreciate it?" ...reciate it? Of course he did. The ...d he met Smith after he got home ...thing."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

INDEPENDENT IN DISGUISE.

...INDEPENDENT IN DISGUISE. ...serpent, "with black horns like ... has been seen off Egg Harbor ...seyman named 'Dudzy,' who ... I like a cross between the devil and ...ne shingle mill. His lucidity of ...should atone for his obliquity ...—*Philadelphia Evening News.*

BOSTON STRAWBERRIES.

...r—"What will you have, ...r (looking over the restaurant ...)—"Permit me to cogitate. ...on of forces it is a recognized ...tomic—" Waiter (shouts ...to the head server)—Baked ...—*Philadelphia Call.*

HOPE DEFERRED.

...a plumber," answered a ... discovered in a chamber in a ...nati at midnight, and the ...ver in bed with the remark: ... hopes that it was a burglar ...ave me something."—*Detroit ...*

The Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 12, 1884.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Encounters a Mesmerist, Who Puts Deacon Pogram Under th Influence.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, (Wich is in the state uv Kentucky,) September 20, 1884.

Ther cum to the Corners yisterday a mesmerist wich claimed that by mysterious passes, of wich he had the nateral gift, he could put any person into a trance in wich condishun he wood be enabled to penetrate the dim and misty futur, and foretell wat wuz to happen. I declined to be experimented with, for a reason. I don't want to know anything about the futur, fer I feer it will so resemble the past ez to make me sick. The past is quite enuff for me.

But, nevertheless, I had curiosity to know what wuz to happen, especially in a politikle way, and so I indoost that old saint, Deekin Pogram, to submit hisself to the perfessor and take an excursion into the fucher.

The perfesser made a lot uv passes over the Deekin's venerable head and declared him sufficiently mesmerized, and asked the Deekin to say what he saw to which the Deekin did thus:

"I see," murmured the Deekin, his eyes fixed on vacancy, "that pure and gileless citizen, Cleveland, in the White House, with that other pure and irreproachable man, Beecher smilin benignantly onto him. I see in Cleveland's cabinit, quite another stile uv men thar them wich hev bin sittin' in presidenshal councils for twenty-four years. Ther is Jeffson Davis secretary uv state and the other members are all Confedrit soljers wich distinguished themselves in the great struggle for the Southern system.

"I see in the custom house and postoffis at Noo Orleans and Mobeel and Atlanty, and all the other pints in the south, from the biggest to the smallest, the radikel republikins cleened out and their places filled with confedrit soldiers. The government employes are not whisslin ez they go gaily to ther work, 'Hale Columby,' or 'The Star Spangled Banner,' but the sole-inspiring strames uv 'The Bonnie Bloo Flag,' and 'Dixie' greet my ravished ear.

"I see an eleckshun scene. The Fedrel laws for the preservashun uv the integrity uv the ballot box hev bin repealed, and the gentlemen uv the south hev now the power in their own hands. They sit at the poles and they determine who shel vote and who shel not. There is not a nigger in site, for ther day is over.

"I see the laws for the perteckshun uv niggers is all repeeled, and the labor uv the South is got back to suthin like wat it shood be. The nigger isn't a slave no more, but he cums ez clost to it ez its possible. He isn't permitted to testify in the courts agin a white man; he hez no vote, and he is practikly wunst more a servant unto his brethren, hallelooy.

"I see a still more gladder sight wich warms the cockles uv my old hart. I see the debt made by the Confedracy put onto a equality with the debt incurred by the Fedrel Goverment, and bonds ishood kiverin all alike. I see Confedrit soljers penshund jist the same ez Fedrel sojers, fer Confedrit sojers that i wuz only a contest betwixt the secshuns ez it were, bein neutral, and one side is jist ez much entitled to considerashun ez the other.

"I see the South made rich in consekence. The pensions uv Confedrit sojers hez bin compoundid with intrest from the close uv the war, and they hev bin paid bonds which bare intrest at 4 per cent. I myself hev proved my servis in the Confedrit army, and hev in my pokkit now all my back pay.

"I see all the property destroyed in the South paid for in the same way. I hev myself bin paid for 113 mules capchered by John Morgar when he raided this part uv Kentucky, and I see myself livin in comfort on the intrest.

"I see yoo Parson, in the post offis at the Corners, and me in the Collector's offis. I see Lubbock, the nigger, wich hez held the place sence Grant's fust term, hangin to a tree in front uv Bascom's, and Pollock and Bigler gettin out uv town, pursood by the infooriatid populis wich is thirstin fur ther blood. I see Bascom smiling from ear to ear, ez we actilly pay fur drinks instid uv remarkin to him, 'gist mark it down.'

"I see the Fedral offises all over the broad land filled with Dimocrats, a sweepin change hevin bin made in the interest uv reform, from the highest to the lowest, and the gin mils rejoice with exceedin grate joy.

"I see the wheels uv time rolled backward and matters reversed—that everything done by the republican party for the last 24 years is done away with, from the emansipashun uv the niggers to the issooin uv nashnel money.

"I see the gosts of Stonewall, Jaxon and Hood, and Forrest, and them heroes, risin from their graves and jine the korus uv laffter ez they see wat they fought and died for on the field realized by means of politikel akshen.

"I see a Congris wich will pass all sorts uv appropriashens for the South, and a President who will not veto 'em. I see Secesun Crik slack-watered, and a custom house in the Cross Roads, the contract price uv wich will be a milyun, but wich will cost five milyuns afore it is completed. I see me and you, Parson and M'Peter hevin contrax on the same, and ridin in our kerridges and warin dimund pins ez big as hickry nuts.

"I see the whole kentry under the control uv of the South, wen taxin the goverment in our behoof, wich, ez we don't pay the taxes, will be glory enuff for one four years.

"I see the dimocrisy of the North bendin' at our feet ez uv yoar, and we dictatin' poll-sy, to em, ez we did before the war.

"I see a Solid South, one in feelin', one in sentiment, one in ackshen and one in assaultin' the National Treasury.

"I see Bascom smilin' and bendin' onto us, and solissin our custom, for lo! we shall hev money to pay cash instead uv askin for credit and then payin' interest unto wat we hev had, till it assooms the shape uv a mortgage.

[There waz on the old saint's face ez he uttered these profettik words a seraphic smile, a look uv entire satisfackshen, wich wuz heavenly. The color in his nose deepened, his rheumy eyes glowed with an unearthly fire, and, in fact, the old man wuz completely transiggered. It wuz suthin to feel ez good ez he did, ez it wuz only a dreem, and that dreem lastin a minit. He awoke from the trance.

Did he acilly see wat his words indikated? Uv course he did. Wat else are we uv the south workin for? Wat else do we strive and struggle for Nashnel success for? May the good Lord send us the victry we desire, that the good Deekin's words may be profettik. PETROLEUM V. NASBY, (Hopeful.)

Autumn at West Point.

The autumn days at West Point are the most enjoyable and attractive of the year, the foliage on the surrounding hills presenting a sight which all lovers of nature may well assert to be incomparable, and the cool, invigorating air being conductive to walking, riding and driving, the facilities for which in this locality are so fine. Although the cadets have returned to barracks, guard mount, cavalry and artillery drills and evening parade are continued every day on the plain directly in front of which stands the West Point hotel (the government house) which, as is well known, is open throughout the year, and is widely quoted for its excellent management ... com ... and good table. It is the only ... at West Point proper.

The fitness of things is not illustrated when a wrinkled, gossiping, busy old girl at a church fair insists upon eating angel cake.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

LIGHT ON AN OLD STORY.

Some English Documents on the American War of Independence.

One of the most interesting finds of the historical manuscripts commission is the large collection of Mrs. Stopford Sackville's papers, at Drayton house, Northamptonshire, of which an account is given in part III of the commissioners' report. In one series there are comprised papers of the greatest value, extending over the whole period of the American war of independence, and including letters and documents written by Lord North, Lord George Germain, William Eden, afterward Lord Auckland; Admiral Sir George Rodney, and others intimately connected with the government of the day and the conduct of the war. A large proportion of the papers are communications to Lord George Germain, who became secretary of the colonies in November, 1775, about six months after the fighting at Lexington. Independent accounts of that action, which was fought in April, had reached London in June, and Lord Suffolk, writing to Lord George Germain, says that the private letters gave more particular accounts than those furnished by the commanders. He adds: "They don't do much credit to the discipline of our troops, but do not impeach their readiness and intrepidity."

The war had been entered upon with a light heart, and the consequences were soon apparent. General Burgoyne, writing from Boston on the 20th of August, says that all parties in England had contributed to foster the growth of the rebellion, and "after a fatal procrastination, not only of vigorous measures, but of preparation for such, we took a step as decisive as the passage of the Rubicon, and now find ourselves plunged at once in a most serious war, without a single requisite—gunpowder excepted—for carrying it on." The general criticises with great freedom the action, or inaction, of his naval colleague. It might be asked in England what the admiral was doing. "I wish," says General Burgoyne, "I was able to answer that question satisfactorily, but I can only say what he is not doing. That he is not supplying the troops with sheep and oxen, the linners of the best of us bear meager testimony; the want of broth in the hospitals bears a more melancholy one." He was doing, in fact, all that he ought not to have done. "The British thunder is diverted or controlled by pitiful attentions and quaker-like scruples, and under such influences insult and impunity, like righteousness and peace, have kissed each other." When to the admiral's supineness were added the shortcomings of quartermaster-generals, adjutant-generals and other functionaries, there resulted "a mass of inefficiency" that in General Burgoyne's opinion "would counteract and disappoint the ablest counsel in the world." A month later Eden wrote to Lord George Germain, by Lord North's desire, a letter in which he, on the part of the prime minister, thus summed up the situation: "A worthy General [Gage] with parts inferior to his situation and a corrupt admiral without any shadow of capacity have jointly contributed to increase the strength and numbers of the armed rebels in a great degree, and to render the avowal of rebellion general over the whole of the American continent."

The public were less well informed of what was going on than ministers and those honored with their confidence, and the first news of disaster appears to have been received with considerable equanimity. Lord Suffolk wrote, in June, 1775, that Americans on this side of the Atlantic were active and zealous to make the most of what had occurred on the other, but they could raise no alarm. "The stocks are unaffected, and the respectable part of the city is in very proper sentiments. Everything is right at this end of the town, [the letter is dated from St. James',] and I neither perceive disinclination to persevere nor diffidence in the success of perseverance anywhere." Loyal addresses were sent up from the provinces, and Eden, writing apparently in October, 1775, thought the documents contained the genuine and general sentiment of the nation. "Tho' I wonder," he adds, "that so spirited a people should be so civil after so dispiriting a campaign." Even those who were in the best position to form an accurate judgment were loth to admit the possibility of ultimate failure to subdue the rebellious colonists and eager to fasten upon every circumstance which appeared to show that they were becoming exhausted. In 1779, as far as appears—the letter is undated—Eden finds indubitable proof of an inclosure he has received from America "that the credit of the rebel congress is at its stretch, and actually breaking." "They were calling upon the colonies to furnish $15,000,000 a month, which, adds the writer, amounts to nearly £40,000,000. At the same time they were offering to receive one hard dollar in lieu of forty paper dollars.

A curiosity among the correspondence examined is a letter from Admiral Sir George Rodney to Lord George Germain, marked "private" and dated August 2, 1780. The admiral was very anxious to obtain a seat in Parliament, so anxious apparently that he was unable to write correctly, and his missive has required some little editing to make it read. He promises to be a certain but humble supporter of government, and is willing to advance the necessary sum should there be occasion, but he hopes that his rank and long services will be considered as entitling him to an admiralty borough. The admiral grows considerably incoherent in the sentences which follow, but it is understood that he will accept a pension that has been offered to him. "But I hope," he adds, "it will not prevent me being in parliament. If it does I must beg your lordship to be so good as to speak to Lord North upon the subject and beg that I may decline the pension, for in my opinion to be out of parliament is to be out of the world, and my heart is set upon my being in." The admiral was in the habit of expressing his opinions with a good deal of vehemence. In another letter, dated from on board the Sandwich, at St. Lucia, and also marked "private," he tells Lord George Germain that he must not expect an end of the American war until he can find a general of the active spirit who hates the Americans from principle. Nothing, he is convinced, will bring the Americans to their senses but making them feel every calamity their perfidity deserves. Such were the sentiments that the writer was prepared to maintain in parliament, unfettered by the factious declarations of members of the opposition, whom he names—among them Burke [*sic*] "or any of those who, by their pernicious principles are endeavoring to ruin their country." The close of the war is reported in some interesting letters from Lieutenant Colonel Benjamin Thompson, afterward known as Count Rumford, to Viscount Sackville. According to Thompson, writing from New York on the 6th of August, 1782, the news that the independence of America had been acknowledged by the British government had brought about "universal dispair and frenzy." The loyal people appeared to be as void of prudence as they were destitute of hope, and the writer could not but tremble for what might follow. He was himself of opinion that the whole truth was not known. "There must be," he concluded, "something going on in the dark that we cannot get at, but what that something is I have no conception."—*London Globe.*

Daintily Deck the Dish.

Appearances may sometimes be deceitful, but it is certainly true that in the products of cookery, as in many other things in this world, they go a great way; so far indeed, that it may without dispute be said "the road to the palate lies through the eye." A dull appetite will be sharpened at the sight of a daintily decked dish, while the sharpest one may have its edge turned and dulled at the presence of a slovenly mass piled up together with no thought or regard for appearance. The cook, if he be an artist in his profession, knows and appreciates this fact, and one that don't is surely no artist, and may be justly denied the name of cook.

It is no answer to this to say that a dish may make up in taste what it lacks in looks. Such a proposition looks well, and might, perhaps, work well in some cases; but if these were carefully explored, the exploration would probably turn up the fact that the man who don't care for looks, so things taste right, is not the man upon whose judgment it is safe to rely when we want to know whether they do taste right.—*The Caterer.*

PARIS UNDER GROUND.

The Vile Men and Worse Women Who Shun the Light of Day.

Letter to Louisville Courier.

There are in Paris men and women who are never seen, never heard of, save in times of terrible commotion, in the nights of conspiracy, in the days of a revolt. They live at other times a subterranean existence; they seem a race apart, in no connection with the gay and busy city round about them and above them. Their existence in ordinary times is undreampt of even by the majority of men, or remembered only like a bad dream. They are wolves in human shape; they thirst for blood; they hunger after plunder; they crave for light and warmth—the light of petroleum fires, the heat of blazing palaces, and prisons, and churches; no crime is unknown to them; they shrink from no cruelty; there is no secret which they are not possessed of; their spies are to be found in the palace of kings, in the council chambers of ministers, even in the bureau of secret police; they possess the passwords of the secret societies. They know when a conspiracy is on foot, when a revolt is at hand, when the murder of a king or emperor is being hatched. They know it, because their services are required. They are not the leaders, but the instruments. They execute what others conceive. They are the vast reserve force of the revolution against society. They can always be depended upon, for they pay themselves out of the plunder of a city in revolt, of a besieged city stormed. They revenge themselves for ills or wrongs they suffer by bloodshed and by the burnings in which they delight.

There is but one danger which those who make use of this vast army of the morally and socially insane have to fear, and that is their impatience. They long for the harvest while their masters are still engaged in the work of the seed-time. In their hideous underground life they move to and fro like wild beasts in a cage; they curse the slow selfishness of the masters of their trade, who, whilst plotting in secret, are living on the fat of the land.

At times, when danger is near at hand, a strange pulsation is felt in the moral atmosphere; a subtle scent, as of sulphur, fills the air; even the far-off roar of this subterranean city, its cry for blood, is heard by the upper world, by that gay city which rests on the thin, frail crust that covers the yawning abyss below. By these forboding signs men of Paris know a social revolution is near at hand. On the sudden the signal for action is given, the denizens of the subterranean city issue forth in their might and in their wrath. Men shudder at the sight as if hell had broke lose.

In the last half century, thrice has Paris witnessed the rising up of the subterranean city, thrice heard and trembled at the shouts of its men in their rage, the shrieks of its women drunk with blood. These men of terror, these women of fury, manned the barricades on the "three glorious days of July." They crowned the citizen king. They rose against the empire, but were mowed down in countless thousands by the grape-shot of Napoleon the third. They held Paris in possession during the reign of the Commune. Pale-faced men in blouses, with bloodshot eyes and cruel lips, never seen at other time in the light of day, held the streets of Paris and filled the gutters with rivers of blood. Women, inspired with the exhalation of fury, were fiercer far than the men, more cruel of heart, bolder in action. It was the women, unsexed by their crimes—for a lost woman is worse than the worst of men—who lit up the petroleum fires, cast burning liquid into the houses who burnt to the ground and gutted the Tuileries, adding the red glare of fire to streets red with blood. When the Archbishop of Paris, and a priest venerated for his virtues and his charity by rich and poor alike, were publicly murdered together with two other hostages, the women in their tiger-like fury at the sight of blood, when even the most abandoned men shuddered, set up a song of jubilation, a cry of delight more horrible than the shrieks of the dying in the streets of Paris, more terrible even than the screams of women and children perishing in the flames.

What crimes were committed in secret, what horrors were perpetrated in the dark during the reign of the Commune, there is none to tell.

ANIMAL EXAMPLE.

What Mankind has Learned from the Inferior Animals.

Cincinnati Commercial.

It is a favorite theory of some that animals are imitative, and what man does they follow after and try to perform. Possibly man first learned from the animals. Many animals are born armed and weaponed both for offense, capture and defense when attacked or pursued. The gorillas of Africa fought the soldiers of Hanno, and apes use handstones to crack nuts. In the days of Strabo that historian tells ut that Indian monkeys climbed mountains and rolled stones down on their pursuers. Take throwing for example. The primitive man learned it from beasts. The squid (cuttle fish) defends itself by discharging its ink-bag, imbedded in the liver, and escapes in the blackened water. The tokotes or archer brings down insects with a drop of water when they are three or four feet high in the air. The archer fish of Japan is kept in a glass jar and is fed by holding flies at the end of a rod a few inches from the surface of the water and it never fails to hit them. The llama or guanaco throw their acrid or fetid saliva some distance and with accurate aim.

Men would learn to strike by watching the blow of the bear, and the kick of those animals which defend themselves by kicking, as the horse, zebra, the camel and giraffe, while the ostrich, eagle and larger birds of prey would teach him a lesson in assaulting with ready wings. The whale raises its head with such force that it has sunk a whaler. Combats of goats, stags, buffaloes and wild bulls, all of which rush forward with their heads down and drive their horns into their enemy's body, would suggest the the thrust. The bittern, the peacock and the American white crane stab at the eye. And the black rhinoceros the fiercest of any, when angered his horn becomes hard and erect, and, diving beneath the canoe, he pierces a hole in the bottom and sinks it, and with the same weapon attacks and rips open the huge and ungainly elephant. The pheasant and partridge the cock and quail, would suggest with their spurs, the use of the poniard.

Pliny says that dolphins which enter the Nile have a knife-edged spur on their back to protect them from crocodiles. The bull-head fish has a many-barbed horn on its dorsum which must have taught the Esquimaux and savages of South America and Australia the use of their spears. Poisoned dagger-makers took a hint from the sting-fish or adder pike, whose dorsals and spine have double grooves, in which a poisonous secretion is found. The sting-rays twist their long, slender tails round their enemy and cut the surface, inflicting a wound not easily healed. The sting sometimes breaks off in the wound. The Fiji Islanders, the Samoans and Tahitians use this poison extensively. These things in animals would suggest the poisoned dagger with which the Italians of the Middle Ages were so handy ...

FLOATING FUN.

FROM THE CANADIAN CLIQUE.

"Well, it does beat all. I thought we were through with that rascally cashier, but it seems not."

"What's the matter now, sir?"

"He incloses a couple of dollars' worth of postage stamps and tells me he can't use them over there, and wants the money on them immediately."—*Rochester Post Express.*

TOO MUCH REALISM FOR THE IDEA.

When Colonel McKinney's grandfather started the *Bungtown Bugle* he had the most flattering prospects of success. He had a list of over twenty-eight subscribers, embracing the most prominent citizens of Bungtown. But he reached out a little too far. He hired a fellow to shoot at him one night—not to hit him, but to miss him a foot or two, and put the load of buckshot in the wall or the woodbox! His idea was to get up a big sensational article for the next issue of the paper: "Brutal Attempt at Assassination! A Prominent Editor Shot At! Cowardly Flight of the Miscreant!" and all that sort of thing, was the "heading" he had fixed in advance. But the pretended murderer "builded better than he knew," or the editor either. In fact, he killed the unfortunate "molder of popular thought," and the result was the collapse of the *Bungtown Bugle.*—*Asheville Extravagator.*

STRANGE EXHILARATION.

"Have you ever experienced extreme cold, discovered that your senses were becoming numb, and a delicious languor stealing over you that you were powerless to shake off? I have."

"So have I, often."

"Where?"

"In Boston. I used to call on a Boston girl twice a week."—*N. Y. Sun.*

VIOLETS VS. ONIONS.

"Oh, my ownest own, since first we met in the conservatory that evening of the ball the merest trifle, the perfume of a violet, recalls you to me."

"Do not come so close. Do not kiss me to-night."

"Why not? Oh, beloved! Life is short and your kisses are so much."

"If you love me, do not kiss me to-night."

"Why this obduracy? Do not you love me?"

"Devotedly. But oh I would forever be associated with the perfume of the violet, and one can never forget an onion."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

"And what of this present time?" cried the parson earnestly, smiting the pulpit. "What of this time in which we live? What about the now?"

"Now," said the good editor suddenly aroused from his comfortable slumber, "now is the time to make up clubs."

And then the deacons clubbed together and set him out.—*Saratoga Journal.*

THOUGHT HE WAS TOO AMBITIOUS.

The new telephone girl was on deck yesterday. There was a "hallo," and a voice said:

"I want the north star—"

"Well, you ought to have it," she snapped.

"I say I want the north star—"

"Well, I must say you are cheeky! Anything else you see that you don't want?"

"Confound you, give me the north star—"

"Suppose I've got the north star here in my clothes, you old lunatic?"

There was a dam wished out just then and the profanity that surged over the wire was appalling. He wanted the North Star Coal company.—*New York Dispatch.*

CAUGHT A CRAB.

Clementina and Algernon had only been married sixty-six hours when a catastrophe occurred. On the third evening of the honeymoon, as they paced Ramsgate Pier, Clementina remarked in her poetic little way: "Algernon, I think the most lovely composition of art and nature, after a well-dressed woman is a well-dressed——" "Man," interrupted Algernon. "Crab," continued Clementina, utterly ignoring her youthful husband's suggestion, "and we will have one for supper to-night." Algernon was not half as sympathetic as he might have been when he got up 5 A. M. to fetch a doctor.—*London Fun.*

BEAUTY AND BREVITY OF FOILING.

"In soft, adumbrant meshes of sieved silver, the sunbeams melted through the leaves and dripped in spangles of gold upon the brown and black moquetrie of the shadows that led to the ragged edge of the curb, where a fragile little fragment of humanity lay moaning."

"That's all right enough," said the managing editor, "but it's a little too long. Make it shorter."

"But what will I say, sir?" said the blonde reporter.

"Oh, I'd just say, 'Hennessy Mulcahey's little boy Pat fell into an open sewer and broke his nose.' That'll do for an introduction, and then you can go on and say what's necessary about the careless manner in which these things are conducted, and that under another administration of our local government, and so on, you know. Give 'em a rap, that's all."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

ROUGH ON THE DEAR TAILOR.

A pale, weak-looking man walked into a Vine street tailor shop and sat down on a plush-covered seat.

"Well, my friend," said the smirking and smiling knight of the goose, as he approached him, "what can I do for you today?"

"Nothing, lemme alone," tartly responded the weak-looking man.

"What? Let you alone? what do you want here? Explain yourself."

"Well, you see, I'm a victim of epilepsy, and—"

"Yes, but what's that got to do with me?" rejoined the impatient clothes-mender.

"Well, from your reputation in the past I was told to come here and I'd be sure—"

"Well, hurry up, what is it?"

"I'd be sure not to get a fit here," and he languidly glided from the scene. The tailor came to in nine and a half minutes.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

BOUND TO SEPARATE.

"Will you receive your daughter and her husband?" was asked the father of an heiress who had eloped with a young man beneath her station.

"No, sir," firmly replied the indignant parent; "I shall always be glad to receive my daughter, though, if she separates from the man who has so dishonorably influenced her."

"And will you make any efforts to bring about such a separation?"

"No, it is not necessary; it will be accomplished voluntarily inside of six months."

"Why?"

"She writes poetry and he plays the accordeon."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

HER EMBARRASSING MISTAKE.

As a lady opened the door of a Second street residence to answer a ring Monday, a neatly dressed individual bowed politely, and inserted one foot in the doorway far enough to guaranteed that proceedings would not be brought to too summary a close. The lady concluded he was an agent, and remarked in vigorous tones, "I don't want anything," at the same time giving undeniable indications that she desired to shut the door.

"I beg your pardon, madame I am not offering you anything," said he with injured and dignified air.

"Pray excuse me," she answered. "My mistake arose from the fact that I have been greatly annoyed by agents. Whom do you wish to see?"

Without noticing her inquiry he ...

"Madame, it is difficult to reconcile your reception of me with what a gentleman would naturally expect at the hands of a lady. Such brusqueness is chilling to refined and sensitive natures accustomed to the usages of polite society."

Again apologizing, she was about to ask him in, when he drew from his coat pocket a little box, and opening it, explained: "Madame I have for sale here an invaluable ..."

The feat of extracting his foot from that doorway before the door slammed with a noise that could be heard two blocks so distracted his attention that he left the sentence uncompleted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE WAS A CASHIER.

"Here you," howled a bank cashier, going into an editor's room, "what do you mean by putting my picture in your newspaper?"

"No harm at all, sir," meekly responded the editor. "We are merely publishing the portraits of men holding prominent positions in business or the professions, and put yours in with the others."

"Well, sir, I don't like it, and I'm not going to have it."

"I am sorry that you do not like it; we certainly meant all right."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, why did you do it? That picture of me, sir, looks exactly like a thief."

"Well, ain't you a bank cashier?" stammered the editor in an innocent way.

Somehow after that the bank cashier hadn't anything to say, and the editor's backbone stuck right up over the top of his collar.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THOUGHT HE WAS AN AMERICAN.

Stranger—"Ticket to Montreal, Canada, please?"

Ticket Agent (whispering)—"Here it is; lay low."

Stranger—"What?"

Ticket Agent—"There is a detective right behind you."

Stranger—"What do I care for detectives? I came here from Montreal on business and am merely returning home."

Ticket Agent—"Beg pardon; thought you were an American."

A Gun Equal to a Regiment of Infantry.

The second machine-gun platoon of New Haven has received a new Gatling. Ten barrels, about the same size and shape as rifle barrels, having a calibre 45-100 of an inch, are fastened at the muzzles to a circular perforated plate, in the center of which is a pivot on which the cluster of barrels revolves. In the center of the cluster is a long shaft which pivots at the breech as at the muzzle. This shaft is supported at the muzzle end by a cross-piece, which rests on two long steel bars which enter from the carriage on both sides of the barrels, to which they are parallel. Turning a crank at the breech of the gun causes these barrels to revolve very rapidly. On the breech back of the barrels is of brass. On the top of the breech is a slot which connects with a cylinder inside the breech. When the crank is turned this cylinder revolves also. On the outside of this cylinder are ten grooves to correspond with the ten barrels. In each of these grooves is a sliding steel breech plate on which is a shell extractor and a centre firing pin with hammer. In the limber which accompanies the gun are about 100 tin cases, about two feet long and three inches by one. On one side of each tin case is a groove in which slides the handle of a metal valve, which moves up and down in the case. Each case holds sixty rounds of government cartridges. The end of this case fits into the slot on the breech of the gun. When the case is full, the valve is on top of all the cartridges, and a man pressing down on it can move the cartridges into the slot of the gun.

The United States tactics for the Gatling gun furnish a manual for ten men. At the command "Ready," one gunner steps forward, and unloosens the crank at the breech, another places a case of ammunition into the breech, and the death-dealing machine is ready. The sergeant sights the piece. On the order to fire, gunner No. 1 turns the crank and 1000 bullets a minute fly from the barrels. When the cartridge drops into the revolving shot, it is caught by one of the sliding breech locks and pushed forward into one of the barrels. On the right hand frame-bar, which is parallel with the barrel, are two sighting pins. No barrel is discharged until it comes around to this frame-bar where the sighting-pins are. When that barrel reaches the place to be discharged, a hammer strikes the fire-pin in the sliding-breech block, which moves in that barrel's corresponding groove, and the cartridge is exploded. There is a shell extractor in every sliding breech block, which pulls out the cartridge into the revolving groove again, and the empty shell is again carried around in the groove until it is on the lower side of the cylinder, when it drops on the ground. There is very little or no noise made by the mechanism when in motion, excepting the rapid click of the hammer as it strikes a firing-pin about twenty times a second. The breech of the gun is elevated or depressed by a screw. By moving a little key the turning crank will cause the breech of the gun to keep moving to the right and left, thus spreading the leaden storm over a wide space.

The gun is mounted in about the same style as an ordinary six-pounder, and the circumference of the circle formed by the ten barrels is about the same as that of brass six-pounders. Two horses will draw the gun and its limber, which carries 5000 rounds of ammunition. Although the mechanism seems to be complicated, Lieutenant Howard can take the whole thing to pieces and put it together again with no other tool than a wrench and a screwdriver. The breech is of brass and the barrels are to be nickel plated to protect them from the salt and damp air.

WOULDN'T AGREE TO "OBEY."—Generally speaking, marriages pass off very smoothly, and frequently with very pretty effects. The brides are credited with a careful study and perusal of the services for many days beforehand. Sometimes there has been a rehearsal. I have known brides when the grooms have failed to make the proper responses, prompt them immediately and with the greatest facility. The most common mistake of the bride is to take off only one of her gloves, whereas both hands are brought into requisition in the service. As for the men they commit all kinds of blunders and bunglings. I have known a man, at that very nervous and trying moment, follow a clergyman within the communion rails, and prepare to take a place opposite him. I have known a man, when a minister stretched out his hand to unite those of the couple, take it vigorously in his own and give it a hearty shake. Sometimes more serious difficulties occur. Some ladies have had an almost unconquerable reluctance to use the word 'obey;' one or two, in their own statements are to be accepted, have ingeniously constructed the word "ubey." The word, however, has still to be formally admitted into the language. There was one girl, who was being married by a very kindly old clergyman, who absolutely refused to utter the word "obey." The minister suggested that if she were unwilling to utter the word aloud she should whisper it to him; but the young lady refused to accept even this kind of compromise. Further, however, than this the clergyman refused to accommodate her; but when he was forced to dismiss them without proceeding any further, the recalcitrant young person consented to "obey."—*London Society.*

Single gentlemen are called bachelors, and single ladies must not be called old maids any more, but bachelets.—*Cambridge Tribune.*

Old maid sister: "Hush-sh! Be quiet, or you will frighten him off."—*Flag ...*

WALL PAPER.

The Finer Kinds Superseding Fresco Work—Enormous Profits Realized by Dealers—Combination to Keep Up Prices.

New York Mail and Express.

Wall papers were among the common affairs of life affected by English estheticism. They have been colored, and weighted, and figured, and pressed in accordance with the fancies and theories of the English enthusiasts, and here in America have certainly done much to make "the beautiful surroundings" so dreamed of and industriously discussed by the poets, the essayists, and the tradesmen of the movement a present and attractive reality. Other modes of wall and ceiling decoration besides that with paper have been tried within the last few years, and some fanciful designs have found favor, but these have in the great majority of cases failed of general adoption because their quality of beauty and attractiveness was found to have no staying power, or they actually wore out too easily. Unless it is possible to decorate rooms with elaborate and artistic frescoes, it is probable that the so-called artistic wall papers are by all means the most satisfactory. If the house owner can afford to have a skillful painter come into his parlors and make his panels to glow with such scenes as he could sell for $500 or $1000 each when transferred to canvas, he certainly does not want the most artistic wall paper, which, in comparison, holds the same position that a chromo, albeit beautifully manufactured, does to an oil painting.

"And yet," said a commercial traveler in this line to a *Mail and Express* reporter, "the finer kinds of wall paper are replacing fresco work more and more every year. Not so long ago the sale of papers for covering and decorating ceilings was small and infrequent; now it is very large and constantly increasing. The fresco painters have suffered considerably. In order to compete in point of price, or, rather, in order to make some show of competition, I have known some of these artists to use designs in papers for portions of their work, and to fill up the well lighted and easily inspected space with paint. And the paper has been so perfect that the fraud was not discovered except by an expert. Of course, the first and strongest argument that a man advances against having his walls and ceilings handsomely papered is, that his neighbor may have precisely the same beauty of surroundings that he has by paying the same price for it; whereas, if a jealous and shoddy neighbor employs the same artist to do the same panel, the artist can only give him dull and studied copies of the original. The first purchaser has the sacred fire. Moreover, he can contract for exclusive work. I am not sure but that he may copyright the panels on his parlor walls. This is a strong objection, and wall paper manufacturers do all they can to meet it. The patterns that are designed for fine papers are only used in manufacturing the finest goods. They are not used in cheaper grades at all. This condition of things has induced many manufacturers to retire altogether from the making of cheap papers, and that is now becoming a branch distinct from the other. Having thus reduced the amount of paper designed in one pattern to the smallest quantity, that quantity is widely distributed, only a certain number of lots are sold in each state, and in small towns a dealer will be sold no more than sufficient to fill one order. Even in large towns of 50,000 people or more an order will be filled and a house papered with the understanding that the patterns and designs used will not be reproduced in the same community."

When it is stated that wall paper is now manufactured which sells for $10 to $15 a roll (a roll contains eight yards of paper), and that ten to fourteen rolls are required to cover the walls of a room of ordinary size, it will be seen that some such concessions and arrangements are necessary and desirable, and due to the purchaser. The profits which the retail dealer realizes are represented to be very large. Paper which is jobbed at 25 to 50 cents a roll retails at $1 50 to $2. It is contended that unless high prices are charged, purchasers become suspicious of the quality of the goods and refuse to have anything to do with them. The commercial traveler who is responsible for the statement of facts already noted referred to a case in a Western city where the clerk of the store sold to a prominent lawyer four handsome panels in wall-papers, representing the four seasons, for $20. The panels cost his employer $4. But the clerk knew his man. The employer on his return disapproved of the transaction, and communicated to the lawyer the fact that he would only charge $3.50 a panel. The customer withdrew his order, and said that they could not be French at that price.

While papers generally have been going down in price, wall papers are carefully kept up by an elaborate combination among manufacturers. This combination includes all except two or three. Each manufacturer has put $10,000 into the pool to testify the sincerity with which he engages to keep up prices. All salesmen are supplied with a schedule, and they make solemn affidavit to adhere to it in letter and spirit. A departure from it in a single proven case is attended with a forfeiture on the employer's part of $10,000 deposited in the pool, and the salesman is thereafter debarred from all employment among members of the pool. The prices used to be broken in numbers of roundabout ways. One of the most common was for a salesman to make a bet with his customer that he would not give him a certain order, and make the amount of the bet equal to the amount of the discount he was willing to allow. But all these indirections are bitterly denounced by this year's pool. In case of transgression the informant receives one-half of the $10,000 forfeit. In defense of this curious state of affairs it is said that some of the bitterest rate-wars ever waged have been among the wall paper manufacturers, and that during the continuance of them wall paper has been sold for almost nothing.

The Fate of Russian Rulers.

The church of St Peter and Paul is the burial place of the emperors, and a solemn place it is. The large white tomb of Alexander II. is regarded with veneration and surrounded with emblems of grief; they call him their martyr emperor and honor him as the emancipator of the serfs. Next lies his father, Nicholas I., who poisoned himself. By his side is his elder brother, who, having married a Polish lady for love, abdicated the throne which he had forfeited by marrying beneath him. But the abdication could not save him; he disappeared, and his death was considered necessary to avoid a revolution. Our guide, continuing the sad history, said: "Here lies Paul, who was suffocated; there is the body of Peter III, who was assassinated; there is the tomb of Annie, who was exiled to Siberia and died of a broken heart, and next lies her son who was stabbed." We looked at the gilded magnificence of the church, and the calm of the beautiful marble tombs and shuddered with horror at the recital.—*St. Petersburg Cor. Hartford Times.*

Where Woman are Old at Thirty.

"The government of the house of the Brahmin is strictly in the hands of the man; of the father during the youth of the family and of the eldest son after he marries. The son always takes his wife home to the parental roof and as the sons marry additions are built to the house until it becomes a village in itself. In this place the women are imprisoned,—literally buried alive. From the day of their marriage, which is at a very early age, they never see more of the outer world than the narrow expanse of sky and cloud that looks down upon them between the walls of their prison home. No men are allowed to enter the house but the members of the family and the priest, except on very rare occasions, and then unseen by the women. Married at ten years—for spinsterhood is abominable—mothers at twelve; they are faded and old at the beginning of their fifth lustrum. They die of sheer old age at about thirty.

THE ARLBERG TUNNEL.

History of the Great Work and Its Unprecedented Triumphs of Mechanical Engineering.

The London *Morning Post* gives the following history of the Arlberg tunnel, and the construction of a railway through it:

Although the building of the line itself has by no means been an easy task, the construction of the tunnel and its approaches has presented the chief difficulties to the engineer. The tunnel pierces the high watershed extending from the Silvretta (the point where the frontiers of the Tyrol, Vorarlberg, and Switzerland meet) to the north as far as the Arlberg (formerly the frontier between the Tyrol and Vorarlberg), and the eastern slope of which sends its waters to the Black sea, the western to the German ocean. The lowest point of the watershed is the Arlberg (5800 ft.,) which has given its name to the most western province of the Austrian empire, the Vorarlberg. The latter may justly be described as a jewel amongst the territories belonging to the crown of Austria, for it is not surpassed by any of the other provinces in beauty, wealth, trade and industry. But the inhabitants of Vorarlberg were almost completely separated from the mother country as regards trade, being dependent upon the neighboring states, for the postal road leading from Bludenz over the Arlberg to Landeck and Innsbruck was not at all sufficient for the requirements of the traffic. Thus it happened that Vorarlberg became gradually more estranged from the mother country and that far-seeing men have been endeavoring to establish closer connection by means of a railway. A look at the map shows that the most direct route of communication between the greater portion of the Austrian monarchy with Switzerland and the south of France leads over the Arlberg, and a line of railway such as that now on the point of being opened is the most important link for the trade of Austria with the west of Europe.

When in 1859 Austria lost Lombardy, she was anxious to permanently secure the possessions of Venice by the construction of a direct road—the Brenner railway. But before it was commenced (the Brenner railway was opened in 1867, when Venice had been ceded to Italy), the idea was suggested of connecting it by additional lines from Innsbruck to Switzerland, southwest Germany and France. Since 1864 then the principal engineers and political economists of Austria began to take active interest in the question of a railway by way of Arlberg. For a number of years petitions poured into the reichsrath and upon the government from the communities and chambers of commerce of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg asking for the railway, but a deaf ear was turned to these appeals, until, in the spring of 1880, parliament resolved to construct it at the expense of the state. From 1864 to 1880 a number of pamphlets, written both from a commercial and engineering point of view made their appearance but there is no need to enter upon them here. All writers were unanimous in their opinion however, that the climatic influences and geographical conditions of the Arlberg rendered a railway over the mountain impossible. The Arlberg Pass is one of the most inhospitable and exposed passages of the Alps. The winter lasts from seven to eight months; the temperature falls as low as 25 degrees Reaumur, under zero, and not unfrequently snow falls at one time to a depth of from eight feet to ten feet. Constant storms between the Rhine and Inn valleys lift up the snow in large masses, causing enormous drifts and dangerous avalanches. Large landslides and dangerous freshets are also of frequent occurrence. There were several projects with a much shorter tunnel, involving less expense; but it was found that a railway with a short tunnel situated high up, was very risky for the working of railway traffic, and the present long tunnel was decided upon.

The Alberg railway runs from Innsbruck to Landeck through the Inn valley, from Landeck to St. Anton through the Rosanna valley, (a branch valley of the Inn valley,) from St. Anton to Langen, through the Arlberg and from Langen to Bludens through the Kloster valley. From Innsbruck to Londec-Plettneu the railway runs south of the line, and rises nowhere more than 66 feet above high water of the river. With the exception of a short portion the railway runs from Plettneu to St. Anton along the northern bank of the Inn, and rises from 132 feet to 264 feet above the valley. From Langen to Bludenz the northern side was chosen, and for about nine miles the railway is 120 feet above the bottom of the Alfenz valley, the highest elevation being 492 feet. The Oetz valley is crossed at Roppen by a bridge of 250 feet span, the Putz valley at Imst by another of 132 feet span, the Inn valley at Landeck by a bridge of 108 feet span, and the Putznau valley at Wietzberg by one of 294 feet span. There are besides a number of bridges of various spans, all being executed in the best manner. The Alberg railway consists of two sections —the valley railway from Innsbruck to Landeck (45 miles long), and the mountain railway from Landeck to Bludenz (39 miles long), in the middle of the latter being the great tunnel, 10,250 metres (6.13 miles) long. The first section of the railway was commenced in November, 1881, and opened for traffic on July 1, 1883. The mountain section was done in September, 1882, and will be opened for passenger traffic on the 15th of September next, as has been stated. The tunnel has been constructed since July 25, 1880, and was finished in the middle of last July.

The boring of the great Arlberg tunnel proceeded very rapidly, far more rapidly than that of any other tunnel previously constructed. Instead of the estimate daily progress of 6.60 metres (2½ feet), the heading was driven at the average rate of 9.53 metres (over 3 feet), so that the perforation of the tunnel, which took place on November 19, 1883, a little over three years after its commencement, is a performance which has never been equalled. The excellent dispositions made, and the engineering skill displayed, are the main cause of the rapidity of the work. But it must not be forgotten that the experiences gained in the construction of the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels were of the utmost value, and served as a guide. On the eastern side of the Arlberg Tunnel Ferroux boring machines, driven by compressed air, on the west Brandt machines, worked by water under a pressure of from 80 to 100 atmospheres, were employed. The tunnel has two lines of rails, and is walled its whole length. In places where great pressure showed itself, the walling has been made very thick and headings for carrying off the water have been driven at intervals for nearly 60 feet into the sides of the tunnel. From St. Anton, where the tunnel entrance is, 4,272 feet above the sea level, the great tunnel rises 2 per 1,000 for two and one-half miles, and falls from this point towards Langen, (entrance 3,991 feet above the sea) 15 per 1,000 for a length of nearly four miles. The cost of the finished tunnel is 4,200 francs per metre run (slightly over £50 per foot run.) Besides the great tunnel the Arlberg railway has nine small tunnels, varying in length from 214 feet to 696 feet. The aggregate length is nearly one mile. All these tunnels are also completely walled up, the average cost being only 850 francs per metre run. For securing the railway against freshets, stone and snow avalanches, and land slips, a large number of supporting walls, aqueducts and roofings for protection against avalanches had to be constructed at great expense. The total cost of the Arlberg railway and tunnel is, in round numbers, £4,430,000.—*Herapath's Journal.*

Ladies would you retain or induce freshness of complexion, use Pozzoni's Powder.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

GENERAL NEWS.

Keely Gives a Successful Exhibition of his Motor.

ITEMS FROM VARIOUS POINTS

[illegible] a Race at Jerome Park [illegible] Passenger Rates from Chicago to the West. Etc.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 11 — [Special.] [illegible] is more [illegible] announce the most successful exhibition of the Keely motor yet given. The *Times* says: "The exhibition included experiments in firing projectiles from the Keely gun, the lifting of weights by pressure of vaporic ether and the operation of one of the smaller vibratory engines. After charging [illegible] inventor with less than one pint of water which Keely injected into the machine from his mouth, the inventor tried several levers, struck a chord to put the vibrators in tune, and announced that he had produced motive power sufficient for the evening's work. The generator was not charged again during the entire exhibition. He first transmitted vapor from the receiver in such a way as to act upon a one-inch plunger set in a steel cylinder and supporting a powerful lever weighted with 68 pounds of iron. Simple computations showed that a power of nearly 12,000 pounds was required to lift the weight which hung from the long lever. The instant Keely made his first expulsion into the small copper tube connected with the cylinder the plunger was seen to rise, carrying with it the enormous weight pendant from the long arm of the lever. The entertainment was concluded with an exhibition of a fifteen horse power vibratory engine, set up in the room above the ground floor. Vapor was introduced from the generator by a copper tube, passing through a hole in the floor. [illegible] Power was still furnished by the original mouthful of water injected into the machine by the inventor. Early in the evening visitors crowded around the simple looking contrivance with the most intense interest. When Keely turned the lever there was a rushing sound, and in a moment the wheel began to revolve. It continued at a uniform rate of revolution for half an hour, and the combined power of the strongest muscle in the audience and the heaviest levers failed to retard the progress of the little wheel. Then Keely reversed the wheel, stopped it, wiped the perspiration from his brow and smiled proudly, while the gentlemen joined in three hearty cheers and a 'tiger' for what they regarded the most complete exhibition the inventor had yet vouchsafed his giant allies."

Other papers present similar accounts of the experiment.

ADMITTED TO PROBATE.

NEW YORK, Oct 11 — [Special.]—A special from Syracuse says: The surrogate to-day handed down a decision in the Granger will case admitting the will to probate. This case has been in litigation for years past. Mrs. General Granger left by her will the bulk of her fortune to ex-Secretary of State General E. W. Leavenworth. The heirs contested the will, on the ground that the old lady was not of sound mind at the time the will was made, and that Leavenworth exercised undue influence over. It was introduced in evidence on the trial that Mrs. Granger had been seen sitting on the general's lap and that he had been seen to kiss her.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

NEW YORK, Oct 11.—The *Commercial Bulletin* says: In the grain trade the week has been characterized by inactivity. Wheat supplies have accumulated at interior points, as the effect of the advance in prices which took place ten days ago. The movement to the seaboard has been large, and promises to be so until supplies now en route arrive. Supplies have been increased by large sales of stuff to arrive. Export clearances continue small. It was not until late last night that any improvement in buying for export was reported.

LINCOLN AND TELLER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Secretary Lincoln will leave Washington in a few days for Illinois, where he will make a number of speeches in support of the republican presidential nominees. He will make his first speech at Mattoon. Secretary Teller will enter the campaign in Colorado next week.

EXPORTS OF COTTON GOODS.

NEW YORK, Oct 11.—In the cotton goods market to-day large engagements for export were completed and Boston reports nearly 20,000 packages having been engaged for the China trade.

PERSONAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 11.—President Arthur is expected to return to Washington in time to receive the justices of the U. S. supreme court at the White House on Monday.

APPOINTED.

WASHINGTON, Oct 11.—The president has appointed Burton Parker of Michigan, agent for the Indians at the Fort Peck agency, Montana, vice Spyier, resigned.

BANK STATEMENT.

NEW YORK, Oct 11.—The weekly bank statement shows a reserve increase of [illegible]. The banks hold [illegible] 000 in excess of legal requirement.

QUARANTINE ORDER RAISED.

WASHINGTON, Oct 11.—The Marine hospital bureau has ordered the quarantine in Arizona against cities of western Mexico to be raised.

NO SESSION ON TUESDAY.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11.—The chamber of commerce [illegible] session next Tuesday [illegible] election day.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Oct 11.—North Pacific coast: [illegible] south Pacific coast fair weather.

THE TURF.

AT JEROME PARK.

JEROME PARK, Oct 11.—The track was [illegible]. Mile all ages—[illegible] won, [illegible] second, Little Minch third. Time 1:4[illegible].

Three-quarters mile two-year-olds—[illegible] won, Miss [illegible] second, [illegible] Willens third. Time 1:[illegible].

[illegible] handicap, all ages, starters Topsy, Burgomaster, Wood, [illegible], Haledon, Richard T., Lucky B. and Lida Stanhope. Four horses fell at the turn behind the club house. As the field disappeared the leaders were in this order: Burgomaster, Haledon, Economy, Wood, [illegible] and Richard T. When they came out from behind the hill Burgomaster still led, Lida Stanhope was second and four horses were missing. After a terrific finish Lida Stanhope won by a head, Burgomaster second, Haledon third. Time 2:1[illegible].

The race over, a rush was made by the people for the club house hill, behind which Economy was found lying with his back broken, and Rivers, Garrison and Farley, jockeys, were on the ground, senseless. J. Donohue, the rider of Economy, was unhurt. It seems that Richard T., on the outside, crowded into Lucky B., and falling, Lucky B. fell over him. Topsy and Economy, immediately behind, rolled over those two. Rivers, on Richard T., and Farley on Lucky B., were badly hurt. Garrison recovered consciousness shortly, but walked about in a dazed condition.

Mile and three-quarters, all ages—Lionnel won, General Monroe second. Time 3:1[illegible].

Three-quarters mile, all ages—Wandering won, Uberto second, Valley Forge third. Time 1:1[illegible].

Steeplechase, full course—Charlemagne won, Echo second, Curry third. Time [illegible].

THE FIRE RECORD.

BIG BLAZE.

FAIRBURY, Ill., Oct. 11.—Walton's mill and business block adjoining were burned early this morning. The loss will approach $20,000, insurance is not known. At 4 o'clock the fire was still raging and threatening to destroy O'Neil's Check Rower factory.

FAIRBURY, Ill., Oct. 11.—The fire here was extinguished at about 4 o'clock. The total loss will reach $130,000; insurance $40,000.

KENTUCK IS MOURNING.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 11.—The bonded warehouse [illegible] was burned to-day with [illegible] barrels of whisky three years old [illegible]. The building was [illegible].

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—Hogs—Receipts [illegible]; [illegible] packing $4 [illegible]; packing [illegible]; light [illegible].

Cattle—Receipts 2,500; slow and steady; [illegible] choice shipping $[illegible]; stockers and feeders $[illegible]; Texans $[illegible]; [illegible] sales [illegible] Wyoming feeders, [illegible].

Sheep—Receipts [illegible]; steady, inferior [illegible]; Texans $[illegible].

RAILROAD NOTES.

PROSPECTIVE RAILROAD COMPLICATIONS.

NEW YORK, Oct 11.—Kiernan's agency reports Wall street gossip as saying that the withdrawal of the Baltimore & Ohio company from the pool, which takes effect on the 12th inst., will doubtless bring about an immediate aggressive policy which all lines will participate. It is understood that a special meeting has been called to consider the situation, and efforts will be made to bring about a settlement of existing complications.

RATES WILL BE MAINTAINED.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—Telegrams were received in this city to-day from the presidents of all roads interested in [illegible], the formation of [illegible] outlined at the recent meeting in this city. This makes certain the maintenance of rates [illegible] until January 1, 1885. The telegrams provided that the per cent [illegible] should be determined by Arbitrator J. F. [illegible] and that his decision should be final.

WILL NOT RESIGN.

NEW YORK, October 11.—Rumor is current this morning that Commissioner Fink was about to resign in consequence of the withdrawal of the Baltimore and Ohio from the passenger pool. "Such statements," he says, "are all bosh. Why should I resign on that account," he asked. "It has nothing to do with me."

CUT IN PASSENGER RATES.

CHICAGO, Oct 11.—Tickets to Council Bluffs and Kansas City, and all Missouri river points are being sold over all railroad counters to-day for $11. There is no great rush to purchase owing to the fact that full rates are being charged eastward from these points.

IN WALL STREET.

A Day of Fluctuation Ends in a Marked Decline.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Governments, weaker. Railways, lower. Stocks were weaker and depressed to-day, on the announcement of the withdrawal of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company from the trunk lines; also, on the rumored resignation of Commissioner Fink; reports of rate-cutting at the west and confirmation of the sale of New York Central stock by Vanderbilt. Grangers were weakest early in the day. Pacific Mail and Union Pacific were strongly held and advanced to 55 for the former and 51¼ for the latter. Subsequently there was a reaction of 4½ and 5¼ respectively, in sympathy with the break in other shares. At the close there was a rally of ⅛ to 1 per cent., the latter Lackawanna. The short interest has materially increased. Commissioner Fink's resignation was denied late to-day. Compared with Friday closing prices are ⅜ to 2½ per cent lower.

In mining shares Bodie sold at 230, Belle Isle 30, Con. Pacific 7[illegible], California 42, Con. Virginia 24, Green Mountain 175, Horn Silver 1[illegible], Eureka 650, Standard 140, Sierra Nevada 140, Silver King 400, Spring Valley 100, Navajo 28.

MONEY, BONDS AND STOCKS.

Money 1[illegible]; closed offered 1. Prime paper 5@6. Exchange, bills, quiet at $4 81[illegible]; demand, $4 8[illegible].

Bonds—3s, 100; 4½s, 112[illegible]; 4s, 119[illegible]; Pacific 6s, 125[illegible].

Stocks—American 92, Canadian Pacific 43¾, Canada Southern 32, Central Pacific [illegible], Burlington 21, Lackawanna [illegible], Denver & Rio Grande 10, Erie 13¾, Hannibal & St Joe 38¾, Kansas & Texas 1[illegible], Lake Shore 7[illegible], Louisville & Nashville 26[illegible], Michigan Central 60, Northern Pacific 18[illegible], preferred do 4[illegible], Northwestern 89[illegible], New York Central 8[illegible], Oregon Navigation [illegible], Transcontinent 1[illegible], Improvement 19, Pacific Mail 54¼, Panama 98, Rock Island 1[illegible], St. Paul 78¾, Texas Pacific 11[illegible], Union Pacific 55¼, United States 5[illegible], Fargo 106, Western Union 64.

Petroleum was steady at 70¼.

CRIMINAL CALENDAR.

MOB ORGANIZED.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 11.—A telegram from Carrollton at half-past 8 this morning says that the mob from Troy did not come there last night, but that a mob of about 150 people formed at the door of the Carrollton jail and was very threatening, but did not do anything because they seemed to have no leader and the non-arrival of the mob from Troy discouraged them.

SPORTING NOTES.

BASEBALL.

CHICAGO, Oct 11.—Chicago 12, Philadelphia [illegible].
CLEVELAND, Oct. 11.—Clevelands 1, Providence [illegible].
DETROIT, Oct 11.—Detroit 9, New Yorks 2.
BUFFALO, Oct. 11.—Buffalo 8, Boston [illegible].

PACIFIC COAST.

CALIFORNIA.

CHINESE CHILDREN EXCLUDED FROM SCHOOLS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct 11.—[Special.]—The state superintendent of schools has again affirmed his decision prohibiting Chinese children from attending the public schools. After repeating his former expressions, Superintendent Welker says: "It is a question, in my mind, whether a federal court has the power to condemn the state of California to undergo the expense of educating the children of Chinese, when the presence of such foreigners is declared by the constitution to be dangerous to the well being of the state." Colonel Bee, Chinese consul, intends to push the matter in the courts at once. The Chinese in this city pay $100,000 school tax in one form and another, and Colonel Bee holds that this gives them all the privileges of the schools.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived: Steamer State of California, [illegible] 54 hours from Portland, via Astoria, [illegible] passengers and merchandise [illegible] Perkins & Co. Cleared: Steamer Wilmington [illegible], Victoria, and Port Townsend; Frank [illegible] & Co., [illegible] Coos Bay, [illegible]land Coast and River Steamship Company; [illegible] Walla Walla, De W. [illegible] Townsend, Oregon Improvement Company; ship Melrose, [illegible], John Rosenfeld [illegible] Portland, Dunnell [illegible] Columbia river schooner [illegible] [illegible] Ore[illegible] Astoria, etc.; ship Richard III, [illegible] Port Townsend. [illegible] Butler [illegible] Depot [illegible] Scotland [illegible].

[illegible]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 11.—[illegible] [illegible] with the [illegible] Welker state [illegible] schools [illegible] the public schools [illegible] of the United States [illegible].

PERSONAL.

[Special.]—M. Ackerman of Portland, [illegible] Town of Vancouver Barracks, and [illegible] A. Pistol of Portland are at the Palace.

W. T. Walker is at the Baldwin and will remain until about the 20th.

W. W. Belvin and wife of Seattle have returned from Monterey, and are at the Palace, where they will remain during the winter.

TOO MUCH LYING.

[Special.]—Judge Sabin of the Nevada United States district court is holding sessions here for Judge Hoffman. To-day while hearing a Chinese habeas corpus case, he became disgusted at the evident perjuries of Chinese witnesses, and declared there was "too much outrageous lying to be listened to with patience," and adjourned court till Monday.

KEINAPPEL REMANDED.

In the appeal of the case on extradition technicalities of John Kennappel, wanted in Thurston county, W. T., the United States circuit court remanded the prisoner, and he was delivered into the custody of Joseph W. Robinson, agent of Washington territory, who left with him to-day.

FAILURES.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 11.—Bradstreet's Mercantile Agency reports sixteen failures in the Pacific coast states and territories for the week ending yesterday, as compared with twelve for the previous week and twenty-one for the corresponding week of last year.

THE STEAMERS.

[Special.]—The Portland steamer goes out at 11 o'clock to-day. The outgoing steamer got off at the usual time.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

NEWS ITEMS FROM VICTORIA.

VICTORIA, Oct. 11.—The Eagle Pass wagon road is to be completed. A contract has been let for its continuance to the summit of the Selkirks.

An old miner named Vanders [illegible] dropped dead in the [illegible] house Friday night.

The steamer Wellington has loaded coal and is being repaired at the outer wharf to enable her to proceed to San Francisco, where repairs will be completed.

[illegible] state of excitement [illegible] may [illegible] at any moment.

Statistics of Calamity.

[illegible] It is related that [illegible] more than 400 times [illegible] population of [illegible] 000, and [illegible] triplets [illegible] enough [illegible] It is estimated that not one woman in 7000 has given birth to three children at one time, and, [illegible] there is on record the case of a German peasant who [illegible] at four births [illegible] woman is credited with having produced a dozen children in five births inside of seven years—quadruplets once, triplets once, twins twice, and a lone youngster on the last occasion—such instances of fecundity are rarer than new planets, and the lady entitled to the cake for having four children at a whack is not found more than once among 275,000 married women.

THE CAMPAIGN.

Blaine Addresses the Miners of the Hocking Valley.

LOGAN REPLIES TO HENDRICKS

Butler Makes a Speech in Philadelphia. The Democrats Hold a Big Demonstration in Ohio Political Point.

WELLSTON, Ohio, October 11.—At [illegible] o'clock Mr. Blaine left Ironton to go up through the Hocking valley. Wellston [illegible] cheered as he passed. At Oak Hill there was a considerable crowd, composed largely of working men [illegible] the track. They had erected a platform of pig iron on which Mr. Blaine stood. He began his brief speech by saying:

[illegible] platform of [illegible] which I stood in earnest for twenty years the platform which [illegible] to be made in our own country instead of in England."

The remainder of the speech was devoted to the bearing of tariff on the iron industry.

ATHENS, O., Oct. 11.—At Jackson there was a very large gathering of similar composition to that at Oak Hill. Mr. Blaine spoke a few words about his interest in coal lands and bearing upon [illegible]. His remarks were favorably received and as the train moved off the people cheered him repeatedly.

HE ADDRESSES THE MINERS.

LANCASTER, Ohio, Oct. 11.—At Nelsonville, the center of the mining district in the Hocking valley, Blaine made the following speech:

If I am at home anywhere it is in a coal region. I was born and brought up in a coal region, in the valley of the Monongahela, and I know something about coal. I have been an owner of coal lands nearly all my adult life, and the greater part of what little property I have in this world is in coal lands. I have also been, to some extent, engaged in mining coal. I am an interested stockholder and director of a company in West Virginia. I have had twenty-nine years experience in connection with the coal industry, and I count it a piece of remarkable good fortune that neither myself nor any of the companies with which I have been connected has ever had a strike, a dispute or a quarrel of any kind with any man. ("Good, good" and cheers.) Further, I have to say that during the last eighteen months the company I am connected with has been able to pay an average of [illegible] $60 per month to every one of the men engaged. ["Good, good."] You see, therefore, that I am not talking about a subject I do not understand. But while I acknowledge I am owner of coal lands in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, I am kindly assured by a number of democrats in Ohio that I own also a large tract of coal lands in the Hocking valley. [Laughter.] Now, I think when a man has property attributed to him which he protests he does not own, and when the other parties insist that he does own it, they ought to be compelled by law to make it good to him. [Laughter and cheers.] They say that I am a large holder in the Hocking valley syndicate. I say that I do not own a single share. They say again that dare not let them come into court and make the ownership good to me. ["Good!"] If I could bring them into court on that issue and under the rules suggested I could bankrupt a great many democratic editors and speakers, who insist that I own property that I never did own. [Laughter and cheers.]

WHY DESERT PROTECTION.

I understand that the miners in this region have had some trouble with the operators, and other political opponents say that I am one of the owners. I said awhile ago that I had never had any trouble with the men employed in the mines with which I am interested, and never expect to have any, because if I cannot conduct the business without difficulties of that kind I shall abandon it. [Cheers.] I think there is no disagreement that arises between the employer and the men he employs that ought not be settled by a fair, impartial arbitration, and I think the man who is not willing to submit such a matter to arbitration ought to explain to the public why he is unwilling to do so. But because you are in temporary trouble why should you turn your backs upon the great protective system which has for twenty years improved and secured the development of your valley? Are you going to remedy your troubles in that way? Because you can't have a high tide of prosperity all the time do you therefore say that you will have a low tide of adversity? ["That's it."] In this world we have to take a little bit of lean with the fat. [Laughter.] You cannot have a stream flow down its bed without an eddy now and then; you cannot have the flood tide of the ocean without the corresponding ebb. These occasional disturbances of the overflow of prosperity seem to be inevitable. You want to get rid of them of course, but the parties concerned should deal with each other in a patient and conciliatory spirit and in your anxiety for a remedy for these passing troubles you should not think of turning away the very foundation on which the prosperity of your state and of your industries rests. [Cheers.] [illegible] as workingmen as miners, because if the protective tariff is not good for the [illegible] interest [illegible] [illegible] it is not [illegible] and if the protective tariff were repealed [illegible] how those hills would [illegible] in the silence of desert [illegible] twenty-five years [illegible] under the protective tariff. But if on the other hand, the protective tariff is maintained [illegible] [illegible]. [Renewed cheers.]

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A miner—May [illegible] Mr. Blaine [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Blaine [illegible] thank you for the very kind reception you have given me, and I leave you in the hope and the expectation that we shall soon have better times for the mining interests throughout the whole United States. [Renewed cheering.]

At Logan, a town also in the mining district there was a very large crowd, who cheered Blaine's remarks enthusiastically.

In the evening, at Lancaster, he was escorted to the house of his cousin, Judge P. B. Ewing, and later to a meeting held in his honor. He made a speech devoted largely to reminiscences of his schoolboy days in Lancaster, but concluding with an appeal to the republicans of Ohio to do their duty on Tuesday next.

After Blaine, Hon. A. W. Tenney of New York addressed the meeting.

LOGAN AT CINCINNATI.

He Replies to Hendricks' Speech of Friday Night at the Same Place.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11.—Logan reached this city in the afternoon and was met at the depot by a body of 400 veteran soldiers, who, with a band, escorted the general to his hotel. Upon arrival there the square was quickly filled with a dense crowd to whom Logan appeared and made a brief address, amid loud applause.

At night he was escorted to Music Hall, where an audience that filled the whole house was waiting. Many ladies were present. At the appearance of Logan at the main entrance very person rose to their feet, cheering to the full capacity of their voices, and waving hats, handkerchiefs and canes in the air. This continued fully ten minutes and until the escorting committee had been seated, when quiet was restored by the glee club singing.

General Noyes called the meeting to order, and announced General Hickenlooper chairman. The latter introduced Logan, referring to their service together during the war and especially to Logan's brilliant services at the battle of Atlanta, when he succeeded McPherson in command of the Army of the Tennessee. Another scene of wild uproar and cheering from the 7000 people in the hall followed Logan's appearance to speak. When the tumult ceased Logan, with evidently a worn voice, begged for quiet, saying this would be the fourth address he had made to-day, and he could not hope to be heard unless quiet was maintained. He then went directly into an answer of Hendricks' speech of the night before, by asking his hearers thought there should be a change by turning out the republican party because when the life of the nation was threatened the republican party declared that power existed in the government to maintain its existence, and that the power should be exercised. [Cries of "No."] He continued, questioning whether it was because the republican party had given the country honest money in defiance of the democrats, or that it had given protection to American labor and increasing the wealth of the country since 1861 to the extent of $30,000,000,000.

Referring to Hendricks' accusation that Blaine had neglected the interests of American citizens [illegible] Hendricks forgot to say that a democratic rule president never was [illegible] of the government [illegible] I was left the republic [illegible] laws which [illegible] to protect [illegible] abroad.

He [illegible] the acts of [illegible], and then took up the subject of the tariff. [illegible] Hendricks [illegible] trade. He was [illegible] Hendricks for trying to array the [illegible] against Blaine.

Referring to Edwards' insinuation that the republicans were about to [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] states.

[illegible] tickets [illegible] of Iowa and others.

BUTLER AT PHILADELPHIA.

He Calmly Picks Up a Large Tin Spoon Dropped from the Gallery.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 11.—General Butler arrived this evening under escort of a committee of the people's party, by many of whom he was met at Harrisburg. He was taken in a carriage to the hall where a large audience awaited him. The meeting in the meantime was addressed by two other speakers, but both were frequently interrupted by calls for Butler, and remarks [illegible] intimations that the audience came here to see Butler only. After sundry manifestations of impatience Butler appeared on the stage. At the same moment a procession of his supporters headed by a band of music, entered the hall.

General Butler again came forward to speak, when a large tin spoon thrown by some one in the gallery fell at his feet. Apparently wholly undisturbed he picked up the spoon and advancing with it in his hand, said: "My friends and fellow citizens—It is my first and most grateful duty to thank you for this very kind and enthusiastic greeting. Having done that, my next duty is to present the only argument of the Cleveland party." Here the general held up the spoon and then contemptuously throwing it aside, continued: "Now, as Cleveland men have begun and finished their work of the Cleveland meeting, won't they please adjourn, go home and let us carry on our own meeting." [Cries of "go on" and applause.]

After requesting his hearers to indulge as little as possible in applause in order to economize time, he said the platform of the people's party which was in short, is the Cleveland and Butler [illegible] simply this: Equal powers, equal rights, equal privileges, equal burdens for all men under the law. It was a platform to live by, and unless the pending issues were settled constitutionally, it would be the platform for the laboring men of the country to die by if it became necessary for them to enforce their right with might. General Butler went on to say that the monopolists while cutting down wages on one hand, were raising the price of the necessaries of life on the other.

POLITICAL POINTS.

HENDRICKS AT CLEVELAND.

CLEVELAND, Oct 11.—Hendricks arrived from Cincinnati this afternoon. He was received at the depot and escorted to the hotel by the Young Men's Central Democratic club, and large reception committee. This evening there was one of the greatest political demonstrations ever held in Ohio. At the mass meeting in Monumental park there was speaking from two stands, by Governor Hendricks, Senator Bayard, Governor Hubbard of Texas, Colonel John R. Fellows of New York, Hon. H. B. Payne, Senator Pendleton and others. General W. S. Rosecrans presided at one of the stands and Congressman Foran at the other. Following the speeches was the largest procession of torch bearers ever seen in this section. It is estimated there were 10,000 to 15,000 in line, horse and foot including the democratic legion of Buffalo, 800 strong. The park was gorgeously illuminated. The demonstration closed with a magnificent display of fireworks. Excursions came in over every line of railway leading to the city. Governor Hendricks was serenaded to-night by the Buffalo legion.

MORMONS TO THE RESCUE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—[illegible] national republican committee is in receipt of information from a source they consider trustworthy that the Mormon church in Utah decided soon after the nomination of Cleveland and Hendricks was made, to take a hand in the pending canvass by giving aid of a substantial character to the democratic ticket. Information as to the effect [illegible] of the Mormon church [illegible] [illegible] Cleveland [illegible] [illegible] the United States.

FISHER [illegible] ASSURED [illegible]

[illegible] Blaine's [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Atkinson [illegible]

ONE [illegible] ENTHUSIASTIC.

ALBANY, Oct. 11.—[illegible] New York [illegible] Hendricks [illegible] to Albany Thursday night.

RECEIVED VISITORS.

ALBANY, Oct. 11.—Gov. Cleveland had a large number of visitors this morning in addition, several excursion parties.

POLITICAL DRIFT.

The London *Standard* says: A more satisfactory result than the choice of Cleveland could hardly be desired. [illegible] Cleveland is very popular among the English.

It is stated in New York, on good authority, that certain republicans have Cleveland's letters to the Widow Halpin, and are considering the advisability of making them public, in order that the democrats may have a taste of their own medicine in the matter of printing private correspondence.

The London *Echo* says: "Mr. Blaine's conduct when he was secretary of state was not such as to lead us to desire his advent to power. But Mr. Blaine was secretary of state of the United States and not of Great Britain, and probably did not study to please British statesmen by his policy."

The shadow of the late George W. Julian of Indiana—the same Julian who used to call the democrats "thirstless whelps"—is now hovering over the camp of those same "whelps" and crying them to blacken the character of James G. Blaine.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles of New York, a life-long democrat, is now for Cleveland. He says: "The state of New York has 5000 democrats [illegible] [illegible] Washington. Gen. Hancock [illegible] elected or Tilden in 1876. [illegible] New York [illegible].

Good One on Booth.

[illegible]

Edwin Booth was once playing Petruchio with an actress who was considerably larger than himself [illegible] the whip [illegible] [illegible] the whip [illegible] Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" came and the unsophisticated tragedian who for the nonce was essaying comedy attempted to take the instrument of flagellation from his female support. It was no use. She held on to it with a grasp of iron, and the audience soon began to see the joke and applauded the actress to the echo. Finally, out of pure good nature, she unloosed her hold and the play proceeded. When the curtain fell the actor had no further notice to give.

FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

ENGLAND.

[illegible] TO THE BOERS.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—An ultimatum has been sent to the Transvaal government by Great Britain. It alleges that repeated violation of the [illegible] of violence have been committed [illegible] beyond the boundary line of the Transvaal country and the [illegible] of the Transvaal government [illegible] [illegible] the Boer filibusters, and a thorough [illegible] of the articles of the last convention [illegible] both countries. It is reported [illegible] [illegible] 5000 into South Africa. The withdrawal of the proclamation annexing the Montsioa [illegible] is not expected [illegible] to the Boers to hold [illegible] the lands.

[illegible] RECEPTION [illegible] LONDON.

NEW YORK, Oct 11.—[illegible] *Herald* [illegible] special gives an account of a reception [illegible] Mr. Lowell, president of the Walsall [illegible] the London [illegible] holders. [illegible] His speech was often interrupted [illegible] cheers [illegible] Russell Roberts [illegible] [illegible]. Mr. Lowell spoke calling [illegible] the creature of God and said his place was [illegible] considered [illegible].

ENGLAND AND [illegible].

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The decision of [illegible] that a protectorate should be established over [illegible] was hastened by reports sent to the British colonial office of the great increase of the slave trade upon the coast. Several vessels from Queensland have been receiving natives, and one incident in connection therewith is related, in which the crews of some trading vessels seized thirty natives. The British gunboat Swinger captured a slave schooner and sent the vessel and crew to Cooktown, where the latter will be tried.

RUSSIAN VS AMERICAN PETROLEUM.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—[Special.]—The *Times* says: Russia has not only driven American petroleum from Russia, but has also been selling crude oil to Austrian refiners, and making a determined effort to obtain a foothold in Eastern Germany. The first train of German [illegible] tanks, containing Russian petroleum, lately arrived at Graudenz, on the frontier. It is estimated that petroleum by this route will become [illegible] per [illegible] kilo litres cheaper in the Berlin market than American oil.

GREAT BRITAIN TO SEIZE NEW GUINEA.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The British commodore on the Australian station has been instructed to proceed to New Guinea and proclaim a British protectorate over the southern coast of that island, to the eastward of the 141st meridian east longitude. The protectorate will include the island adjacent, southern New Guinea. Settlement within the protectorate will not at present be permitted.

LIVERPOOL GRAIN MARKET.

LIVERPOOL, Oct 11.—The weather in England [illegible] for wheat [illegible] Corn is strong at 5s 5d.

CANADA.

HEAVY EXPLOSION.

QUEBEC, Oct. 11.—About one o'clock this afternoon an explosion occurred at the new parliament buildings, destroying a considerable portion of the masonry and windows of the new building which is just being roofed in. The explosion at first was supposed to be the boiler of the engine used for hoisting material, but this proved to be not the case. Neither can it be attributed to gas. The general impression appears to be that the explosion was caused by dynamite, but as there is none of this ingredient used about the works the mystery is how it occurred. An investigation is now being held. Workmen [illegible] away at dinner, nobody but one man was injured, and he escaped with slight cut from a piece of stone. The shock was very severe all over the city. Windows of houses in the vicinity of the explosion were badly shattered.

THE HUDSON BAY EXPEDITION.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Oct 11.—The steamer Neptune of the Hudson Bay expedition arrived to-day on the return trip. Seven stations were established that will remain open for a year and report upon the navigability of Hudson's bay.

FOUR PERSONS DROWNED.

HALIFAX, Oct. 11.—Joseph and James Cleary and wives, while returning home this afternoon in a sailboat, were upset off George's Islands and all were drowned.

THE WAR IN CHINA.

A DISPATCH FROM ADMIRAL COURBET.

PARIS, Oct. 11.—Admiral Courbet telegraphs from Kelung as follows: "I am erecting defenses for the troops to occupy at the port and mines. This will take several days to complete. [illegible] from Admiral Lespes squadron [illegible] [illegible] torpedoes were laid. They found the post [illegible] [illegible] An engagement took place [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

CHARLES [illegible]

PARIS, Oct 11.—[illegible]

[illegible]

THE SOUDAN.

[illegible]

[illegible] Gen. Wolseley [illegible]

[illegible] Khartoum [illegible] November.

WELL TO DEATH ASSAULT.

CAIRO, Oct. 11.—A messenger from Ambukol reports that after Gordon turned to Khartoum [illegible] with forty Europeans and Egyptians, accompanied by five negroes and three servants, grounded at Salmah. The Sheiks offered hospitality to the party, enticing them to their houses, where they massacred all but fourteen, who are now prisoners. It is unknown whether any Europeans are among the survivors.

STEWART'S MURDER CONFIRMED.

WADY HALFA, Oct 11.—A messenger sent out has returned. He confirms the report of Stewart's murder. He says that the only survivors are four black slaves. All the Europeans, including M. Nicolai, the Greek consul, were killed.

ITALY.

MORE [illegible] REPORTED.

ROME, Oct 11.—To-day advices from Catania show that the recent cyclone was far more destructive than at first announced. The entire country about Catania has been devastated. Vineyard and olive gardens have vanished. Fully three thousand dwellings were destroyed.

CHOLERA CASES.

NAPLES, Oct. 11.—One hundred and seventy-nine fresh cases of cholera and forty-two deaths are reported in this city during the past twenty-four hours.

SOUTH AMERICA.

ARRIVAL OF GERMAN TEACHERS.

[illegible], Peru, Oct 11.—Several [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible].

A Lovely Idea.

"What are you going to make your husband for Christmas present this year [illegible]," asked Mrs [illegible] of her friend Mrs. Sweet.

"I'm afraid that, this once, Mrs. Sweet, [illegible] was [illegible] going to, and I've saved up quite a sum of money for that purpose, but I saw such lovely [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I think Mr. Sweet will love [illegible] [illegible] his [illegible]."

"Oh yes. I shall give him just [illegible] please. It will suit him exactly!"

"[illegible]"

"[illegible] I have [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]"

"How have you managed to save so much money?"

"Oh, I have done it that way. When he leaves his box carelessly on the library table I take out one or two cigars and lay them away carefully, so that by Christmas I shall have enough to fill a box."

"What a perfectly lovely idea. Won't he be surprised!"

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

The ride from Albina to Walla Walla had been very lonely and entirely destitute of excitement, much less of romance. The weather was cold and chilling; the current which was anything but agreeable. Not being accustomed to such frozen methods of treatment I sat in the sleeper trying to [illegible] comfortable, to retire to a rolled seat and endeavored to pass away the time by reading [illegible] a sensational novel which I had [illegible] of charity bought from the [illegible] and [illegible] train boy. At Walla Walla I decided a lady get on board the train whose personal appearance I confess rather attracted me. She was tall, stately and her presence commanding. She was not what one would exactly call handsome, but a person of fine lily type and her features and form were regular and beautiful. She possessed an abundance of fine golden hair which had evidently been traveling long for a well-secured way-worn and considerably tangled. Her dress was [illegible] usual garb worn by a [illegible] on a journey, a little jaunty cap adorning her head, and her [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Her hair was [illegible] and her eyes bewitchingly blue and soft. I was so struck by her appearance that I could not help gazing continually at her. However, there was such a complacent density and unfeigned self confidence about her which was not at all encouraging. Oh, how I longed for some kind party to introduce us so that I might learn something about this quiet enchantress. Without design I dropped into the seat in front of her and [illegible] stole a glance with the aid of a mirror at the end of the car [illegible] the train boy came whistling through the car with his arms filled with books. He placed them in the vacant seat next to me and selected one—"A Dangerous Woman"—handed it to the girl behind me, asking her if she would like to invest in something interesting. She looked at me with a "No-thank-you" smile, and returned him the book. He then gave her some others out of his unlimited stock describing their qualities with the air of a [illegible] mixed with the nonchalance of a bohemian. I listened to his vigilant description with considerable amusement, and wondered how he really dared to consummate a sale by displaying so much ignorance and with such impunity. Finally he exhausted himself with his glowing descriptions and made a bold attempt to quote some of the poets. He had just bound copy of Burns with the request to examine it carefully, quoting meanwhile a passage from Byron, which he swore by all the gods of Greece could be found in the book which she held at that moment in her hand, and turned abruptly around to me for a corroboration of his statement. Most assuredly I felt ill at ease, for I did not like to contradict him and possibly be instrumental in losing a sale for him, nor yet did I wish the divine creature back of me to invest a [illegible] dollar in Burns, with the expectation of having Byron thrown in. I was not permitted much time to think, so I decided at once and against the train boy. The look he gave me as I passed sentence upon him was something fearful to contemplate, but the smile on the beautiful face of the fair creature and the faintest flutter of her pretty dimple, and the sparkle of her eyes like a gazelle's, more than recompensed me for the injury I had done to the [illegible] sales of that poor, enterprising train boy. With a scowl on his face that reminded me forcibly of the feelings one entertains when the old deacon of the church gazes at you and mutters something indistinctly when you permit the plate to pass by without dropping a coin into it, the boy gathered his literary wares together and departed for some unknown car ahead of us, where in all probability he sold out, for I never saw him again. And yet how I blessed him, for had he not been instrumental in bringing us together? Without him we would have ridden on to our destination alone and lonely. His interference and assistance made the ride agreeable, and two hearts—or, at least, I can speak for one—palpitated in a most absurd fashion. How like was all this to the innocent strategy of little Dimmie in "One Summer," who, it will be remembered, was the gentle mediator between those two sworn enemies, Phil and Leigh. I soon discovered that my charming acquaintance was as bright as she looked, and a very brilliant conversationalist. [illegible] I was glad if some cynic had been [illegible] watching me, [illegible] might have been said of me that I was [illegible] with an overdose of sparkling liquid [illegible] from her lovely eyes.

"Have you ever [illegible] this part of the country before?" I asked.

"No, sir," was her reply. "I have only just come over the Northern Pacific from Chicago."

"[illegible] through the country [illegible]"

"[illegible] I have come to visit some of my relatives [illegible] [illegible] Oregon [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that at last [illegible] I am."

"[illegible] not [illegible] [illegible]" I asked.

"Yes, [illegible] [illegible] that I should [illegible] pleasant [illegible] on the way, besides the scenery was very interesting."

Just then [illegible] Because [illegible] chocolate caramels in my satchel and knowing that [illegible] of women, I [illegible] [illegible] weakness [illegible]

[illegible]

At this interesting [illegible] an elderly lady [illegible] upon the scene. She sat in the seat opposite to us, on the other side of the car, and commenced to nibble upon a sweet and charming [illegible]. She was a wise old lady and spoke to us in a [illegible] way. As the train was rapidly approaching the end of "my lady's journey, and as I had not yet been introduced enough to inform her who the unworthy individual was who had taken the liberty to make her acquaintance, I came to the very just conclusion that it was about time I was doing so. I took out my card, took a book and after a little pretended nervousness offered her my card. I also gave one to the motherly matron opposite. "Mr. — sir," said the nice old lady, "if you were only aware of the fact that I have several pretty daughters at home, I am almost sure you would have given me the card first instead of last." Now this was impolite and placed me in rather an uncomfortable situation. Apologies, of course, were useless under the existing circumstances, so I thought it would be wise to accept the Fabian policy and therefore I calmly refrained from offering any damaging explanation. The young lady looked somewhat confused for a moment and then, with her womanly tact leaned over the seat and said that she had none of her cards with her, but her name was —. Just then—unhappily then—the brakeman screamed out "Walla Walla" and both of my acquaintances gathered their small baggage and wraps together, ready to depart. As the train drew into the station the young lady [illegible] first and I handed her out. [illegible] her old lady seemed to terribly worried [illegible] [illegible] pitying glances at me and, [illegible] wishing to check any more [illegible] [illegible] gentlemanly [illegible] efforts from her I decided to guard the persons and [illegible] taking the [illegible] [illegible] shawls and [illegible] other articles [illegible] out of the car. At the depot I caught another glance of my new friend as she got into [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] off [illegible] [illegible] fond farewell—a last good bye! All [illegible] [illegible] she [illegible] and in a moment I was [illegible]

[illegible] RE[illegible]

MINING STOCKS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct [illegible]

[illegible]

There is a saying among stockmen that has come to be accepted as true, that the older and larger an animal becomes the more food it requires to make a pound of growth.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. WM T. COLEMAN & CO., Agts, San Francisco.

POLITICAL.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

HON. J. C. LEASURE,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENTIAL Elector for Oregon, will address the people on the political issues of the day at the following times and places:

Dallas—October 11th, 7:30 P. M.
Amity—October 13th, 7:30 P. M.
McMinnville—October 14th, 7:30 P. M.
Lafayette—October 15th, 1:30 P. M.
North Yamhill—October 16th, 7:30 P. M.
Forest Grove—October 17th, 7:30 P. M.
Hillsboro—October 18th, 7:30 P. M.
Astoria—October 20th, 7:30 P. M.
St. Helens—October 21st, 7:30 P. M.
The Dalles—October 23d, 7:30 P. M.
Portland—October 25th, 7:30 P. M.
Milton—October 27th, 7:30 P. M.
[illegible]ville—October 28th, 7:30 P. M.
JOSEPH SIMON, Chairman. GEO W. McBRIDE, Secretary.

HON. M. C. GEORGE,

OREGON'S REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS, will address the people upon political issues:

Lebanon—Saturday evening, October 11th.
Salem—Monday evening, October 13th.
Silverton—Tuesday, October 14th, 1 P. M.
Oregon City—Wednesday, October 15th, 1 P. M.
[illegible]—Friday evening, October 17th.
The Dalles—Monday evening, October 20th.
[illegible]—Wednesday evening, October 22d.
[illegible]—Thursday, October 23d, 1 P. M.
[illegible]—Thursday evening, October 23d.
Baker City—Friday evening, October 24th.
Prairie City—Monday evening, October 27th.
Canyon City—Tuesday evening, October 28th.
[illegible]—Saturday evening, November 1st.
All citizens, irrespective of party, including ladies, are cordially invited.

HON. J. N. DOLPH,

WILL ADDRESS THE PEOPLE UPON THE political issues of the day at the following places:

Roseburg—Saturday, Oct. 11, 7:30 P. M.
Eugene City—Monday, Oct. 13, 7:30 P. M.
Salem—Wednesday, Oct. 15, 7:30 P. M.
Albany—Thursday, Oct. 16, 7:30 P. M.
Oregon City—Friday, Oct. 17.
Portland—Saturday, Oct. 18, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies are especially invited to attend.
GEO. W. McBRIDE, Sec. JOSEPH SIMON, Chairman Republican State Committee.

HON. WARREN TRUITT,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENTIAL Elector for Oregon, will address the people upon the political issues of the day at the following times and places:

Echo—October 13th, 1:30 P. M.
Alkali—October 14th, 7 P. M.
The Dalles—October 15th, 7:30 P. M.
JOSEPH SIMON, Chairman. GEO. W. McBRIDE, Secretary.

IN PORTLAND!

THE CELEBRATED SPECIALIST,

Dr. Mintie

Of San Francisco,

[illegible] will remain a few days longer. DR. MINTIE [illegible] known over the Pacific Coast as the FOREMOST SPECIALIST of the age. [illegible] in San Francisco, where [illegible] his practice has been a wonder [illegible] cases pronounced incurable [illegible] the following

Nervous, Private and Chronic Diseases,

[illegible] Lost Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, [illegible] Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, Gonorrhea, [illegible] Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, [illegible] Decline in Man, and [illegible] all Functional Derangements [illegible] youthful follies or excess [illegible].

Microscopic Examination and Chemical Analysis

[illegible] cases where treatment [illegible] complications may [illegible] agents in analyzing [illegible].

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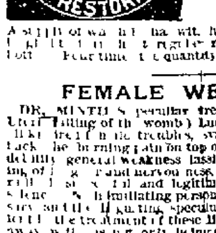
[illegible] years had patients [illegible] forfeit

Five Hundred Dollars

[illegible] he undertakes and fails.

[illegible] proprietor of the

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY



Sir Astley Cooper's VITAL RESTORATIVE

A supply of which [illegible] him, and which [illegible] regular rates. Price $[illegible] [illegible] Four times the quantity $5.

FEMALE WEAKESS.

DR. MINTIE'S peculiar treatment of Female [illegible] Falling of the womb) Leucorrhea (whites) and like troubles, symptoms of which [illegible] back, burning pain on top of the head, [illegible] debility, general weakness, lassitude, low spirits, [illegible] [illegible] and nervousness, is the most [illegible] [illegible] and legitimate known to [illegible] [illegible] humiliating personal examination [illegible] speculum practice, so [illegible] the treatment of these diseases, [illegible] of no benefit [illegible] This fact has been demonstrated [illegible] in San Francisco and surrounding [illegible] have been permanently cured by DR. MINTIE after the old speculum plan had failed.

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It will cost you nothing to consult the doctor, and [illegible] case [illegible] he will frankly tell you, and if [illegible] he will not undertake it.

Thorough examination and advice including [illegible] examination and chemical analysis of [illegible]

Call on or address DR. MINTIE, office N[illegible], First and Main [illegible] rooms 1 and 2, up stairs [illegible] hours [illegible] daily, evenings 6 to 8. Only one call [illegible] [illegible] treatment until cured [illegible] his office [illegible] San Francisco, California.

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25 YEARS IN USE.

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SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

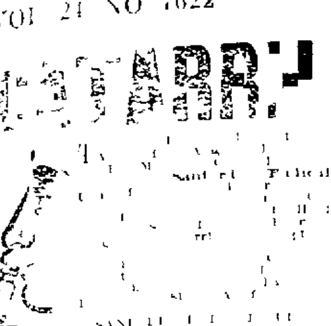
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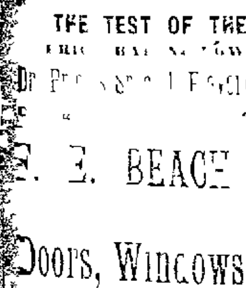
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[illegible]

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